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# Franciscan Herald

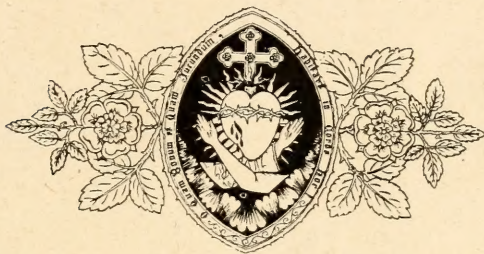
A Monthly Magazine

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Edited and Published in the Interest of the Third Order  
and of the Franciscan Missions

— By The —

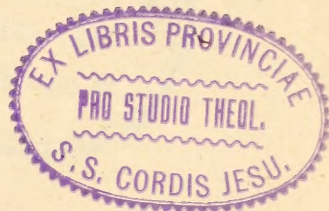
Franciscans of the Sacred Heart Province



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Volume IV  
1916

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# General Instructions

to the Officers of the

Board of Directors

of the

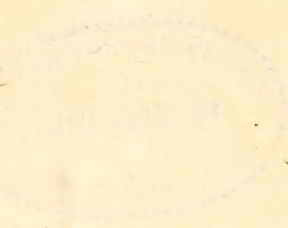
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to the Officers of the



1911-1912  
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1914-1915





The Flight Into Egypt



# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1916.

NO. 1

## Leave Bethlehem Not Yet

**L**eave Bethlehem not yet! The Holy Child  
With arms outstretched invites you to remain;  
The pious kings, star-led across the wild,  
Their homage pay; love, wonderment, and pain  
In quick succession leaping to their eyes—  
Why hath He come, the Just One, in this wise?

Leave Bethlehem not yet! The manger-bed  
Still holds the Shepherd of the human flock,  
Who found no place outside to rest His head,  
No shelter save this stable in a rock;—  
O soundless depths of Christ's humility—  
The flesh, the stable, and the purpled tree!

Leave Bethlehem not yet! Strive to atone  
For this cold world's inhospitality.  
See, Joseph's heart is one with Mary's own,  
The God made man their bond of sympathy;  
And full of joy and sweetness is the smile  
That lights the face of Jesus all the while.

Leave Bethlehem not yet! Peace fills the air,  
And Jesus still has blessings to dispense;  
Remember all with sorrows hard to bear;  
Forget not Europe's agony intense,  
That in her vales the sounds of war may cease  
And she may soon receive the kiss of peace.

—K. C., Tertiary.



# BL. LOUISE ALBERTONI

## OF THE THIRD ORDER

### JANUARY 30

**T**HIS servant of God, remarkable especially for her great charity toward the poor, was born in Rome, in 1474, of the noble family of the Albertoni. Her parents, distinguished no less by their virtuous life than by their high social standing, devoted the greatest care to the Christian education of their daughter, and strove to instil into her innocent heart a great love for piety and virtue. They knew that wealth and noble birth avail nothing in the eyes of God unless they are joined to a good life; they also knew that, to avoid the many spiritual dangers arising from the riches and honors of the world, their child must be imbued with a truly Christian spirit from her childhood. Hence, they endeavored, by word and example, to show her the beauty and happiness of the service of God and carefully guarded her against the least contagion of sin. They had the happiness of seeing their efforts bear abundant fruit. Louise strove with the greatest docility to carry out the instructions and counsels of her good parents. Drawn by the love of God, she turned away from the vanities and pleasures of the world, and found her delight in exercises of piety and in the practice of self-denial, so that she was soon looked upon as a model for all maidens of her age.

In her desire to belong to God alone, Louise resolved to consecrate her virginity to him. But when

her parents urged her to marry James di Cithara, a rich nobleman of great piety, she, after serious deliberation and many prayers, saw in the wish of her parents the will of God, and gave her consent. In her new state of life, the servant of God continued in all things to do the will of the Heavenly Father and to grow in virtue. By her holy example, she exercised a most wholesome influence on her household. Her husband, full of admiration for her virtues, took care not to interfere in any way with her works of piety and charity.

God blessed the union of James and our Saint with three daughters, whose education absorbed much of the attention of the pious mother. "She strove," as we read in a sketch of her life, "to form them according to the law of God, to preserve them from the poisonous breath of the world, to inculcate in them a taste for piety and a love for virtue. Knowing how important it is to nourish the mind with the solid truths of religion, she read aloud to them every day some pious book, and herself presided over the prayers they said in common. The time that other women pass in adorning themselves, or in paying useless visits, she spent with her children training them for all the duties of their position and especially their duties toward God. Like the saintly Blanche of Castile, she repeatedly said to them that,

in spite of the love she bore them, or rather on account of that love, she would sooner weep at their graves than know they had been guilty of a single mortal sin."

The happy life which the servant of God was spending with her pious husband was, however, not to last long. Her husband fell seriously ill, and soon passed to his heavenly reward. It was a severe blow for the loving wife, but in the midst of her tears, she adored the will of God and prepared to follow the inspirations of grace.

She resolved to give herself entirely to God and to consecrate her life henceforward to prayer, penance, and works of mercy. In order to break entirely with the world, Louise entered the Third Order of St. Francis, and prepared to lead a life according to the spirit of the Seraphic Father.

And how perfectly did she not carry out her resolve? Let us again quote from the sketch of her life.

"In the privacy of her home, seen only by the Eye of God, she chastised her flesh in order to subject it to the spirit, fasting rigorously, and sleeping on the bare ground. When people tried to make her moderate her austerities, she would answer, 'How can we live without suffer-

ing, when we see our God hang on the cross?'"

"The scenes of the Passion possessed an irresistible attraction for her heart. She spent long hours in the contemplation of the sufferings of the Man God, and the tears which she shed were so plentiful, that she nearly lost her sight in consequence. Part of the night was devoted to prayer, in the morning she heard Mass and received Holy Eucharist, after which she attended to her household. Louise confined her own

personal needs within very narrow limits, and her pious savings allowed her to help the poor to a great extent. Looking upon herself as their mother, their sufferings became her sufferings, their privations her privations, their tears the source of her sorrows. She

visited them in their wretched dwellings, bearing with her plentiful alms and words of comfort. Her chief care was always the welfare of their souls, and she was not sparing of good advice nor, when the occasion required, of stern warnings.

"Young girls in a destitute condition were the special objects of her solicitude. She gave them work, instructed them, protected them against the dangers of the world,



Bl. Louise Albertoni



and sometimes supplied them with a dowry in order that they might make a respectable marriage, or consecrate themselves in a religious house.

"Louise strove to conceal her extraordinary liberality from the sight of men as much as possible. With this intent she hid pieces of gold and silver in the bread she gave away, praying meantime that the largest alms might fall to the share of those who most needed it. The humility which had struck such deep roots in her heart, caused her to shun the praise which her holy life and her charity might have drawn upon her, whilst, on the other hand, contempt and humiliations were her delight, and her heart would leap with inexpressible joy, when the Roman ladies reproached her with leading a life more fitting a daughter of the people than the heiress of a great name."

In a year of famine which laid waste all Italy and especially the city Rome, Louise, deeply moved at the sight of the great distress around her, sold her possessions and gave the proceeds to the needy, thus reducing herself to extreme poverty. God rewarded the gener-

osity of his servant by lavishing upon her many heavenly consolations. Ecstasies, raptures, visions, and other supernatural favors were frequently granted to her during the last years of her life.

After Louise had thus spent about twenty-seven years in prayer, penance, and works of charity, God made known to her that the hour of death was at hand. This revelation filled her with great spiritual joy; for her heart had long been detached from the things of the world and she desired to be with God. She prepared with the greatest fervor for her passage into eternity, and after receiving the last Sacraments with sentiments of love and confidence she calmly fell asleep in the Lord, on January 31, 1533. Her death caused great mourning in Rome, especially among the poor. The whole College of Cardinals assisted at her obsequies, which took place in the midst of an immense concourse of people; a cardinal preached the funeral sermon. Her body was entombed in the church of San Francesco a Ripa, in charge of the Friars Minor. Many miracles were wrought at her tomb, wherefore Clement X, in 1671, sanctioned the veneration paid to her.

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Above one of the doors of a celebrated cathedral in Italy, the visitor reads these words carved amid sculptured roses: "All that pleases us lasts but a moment." Above another door and surrounding a cross are seen the words: "All that troubles us lasts but a moment." And above the main entrance these words stand out conspicuously: "That only is important which is eternal."

## THE TERTIARY AND THE PRESS

By *Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.*

ON their entrance into the Third Order, the Tertiaries oblige themselves not to allow "any books or papers from which any injury to virtue can be feared to be brought into their homes or read by those who are under their care." (Chap. ii, 8.) By virtue of this promise, every Tertiary must be an unrelenting enemy of all dangerous literature and an ardent promoter of good literature. To assist the Tertiaries to observe this important paragraph of their holy Rule, we have decided to bring a series of articles on the press. The present article treats of the press in general, of its influence for good or for bad, and of the opinion of the Popes concerning it. In the following articles, we will show how the Tertiaries can support the Catholic press, how they can fulfill the wish of the late Pope Pius X, who desired all Tertiaries to be "Apostles of the Press."

By "press" in general we understand all printed matter, whether book or paper or periodical or leaflet. "Press" in the strict and commonly accepted sense, means newspapers, daily, weekly, or monthly. In this series of papers the word "press" is used in its wider meaning, comprising every form of printed matter.

Already in the latter days of the Roman Republic, we meet with some forms of publication. Decrees of the senate, public meetings, and other affairs of vital importance were inscribed on pieces of waxed

parchment, and these were hung up in conspicuous places. The more distant land-owners were wont to send their slaves regularly to Rome to transcribe and bring back these announcements. This method was succeeded later by a so-called "court paper." Numerous copies of the *acta populi* and of the *acta senatus*, which contained all the political news of the day, were carefully prepared, and then sent to the subscribers for a small sum.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century, we find in the centers of trade,—Rome, Vienna, Antwerp, and Cologne,—private bureaus, that collected all the political, social, and commercial news, and, for a stipulated yearly assessment, sent this to their customers. Bishops, princes, statesmen, and the more progressive merchants were the subscribers to these manuscript papers.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, John Gutenberg invented or, as some say, practically perfected the art of printing. The first book printed was the Bible, in 1450.

It was some time, though, before the idea of our present-day newspapers was conceived. St. Francis de Sales, a Tertiary, is mentioned by some historians as the founder of the modern newspaper. In his ardent zeal for the glory of God and the spread of the true Faith, he at once recognized the great utility of the newly discovered art of printing. Accordingly, he had his sermons printed and distributed gratis

among the heretics. The result was wonderful, and this enterprise was considered to have been a prime factor in his converting of over 72,000 Calvinists.

St. Vincent de Paul, the contemporary of the holy Bishop of Geneva, and likewise a Tertiary, followed his example. He had the accounts and reports of his Fathers in the foreign missions printed and sold regularly at the church doors and in the market places.

In 1609, a weekly newspaper appeared at Strassburg, and within the next few years, one at Basel and another at Frankfort. Leipzig could boast a daily as far back as 1660. Somewhat later, newspapers were circulated in France and in England. About this time advertisements also began to appear in print. The great political and economic developments of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and above all, the rapid advancement in the sciences and in the means of transportation produced the modern newspaper, and created, to a great extent, the present freedom of the press. The press of to-day compared with that of former times is as a fully developed tree compared with its roots. It has grown to such an extent that we may safely say the world is fairly swamped with papers, books, leaflets, and printed matter of every description. The press of to-day is the vast army holding in its mighty grasp the destinies of mankind.

Have you ever paused to consider the influence of the press? Have you ever seriously meditated on the good

and the evil that is daily done through the press? If all Catholics would seriously reflect on the power wielded by the press, so many would not support with their hard-earned money that most subtle and alluring but most powerful ally of Satan, the godless press.

To form, at least, some idea of the influence of the press, consider its numerical strength. Go in spirit through the hotels, enter the society and clubrooms, inspect the saloons and cafés, loiter in spirit in the public libraries and reading rooms, enter the millions of homes—everywhere you will find printed matter in some shape or other. Go to the large publishing houses, that are known to strike off 500,000 to 1,000,000 copies of one edition of a single book, and look at the wonderful machines in the plants of our large dailies, machines capable of turning out within one hour 150,000 copies of sixteen pages or 300,000 copies of eight pages of a paper, already folded, pasted, and counted. Think of the books, papers, and pamphlets printed every year in your own city, and then compare that quantity with the output of the world. Do not forget that some of the brightest and ablest minds are employed at this work. Think of the ease with which the people are supplied with reading matter, the avidity with which they read everything printed—and you will be forced to admit that the power of the press is incalculable.

It is impossible in this short treatise, to give an adequate idea of the influence of the press. For



then, we should be obliged to write the history of whole nations that have been corrupted and ruined by the subtle poison of the godless press; we should have to dwell on the sad stories of rulers and administrations, that awoke too late to the fact that the power of the press is well-nigh almighty; we should have to record the heart-rending tale of countless homes, from which peace, harmony, and happiness have been banished by godless publications; we should have to describe the sad lot of innumerable individuals who have lost their modesty, their self-respect, their God, through the reading of immoral and irreligious books and papers. Verily, the devil clearly understands the mighty influence of the press for evil.

If space would permit, we could go into detail, and tell on the other hand of the immense good that is being done to-day by means of the press. The Church, a writer tells us, should be thankful to God for this heaven-sent gift, by which she can accomplish her twofold mission of assisting the good and combating the wicked. Much good has been done already. To the press are due innumerable acts of charity, the prevention of many wrongs, the protection of the innocent and unwary, the victory of so many persons over their passions.

If the saying holds, that man will not be alone in heaven or hell on account of the influence he exerts over others, then it surely is true of authors and writers. There are many, who, as they get their daily

bread from the baker, get their opinions on politics, on religion, on the theater, and on art from their daily paper. It will surely not be amiss to quote here the words of Cardinal Maffi:

"Behold the journal at hand, the journal which supplies thought and judgment ready-made about every thing, about every fact, about every person; thought and judgment, and, what is of great importance, already printed, to which one can but subscribe and as to which one can but swear as to a truth the most certain and assured. The Pope has issued an Encyclical: has he done well? has he done ill? He has done well: the journal has said so! He has done ill: the journal has said so—and no one perhaps has read the Encyclical!—The Government has made a provision about the army, about the railways, about bread. Has it done well? Has it done ill? It has done well: the journal said so! It has done ill: the journal said so..... Thus, and it seems a contradiction and is yet the truth, there is very much reading and very little thinking, there is very much talk and very little reflection; thus, very many make the journal a substitute for the brain.

"A journal never fails to leave its trace; it may be more or it may be less, but it always makes an impression. Even those who keep thought most in control, after having read feel themselves unsettled and they no longer find themselves so sure of their views as previously, assuming that they had any. Will they continue to read? They will

adopt the new ideas they have just now read. Rebelling against the humiliation of slavery, in order not to admit that they have changed or been vanquished, they will say that they now prefer this journal, because it holds their views: no, it is they who now hold the views of the new journal."

We often hear the remark that if St. Paul, the most ardent and enthusiastic of the Apostles, were living to-day, he would surely be an enthusiastic promoter of the press. To understand this remark, we need but recall that a priest preaches on an average only once a week and to a limited number of persons, whereas a paper or a book speaks often during the week, even daily, and that to thousands. Now, we can also better understand the words of Pope Pius IX: "Our time needs more defenders of truth with the pen than defenders of truth on the pulpit. Therefore, all those who have the eternal welfare of themselves and of others at heart, and especially they, whose duty it is to defend the faith from the pulpit, should do their best to work continually against the godless

press, above all by supporting and spreading the good press." The same Pope said on another occasion: "It is the holy duty of every Catholic to support the Catholic press and promote it amongst the people. The good press is a work of the greatest importance and of the greatest merit."

Pope Leo XIII was equally strong in his commendation of the Catholic press. "The godless press has destroyed Christian society; the good press must constantly be pitted against it; good papers must be founded and circulated and in them lies must be energetically refuted and truth defended." Again, he referred to the Catholic paper as a "constant mission."

Also Pope Pius X was quite outspoken on this subject. "We still do not sufficiently understand, the value of the press," he once said. "Neither the clergy nor the laity are interested in it as they should be. .... You may build churches, erect schools, hold missions; your work will be of no avail unless you know how to use the offensive and defensive weapons of the Christian press."

### DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS

Good intentions are as perishable as garden truck, and if one does not dispose of them while they are fresh, the chances are he will not be able to market them. How many kindnesses have been thrown aside, unspoken, undone, withered through neglect. Better dispose of them while the bloom of freshness is still present, else you will grow poor as well as others hungry.—*The Very Rev. J. J. Dunn.*



## IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

OF THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDE, O.F.M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O.F.M.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Brother Peter is Picked up by a Caravan—Banza-Kongo a Christian City  
—Departure from Loandra—Shipwrecked Again—Alone on the  
Wide Sea.*

It was about an hour before sunset. Within the tropics, the change from day to night is very rapid, and night, with its charms and with its dangers, sets in almost abruptly. Brother Peter was still unable to rise and to seek shelter for the night in a tree. But he was not to fall a prey to wild animals. As he lay there, he suddenly noticed a cloud of dust in the distance. It was caused by a large caravan of merchants, with two hundred camels and fifty elephants, on its way from the Niger to the Kongo. After having encamped during the day, as is customary in Africa on account of the oppressive heat, they had now begun their night journey.

Brother Peter made several vain attempts to rise. He cast pitiful glances at the foremost natives, but they passed him by unnoticed. Others came up, eyed him curiously, and then, too, passed on. The poor Brother was despairing. Almost the entire caravan had passed, and no one had offered to assist him. Finally, the captain of the caravan rode up. He was a man of advanced age and of a genial disposition. He, too, noticed the forsaken Brother and halted like the rest. Then scrutinizing the stranger as if he were trying to ascertain his nationality,

he dismounted, and approaching addressed Peter in Portuguese. The Brother answered in Italian, and thus they succeeded in making themselves understood.

The kind-hearted captain ordered a slave to wash the Brother and to procure him some garments. To revive his strength, he gave him a few drops of balsam. Then he had him placed on a lightly packed elephant, where Brother Peter found a comfortable position among the luggage, and slept soundly until morning. When the caravan halted for the day, the Brother partook of a light meal, and then retired to the tent of his benefactor and slept till evening, when the party resumed the journey.

After ten days, Brother Peter had fully recovered his strength and he was able to travel on foot as well as the rest. He enjoyed conversing with the captain, who had shown him so much kindness. "I learnt," the Brother relates in one of his letters, "that this negro lived such an exemplary life and did so much good that I have never found his equal among the heathen. In his conversations he often repeated the word 'Bracmani,' and at the same time pointed with his finger toward the east, whence I concluded that he

professed the religion of Brahma."

Brother Fardé seems to have misunderstood his benefactor regarding this matter, as most probably the negro wished to indicate by "Bracmani" that he belonged to the tribe of the "Brama," as the inhabitants of Loango were called at that time.

It took the caravan two months to arrive at the Kongo. They journeyed through the countries of Biasara and Gabun and through the western part of Loango. After many hardships, they finally drew near a large and beautiful city, which is located amid shady palms, on an elevation near a river. This city, Banza-Kongo, was the capital of the kingdom of Kongo, and was named San Salvador by the Portuguese. Kongo had been a Christian state for almost a century. The royal court and the nobility had adopted not only European customs, but also Portuguese names. Of the kings one was called "Juan," his successor "Alavrez," and a third "Emmanuel." The aristocrats assumed the titles of counts and dukes. In the capital there were eleven Catholic churches, a Franciscan mission, and a Jesuit college.

It is strange that our hero remained ignorant of all this. He tarried fourteen days in Banza-Kongo, at the home of his generous rescuer, who treated him as if he were his own brother. Still, to judge from his letters, the Brother knew nothing of the existence of Christianity in that country. It was probably owing to his ignorance of the language. He could only with difficulty make himself understood to

his host; hence their conversation was limited to what was absolutely necessary.

A favorable opportunity soon offered itself of continuing his journey, since his benefactor had received orders to conduct a caravan to St. Paul de Loanda, a city on the coast of the kingdom of Loanda. The Brother at once besought his kind host to take him along, saying that they would most probably find a ship there ready to set sail for Europe.

St. Paul de Loanda was already at that time a large and beautiful city. Perched on the precipitous shore of the crescent shaped bay, it commanded a magnificent view of the sea. The city had been founded by Catholic Portuguese in 1578, and eventually it became an episcopal see. Already in the fifteenth century, the Franciscans had announced the Gospel in the Kongo and had sent missionaries to Angola and Loango. They were also the first priests in Loanda.

Upon his arrival in Loandra, Brother Fardé was really fortunate enough to find a ship scheduled to leave for St. George-el-Mina within a few days. Great was his joy, and he immediately begged leave of his negro friend and benefactor to depart. But the good native, who had learnt to love and esteem the poor Brother whose life he had saved, endeavored to persuade him to remain. Seeing that his efforts were of no avail, he finally yielded, and generously paid the Brother's fare and also provided him with abundant provisions. Their parting



was truly affectionate. Indeed, the negro showed such marks of grief and gratitude that one might have thought not he but the Brother had been the benefactor. Such noble sentiments are frequently manifested by the natives of Africa; hence it is wrong to judge them by their unhappy brethren that have been transplanted to a foreign soil by the sad exigencies of slavery. Modern travelers, as a rule, become very much attached to the negroes and relate many pathetic instances of the generosity and nobility of character of the natives, who seem to have all the good and bad traits of children.

The ship on which the Brother had taken passage, set sail on October 19, 1688, and he rejoiced exceedingly that he was at last on his homeward journey. For a few days, they were driven along by a gentle south wind. But soon a strong north wind rose and swept the ship entirely from its course, and, on October 26, they were off the island of St. Helena. The wind continued to increase in violence and the sea became very rough. Still, the crew remained calm, as they were accustomed to such storms. Hence, when during the night of October 26, a frightful hurricane suddenly bore down on them, it took them altogether unawares. An aged negro was at the helm at the time and two other men were on guard, while the others, sailors and passengers, about thirty in all, were below deck sound asleep.

Whenever Brother Peter journeyed by sea, he was wont to rise

about midnight to pray the divine office on deck. This fidelity in the performance of his religious exercises saved his life at this juncture. At about two o'clock in the morning, a violent gust of wind threw the ship on its side. The old pilot was unable to right it in time and the good ship, weighted down by its heavy riggings, was engulfed by the angry waves.

"All this happened so suddenly," writes Brother Peter in one of his letters, "that when I rose again to the surface and looked about, I could not discover a trace of the ship. Nor could I account for the suddenness which I had been tossed headlong into the sea. Still, in spite, of the tremendous shock, I retained sufficient presence of mind to husband my strength in order to keep above water until daybreak. The evening before the shipwreck, I had noticed a pile of rafters and planks on the forecastle, and I had hoped that with the break of day I should be able to find at least one of them. Twice during the night I heard heart-rending cries of anguish, but they were so distant that I could not possibly go to the assistance of my wretched companions.

"Toward morning, I felt a violent jar in the side. I was agreeably frightened, for I had been struck by one of the planks by which I had hoped to save myself. Resting on this piece of wood I was now able to gather three more planks. I tore my garments into strips and bound the rafters together as well as I could, and then stretched myself out on the poor raft to catch breath;

for I was quite exhausted. After resting a while, I swam about in quest of other pieces of wood, and was so fortunate as to gather twenty-one planks. I placed seven of the planks side by side and over them I laid seven more crosswise; the remaining seven I put on top. I had hardly rested an hour on this raft, when I noticed that my work had been all in vain. For the constant action of the waves caused the planks to float away one after the other; until at last there remained only the four that I had bound together.

"I now saw that I must have ropes, and in hopes of finding one or the other, I began to swim about in search. For two hours, I swam, and was on the point of returning to my raft, resolved to make the most of it, when suddenly, to my great surprise and delight, I saw

quite near me a rope, twisted out of palm bast. It was half an inch thick and about ten fathoms long. I at once thanked Divine Providence most heartily for this evident token of special care. Luckily for me, not all the cordage of the ship had been made of hemp, which becomes stiff in the water and then sinks.

"Encouraged by my valuable find, I fastened the rope to my body, and then gathered the planks again. By means of the rope, I was now able to make a serviceable raft, on which I could lie down and rest. It was the highest time, for my strength was well-nigh exhausted.

"Lying on my poor raft, I raised my heart to God; the guide of my earthly pilgrimage, and begged him with the greatest confidence to assist me in my dire distress and to lead me to a safe harbor, provided it was agreeable to his most holy will."

(*To be continued*)

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### METHODIST TRIBUTE TO FR. JUNIPERO SERRA

A writer in the Methodist organ, *Zion's Herald*, has this just tribute to pay to the noble Father Junipero Serra, founder of the California missions: "Now we understand why at both expositions, in the public square of San Francisco, and in many a town of lesser fame, loyal Californians have erected statues of Padre Junipero Serra. It is good for Californians, and it is good for strangers within their gates to be frequently reminded of that brave undaunted soldier of Christ. For the memory of the quiet garden of Santa Barbara makes us realize that the spirit of the cross still lives on the shores of the Western sea."



## FR. ROCH'S NEW YEAR'S SERMON

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

"**W**ASN'T that just the nicest New Year's sermon you ever heard, Mrs. Matthews?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as she was leaving the church with a large crowd of Tertiaries after the early Mass, and met her dear friend and neighbor on the church steps.

"Indeed, it was, Mrs. Jones, and Father Roch made it extra for us Tertiaries. I was wondering why he chose New Year's day for our monthly Communion instead of the first Sunday, as usual, but now I know. He wanted to give us a rousing good talk on what we Tertiaries ought to do in the coming year."

"That's just like him, and I almost imagined I saw the twinkle in his eye, while he was telling us how much good a Tertiary can do if she only wants to."

"But, would you believe it," rejoined Mrs. Matthews, buttoning her coat, "of all the good works Father Roch counted up, I can't for the life of me think of a single one that I can carry out!"

"That's just my luck, too," acknowledged Mrs. Jones. "Everything Father said seemed to fit everybody else but me. Why, he talked about the lay apostolate and the apostolate of the press and social reform and Christian regeneration of the masses and I don't know what all; and all the time I kept thinking about that rich Mrs. Knowlton, and how easy it is for her to do all these things."

"Psh! don't talk so loud. Don't

you see her right over there getting into that limousine?"

"Yes, and they say she's worth half a million. I can't see how she ever came to join the Third Order, with all her airs and money," Mrs. Jones replied in a half-whisper.

"Still, she is very strict in observing her Rule, and never misses a meeting," returned Mrs. Matthews, as they stepped into the street to board a trolley-car. "And then, Miss Janè, the treasurer, told me in confidence last month that every time a collection is taken up in the meeting, Mrs. Knowlton never puts in less than a five dollar bill and often more."

"Of course, if she is so rich, she can afford to do that," retorted Mrs. Jones, "but my, I'm glad if I can put five cents in the collection box. It's so easy for a rich Tertiary to be charitable."

"Then, there's that Miss Bates, the high school teacher," began Mrs. Matthews, as the two settled down in the cozy warm car for a good chat, "she isn't exactly rich, but she's so smart that she can do a lot of good, too. You know she belongs to our fraternity, and I heard that she teaches catechism every Sunday afternoon in the girls' reformatory and does an immense lot of good."

"Yes, that's true, and Mrs. Beachy told me that Miss Bates is as meek as a lamb except when the Protestant teachers over at her school begin to run down the Catholic church. Then she pitches into

them and just pokes the truth down their throats."

"She surely is a great talker on religion, and there's no answering her when once she gets to arguing. Oh, how I wish I could teach those ignorant Protestants the truths of our holy Faith as she does!" Mrs. Matthews added with a sigh.

"She and her friends also buy all kinds of books and papers explaining our religion, and then give them away for nothing. Father Roch says that he has had at least half a dozen converts on account of these books," replied Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, it's easy for such people to make good resolutions like Father Roch said we should; but we poor women with big families and not much money and no education, we can't begin to think of doing anything but pray," commented Mrs. Matthews after a slight pause in the conversation.

"And bless me! Sometimes I have all I can do to finish my twelve Our Fathers," confided Mrs. Jones in a half-whisper, "and more than once after an extra busy day I fell asleep over them trying to say them before going to bed."

"Twenty-fourth street!" drawled the conductor.

The two women left the car and started down the street, when they noticed a large crowd of people in front of the Italian church, all talking excitedly, though with subdued voices. Although our two good friends were members of the Third Order of Penance and faithfully strove, as far as weak human nature would permit, to follow their

Seraphic Father in mortifying the senses, still, they possessed curiosity enough not to pass on without ascertaining the cause of the gathering. As they drew near, one of the bystanders informed them that a poor Italian woman had been struck by a passing street car just after leaving the church, where she had been to Mass and Communion.

Suddenly the crowd parted, and Father Giovanni, the pastor of the church, followed by two men carrying the injured woman, was seen leading the way to the rectory. Mrs. Jones, who was well acquainted with the priest, asked him, as he passed her, whether she and her friend could perhaps be of any assistance. He nodded, and the two women accompanied him to the house. The men placed the poor sufferer on a couch in Father Giovanni's parlor, but she was beyond human aid. The priest had given her Extreme Unction immediately after the accident, when she was yet conscious, and as he now stood over her reciting the prayers for the dying, her face twitched, she gasped, and all was over.

"Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine!" prayed the priest slowly and solemnly, while tears glistened in his kindly eyes. "She was a good old soul," he continued. "For the past twenty years and more she has been my right hand in the sacristy and sanctuary, doing all the washing and ironing of the altar linens, and never took a cent for all she did. I don't know how I ever will find anyone to take her place."

While he was yet speaking, an am-



bulance drove up to the rectory. Mrs. Jones and her friend, seeing that they could be of no further assistance, took leave of the priest, after expressing their sympathy over his loss. They were unusually quiet while walking the two remaining blocks to their homes. Mrs. Jones had bidden her companion good bye, and was about to enter her house, when she suddenly turned about and called after her.

"O Mrs. Matthews, wait a moment, I want to tell you something," and she blushed profusely as she spoke, "but you must promise not to laugh at me."

"All right, I promise," replied Mrs. Matthews, as she started back, her face one big question mark.

"Well, you know," began Mrs. Jones confidentially, "since that good Italian woman, Mrs. Canova, is dead, Father Giovanni has no one to do the church washing for him. Now, as we were walking home, the thought struck me perhaps you and I could do it. You know you're an expert at ironing, and I could do the washing. I'm sure it won't give us much extra work, and then I thought maybe this might pass for a New Year's resolution."

"Why Mrs. Jones," broke in Mrs. Matthews enthusiastically, "that's the very same thought that I had,

only I was ashamed to tell you of it. Yes, I'm sure it will work fine. Let's go to Father Giovanni after Vespers and tell him of our plan."

That afternoon, our two Tertiaries were ushered into the Italian priest's little parlor. After a few minutes, Father Giovanni appeared, greeted them cordially, and enquired what he could do for them.

"Well, Father, it's just this" blurted out Mrs. Jones with her usual impetuosity. "You see, we two, Mrs. Matthews and I, were over at the Franciscan church this morning for the early Mass, and Father Roch, the Director of the Third Order, preached a lovely sermon on how every Tertiary should make a special resolution for the new year. So, Mrs. Matthews and I thought that, if you had no objections, we could take Mrs. Canova's place, and do the church washing for you."

"Of course, it's only a silly little resolution, Father," Mrs. Matthews hastened to apologize, "but, really, we can't possibly think of anything else that we could do."

"God bless Father Roch for that sermon!" exclaimed the good priest heartily, "and may all his Tertiaries make such practical resolutions. I gladly accept your generous offer, and may the holy Francesco bless you for your kindness!"



# --:-- Franciscan Anecdotes --:--

## ST. FRANCIS AND THE HOLY NAME

St. Francis entertained the greatest love for Jesus and his most Holy Name. The brethren who lived with him, knew how continually every day his talk was of Jesus; how sweet and tender, how benign and full of love, his conversation ever was. Out of the abundance of the heart his mouth spoke, and the spring of enlightened love which filled him inwardly through and through bubbled forth outwardly. Verily, he was much with Jesus; ever did he bear Jesus in his heart, Jesus in his mouth, Jesus in his ears, Jesus in his eyes, Jesus in his hands, Jesus in his other members. Oh, how often, when sitting at table, if he heard or named or thought of Jesus, did he forget the bodily food, even as we read concerning the Saint: "Seeing, he saw not; and hearing, he heard not." Nay more, many a time, as he was walking on, meditating and singing of Jesus, did he forget whither he was going, and invite all the elements to praise Jesus. — *Celano*.



## HOW ST. CLARE MULTIPLIED THE BREAD

It happened one day, at the poor little convent of St. Damian near Assisi, that as the noon hour approached there was but a single loaf of bread left in the larder. St. Clare called the nun who had charge of the food and bade her to break into halves the Bread of God,—as she was wont, after the manner of St. Francis, to style the food begged from door to door. Then she sent one of the halves to the friars at the Porziuncola, and taking the other she gave it to the nun and ordered her to break it into as many portions as there were Sisters in the convent. The good nun looked at her spiritual mother in amazement and said, "My dear Mother, God will have to work a miracle before I can make so many portions from this bit of bread." But St. Clare replied gently, "Do, my daughter, as I bid you," and the Sister hastened to fulfill the command. Hereupon, the holy Abbess had recourse to her Divine Spouse, Jesus Christ, in devout prayer, and with many sighs and pleadings besought him to increase the quantity of bread in the hands of the Sister. Her prayer was heard, and all the nuns ate of the miraculous bread. — *From the Bull of Canonization*.



## HOW TWO FRIARS MINOR WON OVER AN UNFRIENDLY KNIGHT

When the Friars Minor made their first settlement near Oxford, England, there was a knight there who hated their mode of life, and used them bitterly, blackening their good name whenever an opportunity offered. It happened on Christmas day that he who ruled over the friars, assembled them to sow the saving seed of the Lord in the land. As two of them were going into a neighboring wood, picking their way along the rugged path over the frozen mud and rigid snow, whilst the blood lay in the track of their naked feet without their perceiving it, the junior friar said to the elder, "Father, shall I sing, and lighten our journey?" and on leave being granted, he thundered forth a *Salve Regina, mater misericordiae*. It so chanced that the knight, by no means in good humor with them,



Christian saint ever gained ascendancy over men's souls because he possessed wealth or social or political power. Innocent III could dictate to the world of his day; but the world of our day follows not the great Pope, but the despised 'little poor man' of Assisi. The very presence of wealth and power bring distrust of moral singleness of purpose. Men doubt lest some entanglement of worldly interest be present. It is not the poverty of the Church to-day, but her wealth, that imperils her leadership. There are no more pathetic figures in the modern world than those men of vast wealth who crave a moral leadership. Their wealth and power may further great causes, but they long in vain to see men kindle at their words and thrill with hope and courage at their presence."

Fortunately for the Catholic Church she can not be said to possess either wealth or social or political power. Perhaps that is the reason why she still retains her hold on the masses of the people and why men still kindle at her words and thrill with hope and courage at her presence. The secret of her moral leadership, as that of the 'little poor man of Assisi,' consists in this, that, poor in spirit and in deed, she follows in the footsteps of her Divine Founder who had not whereon to lay his head.

\* \* \*

### "CATECHISM OF THE THIRD ORDER"

This booklet published by us about a year ago had so rapid a sale that the first edition of ten thousand copies was sold out in less than a month after publication. The numerous orders we have received in the course of the year have induced us to get out a second edition of the booklet. This edition is substantially the same as the first both as to content and to make-up with this reservation, however, that the booklet will appear only in double thick paper binding and not in card-board. The price, too, remains unchanged despite the rise in the price of paper. Single copies will, therefore, sell at five cents, hundred copies at \$3.50. The catechism is nothing but an explanation of the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis set down in a form that will appeal to everybody. Directors tell us that it is a time-saving and handy manual containing all the necessary information on the Third Order and consequently well adapted for propaganda puposes. The catechism has the pamphlet format and it will fit into any bookrack.

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### "THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF PEDAGOGUES"

This is the title of a pamphlet by the Reverend Francis O'Neill, O.P., on modern educational methods and tendencies in this country. The pamphlet is a severe arraignment of the educational system and of the textbooks of the non-Catholic school and a vigorous defence of the methods in vogue in the Catholic school. The pamphlet is timely, classical, and convincing. All those interested in matters educational should write for copies to the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, 210 Temple Building, St. Louis, Missouri. The price of a single copy is 10c; 100 copies sell at \$7.50.



## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XIV

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

WHILE the new mission on the San Antonio was in course of construction, much time was wasted, as usual, by the Spanish officials who had been instructed to relieve the missions in the interior. When Fr. Antonio Margíl noticed that no aid could be expected, he visited Mission San Francisco to consult with Fr. Isidoro Espinosa. They determined to inform the viceroy of the real state of affairs. Accordingly, Fr. Espinosa accompanied by one of the Zacatecan Fathers, Fr. Matias Sans de San Antonio, set out for the capital. At the new mission, they met Governor Alarcon, who had at last arrived with additional troops and supplies for the impoverished missions; but, as he had determined to visit and survey Espiritu Santo Bay before proceeding to aid the missions, Fr. Espinosa resolved to accompany him as guide, and entrusted the written reports to Fr. Matias to be given to the viceroy.

"With my knowledge of the location of the bay," Fr. Espinosa writes, "and with the assistance of three Indian guides, we soon reached the bay, which was then sur-

veyed from end to end. Thereupon, we proceeded on our way to the missions. Although I had urged Don Alarcon to take along abundant supplies and other much needed goods, he neglected to do so. Hence, the provisions he brought were soon consumed, so that his visit did little more than provide the Indians with a few trinkets. On his departure, in December 1718, he left six or seven soldiers to take the places of a number that had deserted. Owing to the great floods, he and his men would, doubtless, all have perished on their return trip, had they not been so fortunate as to capture some cattle that had run wild after the abandonment of the missions in 1690 and had increased remarkably in the mountain districts."

Meanwhile, Fr. Matias had gone to Mexico and had given the reports of Fr. Margíl and Fr. Espinosa, the two mission superiors, to the viceroy. In the name of the same Fathers, Fr. Matias depicted to Valéro the great risk he was running of losing the whole province of Texas to the French, who were organizing settlements in the interior, and who had already placed a gar-



rison on the Rio de los Caddodaches. He said they feared that the French were attracting the Indians to their colonies by giving them firearms in exchange for horses. At all events, in one of the missions, Fr. Espinosa had counted ninety-two muskets, which had evidently been obtained from the French.

What all the appeals for the poverty-stricken missions had not been able to effect, this news concerning French activity in the Spanish colony succeeded in bringing about. Nevertheless, the Spanish officials made haste slowly. Orders were, indeed, issued to enlist volunteer colonists with their families for the purpose of planting settlements in the threatened region; but from February until November nothing of moment was done.

The French in Louisiana, however, were not idle, and eagerly sought to inflict damage on the Spanish colonies, the more so as war had been declared against Spain in 1719. Thus, in June of that year, the French military commander of Nachitoches in person led a body of troops to the easternmost mission of the Zacatecans, San Miguel de los Adays, which was only ten leagues from the French fort, and under the charge of Fr. Margíl. With much courtesy he told the lay brother and the solitary guard he found there to regard themselves as prisoners. Had the missionary priest stationed there not been visiting a brother missionary at the neighboring mission for the purpose of making his confession, he, too, would have suffered the same fate.

The French officer, strange to say, had everything movable, not excepting even the vestments and the sacred vessels, conveyed to the fort. While on the march, one of his horses fell. In the confusion that ensued, the lay brother effected his escape into a neighboring thicket whence he made his way to Fr. Margíl's mission. There he gave an account of the whole affair, and also reported that Pensacola had already fallen into the hands of the enemy. He had learnt, moreover, that an armed force of one hundred men were expected at Nachitoches to be sent against the other missions.

Fr. Margíl, therefore, had all movable goods transferred to one of the missions in charge of the Fathers from Querétaro, and buried that which could not be transported. As the poorly armed guards at the various missions were not in condition to cope with the well armed and trained French soldiers, the commander resolved to retire with the colonists and soldiers to Mission San Antonio. The missionaries necessarily had to withdraw likewise until a larger military force should restore them to their distressed neophytes. Fr. Espinosa and Fr. Margíl, indeed, remained at Mission San Francisco to the last in order to quiet the fears of the Indians, who greatly dreaded that the missionaries would never return. Finally, they, too, withdrew after assuring the natives that they would go no farther than San Antonio, where they would await a stronger guard, and then return.

Taking away only the vestments and the sacred vessels, and confiding the keys of the mission to the Indians, Fathers Margil and Espinosa set out to follow the retreating colonists. While Fr. Margil and the other Fathers of both the missionary colleges constructed thatched houses, and maintained themselves until the month of March, 1721, Fr. Espinosa, the energetic champion of the Indians, proceeded to the Rio Grande missions, and thence to the capital, in order to describe personally to the viceroy the grave situation of the Texas missions.

"I took sufficient time," he relates, "to speak with Viceroy Valéro and with some of the higher officials, and I shall never regret having proposed, with all the emphasis of which I was capable, suitable measures for colonizing that fertile country. All the Fathers, including Fr. Margil, had urged that, in conformity with the *Leyes de la Nueva Recopilacion de las Indias*, married volunteers with their families should be brought to Texas as colonists, and not unwilling soldiers and ex-convicts, as had hitherto chiefly been the practice. Moreover, the Fathers contended that these men should be allowed the pay of regular soldiers for two years, and that their wives as well as their children over fifteen years of age should each receive half-pay. This allowance was to be paid in cash so that the people could pur-

chase what they wanted and wherever they wished. Then, too, we asked that each family in Texas should be assigned sufficient land for cultivation, which they could hold as their own, and then bequeath to their children. The children thus brought up in the colony, would look on it as their mother country, and would, therefore, be loyal to it. Finally, we suggested that some of the colonists should be skilled mechanics. If these ideas were put into effect, we were quite certain that many would easily be found, who, wishing to improve their sorry condition, would willingly emigrate to the new colony, especially as the outlook in the Mexican cities was not at all promising. Our surmise proved true, for at the first call of the viceroy for colonists on these terms, I easily persuaded no fewer than seven good families of artisans to apply for admission into Texas in order to extricate themselves from the wretched life they were leading in the interior of Mexico. With the assistance promised them by the government, they knew that they could easily improve their condition and then die with the assurance that their children would not have to starve."

This statement of Fr. Espinosa goes to prove that the missionaries in Texas as well as in California, instead of opposing, actually favored and encouraged colonization, provided the colonists were conscientious and industrious men.





## THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

*By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.*

"Of all divine things" says St. Denis, the Areopagite, "the most divine is to cooperate with God in the salvation of souls." Indeed, Christ himself said, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix, 10.) For our salvation he left the bosom of his Heavenly Father, came into this world, and led a life of

souls, then behold the cross, and see what price Christ has paid for them." }

Not satisfied with giving his life for the salvation of souls, Jesus instituted the Church, in order that through her he might distribute to all men the saving graces he had merited by his passion and death. He sent out his Apostles to all parts



Flowers of the Desert

poverty and self-abasement; to save souls he instructed the multitudes; to save souls he worked the most astounding miracles; to save souls he shed his blood on the wood of the cross, and with his dying breath exclaimed, "I thirst!"—namely, for souls. It is, therefore, not surprising to hear St. Augustine assert, "If thou wilt know the value of

of the world, and they, filled with his zeal and with his love for souls, preached the saving truths of the Gospel to all nations, and taught them to observe whatsoever he had commanded them.

Almost twenty centuries have passed since Jesus and his Apostles began the glorious work of saving souls for Heaven, but the mission-

ary spirit, that animated their bosoms and made every hardship seem light, has not departed from the Church. Hundreds and thousands of her children, following in the footsteps of Jesus and the Apostles, have traversed every known part of the globe, proclaiming everywhere the glad tidings of salvation, everywhere gaining new souls for God. No hardship is too great, no sacrifice too painful to hinder their holy apostolate. They brave the ice-bound regions of the far North and fear not the scorching heat of the tropic sun in their never-tiring search for souls. They speed with the Eskimo across the trackless wastes of Alaska, and hurry with the Bedouin over the burning sands of the Sahara, and roam with the Indian through the unexplored forests of America. They seek out the heathen in the countries of the East and the unbelievers in the cities of the West, ever impelled by their unquenchable thirst for souls, for more souls for Christ.

Yet, in spite of their vigilance, countless souls are being lost. During the present conflict that is ravaging the fair lands of Europe, thousands and even millions of lives are being sacrificed on the bloody altar of the god of war, and treasures of inestimable value are destroyed with a ruthlessness that is appalling. We shudder when we hear of the proud ships sent to the bottom of the sea with their precious cargoes of life and merchandise. We turn with horror from the devastated towns and cities laid waste by the awful scourge of war.

Yet, what are the mortal lives of all men living, compared with the ilfe of a single soul? What is the value of all the riches and treasures of the world compared with the all but infinite value of a single human soul? What is the worth of the most stately ship that ever sailed the seas, compared with the soul of man buffeting the billows on the troubled sea of life? What is the fairest city of the earth compared with the beauty of the city of God Almighty in the soul of man? Vanitas vanitatum—vanity of vanities! "For what can a man give in exchange for his soul?"

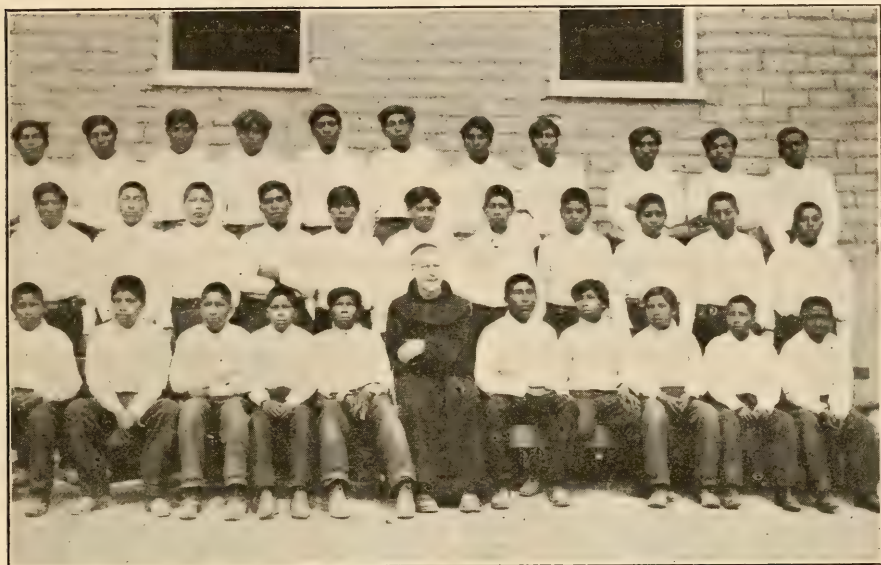
And still, the world remains unmoved at the daily loss of thousands of souls, while wasting its tears over the ruin of vanities! A single ship is sent to the bottom of the sea, and the world stands aghast. Thousands of souls are daily wrecked on the shoals of sin and sent to the deepest depths of hell, and the world laughs as if nothing had happened! A venerable cathedral is made the target of the enemies' cannon, and the world rises up in indignation over the real or supposed outrage. Thousands of temples of the Holy Ghost are daily ravished and profaned in the most shameful manner by crime and vice, and the world utters not a word of righteous condemnation. A city is made to suffer the horrors of war, and the world protests vehemently against the atrocity. Thousands of cities of God in the human soul are daily turned over to his arch-enemy, the devil, and subjected to the vilest abominations, and the world looks



on unconcerned and unaffected!

This indifference of the world toward the daily loss of numberless souls grieves the heart of the apostle of Christ and urges him on to even greater efforts to save what he can from the general ruin. The missionary spirit in him burns with renewed ardor to bring back souls to Christ, and he exclaims with the

and if he can do nothing more, he can pray God to send laborers into his vineyard, and he can unite his feeble voice with that of the Vicar of Christ when he exclaims: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be thou King not only of the faithful who have never forsaken thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned thee. Be thou King of those who



Fruits of the Missionary Spirit

great Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier, "More souls, O Lord, more souls!"

The kind reader must not, however, suppose that only the ordained ministers of the Gospel, God's priests, should be filled with this missionary spirit. Every Catholic can and should be a missionary in the little sphere in which he moves,

are deceived by erroneous opinions or whom discord keeps aloof. Be thou also King of all those that sit in the ancient superstition of the Gentiles. Give peace and concord to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation! To it be honor and glory forever!"



## THE WAYS OF GOD

*Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

GILBERT Lansing, young, wealthy, and handsome was very popular among his associates. At the death of his parents, he had inherited a large fortune together with extensive mining interests with which his father had been identified.

With little else to do, the young man employed his time enjoying life according to the standards of his social plane. "Be it said to his credit, however, Gilbert Lansing was a man of good moral fiber, who was often led to deplore the utter emptiness and frivolity, if not downright sinfulness, of the life lived by the smart set with whom he was thrown. Quite naturally, a man of Gilbert's charming personality and splendid fortune was certain to be much sought after by the feminine members of his social circle, and the adulatory attentions showered on him both amused and exasperated him.

"The inanity of those butterflies of fashion," he would say, "I'll degenerate into a woman hater, yet. I wonder, if in these latter days, there are any real true women in the world!"

One morning in midsummer, Gilbert boarded a trolley, and went off to the seashore for a change of air and environment. At the end of a week of boating, fishing, and swimming, this much admired social lion began to think that life was quite tolerable after all.

Sauntering along the beach one

day, he discovered a grove of splendid oaks, where he comfortably settled himself to read the novel he had just purchased. The day was warm, and Gilbert cast off hat and coat, and threw himself on the grass in the shade.

"This is great!" he exclaimed, as he leaned back against a gnarled oak and drew in deep drafts of the exhilarating air laden with the tang of the sea.

He was absorbed in his book, when the unwelcome sound of feminine voices broke in upon his sylvan solitude. A frown knitted his broad sunburnt brow as, glancing up, he saw approaching, some distance off, a tall young woman pushing a wheel chair in which was seated a delicate looking girl many years younger than her companion.

Even at that distance, Gilbert's critical eye noted that the tall one was strikingly graceful in her simple, white gown.

However charming the two girls appeared, their advance far from mollified Gilbert. "Butterflies on my track again. I'll beat it!" And quickly rising, he picked up the discarded hat and coat and withdrew farther into the cool, leafy shelter of the oaks, through which, unobserved, he could command a view of the surrounding country.

Presently, as he peered through his leafy screen, Gilbert noticed that the invalid chair had been brought to a halt, while the tall girl seemed to be examining the



wheels. Then she made an attempt to propel the chair, but it refused to move. Evidently, something was wrong. Perhaps, he should offer his services.

Gilbert Lansing was nothing if not gallant and courteous. In another instant, he was on his feet, and emerging from his retreat, advanced toward the stranded wheel chair.

"Can I be of any assistance?"

Two pairs of beautiful eyes fastened themselves on the speaker's face. He certainly was good to look at standing with uncovered head and his skin tanned to a becoming brown.

"You are very kind," said the tall, dark-eyed girl, as Gilbert sought to discover the cause of the trouble. A pebble had lodged in one of the wheels, and this was soon extricated by means of the young man's pocketknife.

Both girls thanked Gilbert for his kindly assistance. "We were just on our way to that lovely oak grove," said the younger girl, who had a very delicate face and large deep blue eyes, "and then all of a sudden that horrid little pebble said, 'Halt!' Then along came Sir Galahad—no, that won't do," with a little rippling laugh, "because you haven't a charger—unless maybe you've got one tied to one of the trees round at the back of the grove?"

"My hat and coat are in that vicinity somewhere," Gilbert answered, "but a steed I do not possess."

The young man had begun to rage inwardly when Rose mentioned

their destination, but as she continued to talk he concluded that here was a most charming little maid. And her sister—really she was as handsome a girl as he had ever seen. Nor did she seem at all conscious of her beauty.

Perhaps, after all, these two might prove quite tolerable company. It was some time since he had conversed with any women, so his present situation might be endurable, for a little while at least.

"Please do not mind Rose, Mr. —"

"Gilbert Lansing," said the young man.

"Well, I am Teresa Lavelle," continued the older girl in her soft, musical tones. "and this is little sister Rose, who, as you have already discovered, is quite talkative," and she patted the golden head tenderly. "Besides, she has a wonderful imagination, Mr. Lansing."

"Which is a good gift, and undoubtedly affords her an inexhaustible fund of pleasure," Gilbert answered smilingly. "And so you are bound for that splendid oak grove? Won't you let me make myself useful as propeller?"

As they approached their destination, Gilbert explained that he had just a short time before come across the oaks, but assured them he would abdicate in their favor.

"Please don't run away because we came," said Teresa.

"No, you shan't now," protested Rose. "And do you know, Mr. Lansing," she added as Gilbert pushed the chair into the cool, grateful shade, "I've got the best

name for you. I've been trying to think of a good one."

"Yes? Well let's hear it," answered the young man, as at Teresa's bidding, he seated himself on the grass. "I hope it's something that will suit me perfectly," he added with mock gravity.

"Well, you know—thank you, Mr. Lansing for wheeling me into this lovely spot—well, you know, I've always called this grove of oaks Sherwood forest—I couldn't think of any other name—but, after all, Robin Hood was missing—but here you come along, and then everything is fixed up all right, for, of course, you are Robin Hood. Now, isn't that fine?"

"Indeed, it is," answered Gilbert. "Here I was holding my breath for fear I'd be given a name that I could hardly carry around at all. But now I'm quite relieved."

The afternoon was a very enjoyable one for the trio ensconced under the oaks within sight and sound of the sea. Gilbert owned to himself that never had he been in more charming company. There was something so wholesome and refreshing about these two girls. Teresa was a young woman of culture and refinement, while the naive remarks of little Rose were simply delightful. How different from those "butterflies" he thought to himself.

In the course of their conversation, Gilbert learnt that the girls were orphans, and that they had come west for Rose's health. They lived in the same city where Gilbert resided, and Teresa had a position

there as stenographer for a real estate firm. When she got her vacation she decided to bring her little invalid sister to the beach, where they had already spent some weeks.

"She's a perfect angel—my big sister is," Rose informed Gilbert, "she never thinks of herself one bit, but only of me and my comfort all the time. And I'm so sorry we have to go back to town to-morrow," she prattled on, "'cause Teresa needs a good rest; she's always working so hard. But, she never complains—she isn't a particle like mean little me," and Rose looked with worshipful eyes at her sister, who blushed at this encomium.

"Don't mind Rosie, Mr. Lansing, it's a great failing of hers to enthuse most dreadfully."

Again Gilbert's mind reverted to the "butterflies," mentally contrasting their existence with the life of this girl before him, who labored uncomplainingly, with the sole desire to make her little invalid sister happy.

"I believe I've discovered a real woman at last," was Gilbert's mental declaration, while he said aloud, "I'm of the opinion that Miss Rose's words of praise are not at all misapplied; for, I pride myself on being a pretty shrewd judge of human nature."

When Teresa announced that it was time to go, Gilbert felt a pang of genuine regret that this their first meeting was also to be their last, since Teresa and Rose had announced their intention of returning to town on the next day.



They declined his offer to assist them to their destination, but Gilbert accompanied them until he reached his street. Then he cordially shook hands and bade them farewell.

"Goodbye, Robin Hood," Rose said with her bright little smile as Gilbert took her frail little hand in his strong clasp, "I'm awfully glad we had such a nice time in Sherwood Forest, and it was so lovely of you to come to our aid. If you hadn't, we might be stranded yet. Then, perhaps, the tide would come and wash us out to sea, and before we knew it we would be mermaids, Tess and I."

To which Gilbert responded that if such a lamentable calamity had befallen them, he would say that two more charming mermaids could not be found in all the briny deep.

On the way to his hotel, Gilbert cursed his luck. Why hadn't he come across that oak grove before? Just fancy what he had been missing all that time!

Then he gave a short little laugh. "I'm not so dead sure they'd be crazy for my company, after all. I must remember that I wouldn't be dealing with any of those precious debutantes. Well, hang the luck, anyhow, I'll never see them again."

(To be continued)

### FRIARS ESCAPE FROM MEXICO

On Sunday morning, November 28, ten young Franciscan friars arrived at the Old Mission, Santa Barbara, from Mexico. They had escaped in all sorts of garbs and disguises, in order to conceal their calling. Mustaches had also been cultivated to complete the make-up. The young men might very well have passed for wild and woolly Carranzistas or Villistas rather than for meek *Frailes de San Francisco*.

All but one had made the solemn vows, and they were, therefore, obliged to recite the Divine Office; but that would have exposed them to their persecutors. So not one had a breviary, nor, in fact, any kind of baggage. They were happy to have got away just as they were to the "land of the free" from the *Tierra de la Libertad Carranzista*.

A Mexican Father, who escaped some time ago, raised a formidable mustaché, and then, with the blessing of the Commissary General of the Mexican Franciscans, (who is, likewise, a fugitive at San Luis Rey, California, with other *Frailes* so fearfully dangerous to the brave revolutionists!) ventured into the interior of Mexico in search of the young Franciscan clerics. He succeeded in finding fifteen, whom he then managed somehow or other to transport across the boundary into El Paso. Thence the ten students of philosophy found their way to Santa Barbara, while the five students of theology were taken to the Monastery of the Holy Land in Washington, D. C., to continue their studies in the shadow of the Capitol. Seven more little friars, who may be styled the lambs of the flock, as they have not yet made solemn profession, are still missing. By the grace of the Good Shepherd, we hope that they, too, will soon reach the haven of safety at Santa Barbara. What disguise they will assume in lieu of the impossible mustache, it is difficult to imagine.—*Esperanza*.



## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome.**—The Most Reverend Father General, on the feast of St. Francis, directed his first circular letter to the whole Franciscan Order. We take pleasure in communicating to our readers the words which he addresses to the Tertiaries: "You, also, countless associates of ours, who while remaining in the world, are nevertheless bound to us by spiritual and seraphic ties, by your profession of the Tertiary rule, a rule which our Blessed Father St. Francis himself has laid down for the salvation and advancement of souls, endeavor, each one of you, according to his own condition of life, amid the allurements and dangers of the world, to foster the seraphic spirit, earnestly carrying out the bidding of the Prince of the Apostles to all the faithful of Christ: 'Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, being lovers of the brotherhood;' (I. Peter, iii, 8) for by these virtues, namely by harmony, compassion, and charity, as by a three-fold adornment, you will render your souls attractive, so that on the Day of Retribution, our holy Father St. Francis will acknowledge you before the great Judge to be his own true children."

**Barcelona, Spain.**—The latest official figures coming from Spain show a large increase in the ranks of the Spanish Tertiaries. According to this report, 838 fraternities are under the direction of the Sons of St. Francis with a total membership of 289,506. The Friars Minor are in charge of 569 fraternities

numbering 229,384 members; while 60,124 Tertiaries are under the jurisdiction of the Capuchin Fathers.

**Athlone, Ireland.**—What hold the Franciscan Friars have on the affections of the Irish people, was proved recently at Athlone. As a result of a mission held by the Rev. Father Peter Begley, O.F.M., about a hundred persons joined the ranks of the Tertiaries. This is considered in Ireland a record-breaking reception. The event gains in importance from the fact that the majority of the novices are young men from the business houses and operatives from the manufacturing concerns.

**Dorsten, Germany.**—At the outbreak of the war, all the clerics of of the local monastery, who were pursuing the higher studies for the priesthood, answered the call to the colors. Of the thirty three who donned the uniform, nine have already lost their lives on the battlefield.

**Blyerheide, Holland.**—The two Franciscan Provinces of Brazil are about to establish a Seraphic Missionary College in Blyerheide, Holland, for the purpose of educating young men for the vast missionary field of South America. The new college will take up its quarters in the old Franciscan convent at Blyerheide, which is at present undergoing a thorough renovation and which will be ready for occupancy by Easter.

**Santa Barbara, Cal.**—By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Affairs of Religious, the status of



the Franciscan Province of the Sacred Heart (St. Louis Province) has been materially affected. Until quite recently, the Province of the Sacred Heart comprised almost all the monasteries and residences of the Friars Minor from the State of Ohio to the Pacific Coast. The above-mentioned decree provides for the establishment of a separate province, to be known as the Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara. Its jurisdiction will extend over the states of California, Washington, Oregon, and Arizona. The following Fathers have been designated by the General Curia in Rome as the superiors of the newly formed province: the Very Reverend Fr. Hugolinus Storff, Provincial; the Reverend Fr. Seraphin Lampe, Custos; the Reverend F. F. Theodore Arentz, Maximilian Neumann, Casimir Vogt, and Turibius Deaver, Definitors. The Reverend Fr. Hugolinus has filled the highest offices in the mother province. He was twice elected Provincial and for many years he was Rector of St. Joseph's College. For the past three years, he lectured on Moral Theology to the Franciscan clerics in St. Antony's Convent, St. Louis. The new province comprises eighteen houses, with some seventy Fathers, besides many lay Brothers and student clerics. With its splendid St. Antony's College for the education of candidates for the Order, and with its well equipped houses of study for the clerics, the

new province has a very auspicious beginning and with God's blessing will surely develop rapidly.

**Sacramento, Cal.**—The month of November was unusually interesting for the local fraternity. At the regular monthly meeting, the Tertiaries set themselves the task of offering succor to their brethren in the cleansing fires, by their prayers and good works. On Friday, November 26, the fraternity observed the Saint's day of the Reverend Director, Fr. Leonard.

In appreciation of his kindly services to the Tertiaries of Sacramento, they were present at a special High-mass, and in a body approached the Holy Table.

**Phoenix, Ariz.**—Interest in the Third Order at St. Mary's Church is growing steadily. At the last regular meeting, seven novices were received. Fresh applications for admission are constantly coming in, especially since the death of two faithful members, Mrs. Regina L'Hereux

and Miss Alvina Bouvier, whose exemplary lives and holy death greatly impressed the Tertiaries and edified the whole congregation. They were sisters, who, "as they loved one another in life, so in death they were not separated." "Their works follow after them," but stay with us as well, and remain as a perpetual benediction.

**Nashville, Ill.**—The Franciscan Fathers, who about a year ago were placed in charge of the Church of the Assumption, are now directing



Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus Storff, O.F.M.

their efforts toward the reorganization of the Third Order in that parish. A fraternity had been established many years since, but for lack of proper leadership, it met with an untimely end. At a meeting called on December 5, twenty-five postulants presented themselves for reception into the Order.

**New Orleans, La.**—Through the influence of the Poor Clares and of the Reverend Leander Roth, the Third Order is gaining more favor in the southern metropolis than has been anticipated. Father Roth, the zealous Director, has secured the chapel of the Poor Clares as a center for the local fraternity. On December 5, he announced a meeting for the "uptown" district, to acquaint non-Tertiaries with the nature and the aim of the Order. On the following Sunday, thirty men and women were solemnly received. The postulants gathered in the beautiful sanctuary of the Poor Clares' chapel, where they were invested with the scapular and cord of the Third Order by Father Roth, assisted by the Reverend Father Stritch, S. J. Father Roth held a rousing discourse, in which he dwelt on the distinct aim of the Third Order, and impressed on the Tertiaries old and new the need of living up to the spirit of their Order.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.**—The year 1915 was one of marked activity for both the English and the German-speaking branches of the local fraternity. During the past year, approximately, 500 new Tertiaries were admitted and 217 made their holy profession. Besides the short instruction preceding the reception and profession, a special course of instruction was conducted on the second Thursday of each month, from 7:45 to 8:30.

The Tertiaries were particularly active in the apostolate of the press. As a means of making better known

the nature and the aim of the Third Order, hundreds of copies of the *Catechism of the Third Order* and Third Order leaflets were distributed gratis. To spread the knowledge of the Third Order, and at the same time, to stimulate interest in Franciscan missionary activities, the fraternity adopted *Franciscan Herald* as its official organ. The number of readers in Cleveland, has, in consequence, increased from 300 to 1200. Members have otherwise been active in the cause of the press, by bringing to the Director's office Catholic almanacs, monthly and weekly papers, which the proper committee distributed among the inmates of the City Hospital. Another phase of Tertiary activity was the introducing into several hundred homes of religious pictures, suitable for framing. The apostolate of prayer was exercised in behalf of the dying sinners and of the Poor Souls. To this end, over 2000 cloth-bound manuals of the *Pious Union for the Salvation of the Dying*, and in the month of November, 13,000 leaflets with indulgenced prayers were given away. The final returns of the census of the Third Order fraternity of St. Joseph's Church show the membership of the English-speaking branch to be 1281, and of the German-speaking branch, 609, making a total of 1890. Of these, 25 have left the ranks to enter the religious state; while 34 have been claimed by death. May the souls of these Tertiaries rest in peace!

**St. Louis, Mo.**—On November 21, there passed into life eternal, Miss Kathleen Riley. Placed in charge of the Catholic Free Library of St. Louis by his Grace, Archbishop Glennon, she accomplished the arduous work of systematizing and cataloging the large collection of books. For the past eight years, she devoted her entire time to the work of disseminating Catholic lit-



erature, and during that time, she was the adviser of hundreds of young persons whose occupations oblige them to spend the greater part of their time in the heart of the city where the Catholic Free Library, conducted so wisely by Miss Riley, affords them a retreat during their moments of leisure. Daily Miss Riley could be seen at her desk giving words of encouragement and advice to many who looked to her for aid in the perplexities of life. In April last, a severe case of nervous prostration obliged her temporarily to give up her care of the library, and after many months spent in St. Antony's Hospital and in Hot Springs, Ark., she returned to her work, from which Divine Providence called her by a sudden but certainly not unprovided death, since her whole life was but a preparation for eternity. May God grant eternal rest to the soul of this worthy, pious, and most loved Tertiary.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—Owing to the untiring efforts of the Reverend Directors, the Third Order at St. Peter's gives evidence of vigorous life, as the following brief report will show. During the year 1915, 244 novices were admitted into the English fraternity, 157 made their holy profession, and 53 departed this life. The German fraternity has a record of 191 received, 157 professed, and 31 deaths reported, making a total of 435 novices, 314 professed, and 84 deaths in the past year.

**San Francisco, Cal.**—*Franciscan Herald* takes pleasure in calling the attention of its readers, at every opportunity, to the so-called Tertiaries' retreats. Ever since the Catholic laymen's retreat movement began, Tertiary fraternities in the larger cities have kept pace. The most recent Tertiary retreat coming to our notice was preached to the Tertiaries of San Francisco by the

Rev. Fr. Cyril, O.F.M. The lectures were delivered in St. Boniface Church each evening from December 5—10. The attendance at the lectures was unusually large. We report the list of subjects treated because of their timeliness and distinctly Franciscan color:

Sunday, "The Tertiary and Present-Day Effeminacy."

Monday, "The Tertiary and Present-Day Laxity of Morals."

Tuesday, "The Tertiary and Present-Day Race for Wealth."

Wednesday, "The Tertiary and Present-Day Irreligious Press."

Thursday, "The Tertiary and Present-Day Sovereign Remedy, the Holy Eucharist."

Friday, "The Tertiary at the Gate of Eternity."

**Omaha, Nebr.**—At a recent general meeting of all the English-speaking Tertiaries in the city, a fraternity was formally organized. The meeting, under the presidency of the Reverend Fr. John Tureck, O.F.M., was largely attended. The following officers were installed according to the provisions of the Rule:

Prefects: Mr. Jas. W. Martin, Mrs. C. Beveridge; Assistants: Mr. Jas. O'Shea, Mrs. N. Flood, Mrs. N. Cree; Councilors: Mr. Wm. Mulcahy, Miss E. A. O'Hara, Miss H. O'Boyle, Mrs. M. Houlton; Secretary: Miss E. Mulvihill; Mistress of novices: Mrs. R. Schwar; Assistant: Miss C. Cronin; Nurse: Miss C. K. Sweeney.

**Baltimore, Md.**—The annual ceremony of the visitation of the Third Order fraternity of the Immaculate Conception Church, was conducted this year by the Rev. Father Matthias, O.F.M., of Paterson, N. J. The function was observed in accordance with the Tertiary ritual, and surrounded with a solemnity, suited to impress all who witnessed it.

**Kerrville, Tex.**—News comes to us that the Third Order is following in the wake of the Catholic Mission

Society in the isolated missions of Texas. Father Kemper, the zealous Texan missionary and a reader of *Franciscan Herald*, writes: "It will please you to know that among the candidates for the Third Order on December 8, there was a certain Mr. C. Uebelhoer, who used to be a Lutheran preacher. He was graduated from the University of Heidelberg. As Tertiary he took the name of Bro. Bonaventure. At present he is helping me in my

work."

**Cincinnati, O.**—The vacancy in the office of Mother Provincial of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis has been filled by the appointment of Sr. M. Pancratia. The appointment comes close upon the death of the Ven. Mother M. Desideria. The new incumbent was previously directress of St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N. J. These Sisters of St. Francis conduct sixteen hospitals in the East and Middle-West.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

A welcome addition to the college faculty and to the editorial staff of the *Franciscan Herald* was lately made in the person of Fr. Maximus, O.F.M. He arrived here November 20, from Superior, Wisconsin, where he had been assistant at St. Francis Xavier Church for the past two years.

On November 21, fourteen students were received as novices into the Third Order; and the following seven, having satisfactorily passed their year of probation, had the honor of being permitted to make their profession: J. Dittman, H. Harms, L. Hasenstab, A. Hellstern, N. Paunovich, L. Savidge, and D. Zeiter. All told, the college now has eighty-one Tertiaries, forty-four professed members and thirty-seven novices.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated with the customary thanksgiving service and with an entertainment, consisting of the historical drama "Robert Emmet" and some selections by the college orchestra. The cast of characters and the musical program follow.

Robert Emmet (The Irish Patriot)	John Schmitt
Dr. Robert Emmet (Father to Robert)	Henry Pinger
Darby O'Gaff (A Sprig of the Emerald Isle)	Joseph Martin
O'Leary (An old Soldier)	Chas. Koerber
Dowdall (Friend to Emmet)	Henry Harms
Kerman (A Traitor)	Antony Glauber
Sergeant Topfall	Victor Roell
Lord Norbury	John Maloney
Peasants, Soldiers, Colleagues of Emmet's, etc.	

#### MUSICAL PROGRAM

Berlin, as it Laughs and Cries (Overture)	Conradi
Woodland Songsters (Waltzes)	C. M. Ziehrer
Wedding of the Winds (Waltzes)	J. T. Hall
Petersborough Sleighride, (Galop)	R. Eilenberg

On the eve of the feast of St. Nicholas, the traditional mysterious visitors from the stars tarried for a brief hour in the study hall, dispensing sweets and bitters with equal generosity. Before leaving, the sainted guest was requested by one of the boys to obtain a holiday for them in honor of the newly erected province of Santa Barbara. At first the venerable "Prelate" hesitated, seemingly fearing that he might transgress the bounds of his jurisdiction, but finally consented on condition that the boys should show a slight improvement in conduct during the season of Advent. The holiday was accordingly granted on the following day; and the students have since taken care that their improvement in conduct should be



slight.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception witnessed the solemn reception of twenty-nine students into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, three other members being affiliated. In the evening, an interesting debate was held in the dramatic hall under the auspices of the St. Bernardine Literary Circle. The question debated was, "whether the novel reading is a waste of time," the affirmative being defended by Henry Wellner and Victor Roell, the negative by Charles Michels and Henry Pinger. The speakers for the negative, with whom the majority of students naturally sided, were declared winners by three members of the circle who acted as judges.

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

The celebration of the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception was marked by the reception of about sixty boys into the Sodality of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

While our Reverend Fr. Rector was giving a retreat in St. Louis, he was called to the funeral of his brother, who had died November 30, in Joliet, Ill. Mr. Joseph Hausser, the deceased, was sixty years old. For the thirty-two past years he belonged to the choir of the Franciscan Church in Joliet.

On Thanksgiving evening, the students of philosophy successfully staged the comedy "The Boom in Mudville" before a large audience.

The first basket ball game of the season was won, on December 10, by our splendid college team against the Christian University of Canton, Mo., by the score of 34 to 26.

### ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE

On Thanksgiving Day, the students presented the touching drama, "Tarcisius." The play, in manu-

script form, and private property of Mr. Phillips, former editor of the San Francisco *Monitor*, was rendered by special arrangement with the author. The drama was open to the public, and all who were present at the performances, pronounced them a great success. Music appropriate to the drama was rendered by the college orchestra, under the able direction of Fr. Adrian. The cast of characters was as follows:

Tarcisius, the Boy-Martyr of the Bl. Sacrament			
Aurelius, Prefect of Rome		C. Roddy	
Severus, Roman Patrician		C. Laumiester	
Marcus		J. Goggin	
Marcellus	Sons of Severus	V. Kennedy	
Metellus, Roman Tribune		D. Evins	
Christian Priest		D. McCarthy	
Paulus		J. Bold	
Faustus	Christian Martyrs	W. McLemore	
Antonius		M. Watson	
Probus, Christian Laborer		F. Fritz	
Claudius		L. Taniel	
Quintus	Christian Boys	J. Powers	
Candidus		J. Morath	
Primus		J. Knauff	
Secundus	Pagan Boys	C. Schumacher	
Tertius		E. Paulson	
Rufus, A Renegade		T. Burke	
Martialis, Imperial Guard		F. Burke	
Festus, A Roman Youth		F. Luhmann	
Octavus	Companions of Festus	G. Bucher	
Cletus		A. Weber	
	Christians—Lictors—Guards, etc.	J. Smith	

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**  
English Branch of Third Order:

Nora Kehoe, Sr. Catherine,  
Mathilda Bussiere, Sr. Clare,  
Mary Walsh, Sr. Frances,  
Catherine Yore, Sr. Elizabeth,  
Ellen Meany, Sr. Margaret.

German Branch of Third Order:

Francis Strack, Bro. Antony,  
Sophie Mueller, Sr. Mary,  
Louise Hohmann, Sr. Frances,  
Mary Ticop, Sr. Clare.

**St. Augustine's Church:**

August Bauer, Bro. Francis,  
Martin Abend, Bro. Benedict.

**Phoenix, Ariz., St. Mary's Church:**

Regina L'Hereux, Sr. Clare,  
Alvina Bouvier, Sr. Elizabeth.

**Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:**

Frances Miller, Sr. Anne Mary.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

JANUARY, 1916.

DEDICATED TO THE  
HOLY NAME

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Sat.	<b>New Year.—Circumcision of Christ.</b> <i>General Absolution and Plenary Indulgence.</i>
2	Sun.	<b>Sunday after the Circumcision.</b> —Feast of the Most Holy Name. —Octave of St. Stephen. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
3	Mon.	Octave of St. John the Evangelist.
4	Tues.	Octave of the Holy Innocents.
5	Wed.	Vigil of Epiphany.—St. Telesphorus, Pope, Martyr.
6	Thur.	<b>Epiphany.—The Three Kings.</b> <i>General Absolution and Plenary Indulgence.</i>
7	Fri.	2nd day within the octave.
8	Sat.	3rd day within the octave.
9	Sun.	<b>1st Sunday after Epiphany.</b>
10	Mon.	5th day within the octave.—Bl. Giles, Confessor of the 1st Order.
11	Tues.	6th day within the octave.
12	Wed.	7th day within the octave.—St. Hyginus, Pope, Martyr.
13	Thur.	Octave of Epiphany.
14	Fri.	St. Felix, Martyr.—Bl. Bernard of Corleone, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
15	Sat.	St. Paul, the First Hermit.—St. Maurus, Abbot.
16	Sun.	<b>2nd Sunday after Epiphany.</b> —SS. Berard and Companions, Protomartyrs of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
17	Mon.	St. Antony, Abbot.
18	Tues.	St. Peter's Chair at Rome.—St. Prisca, Virgin, Martyr.
19	Wed.	SS. Marius and Companions. Martyrs.—St. Canute, King, Martyr.
20	Thur.	SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs.
21	Fri.	St. Agnes, Virgin, Martyr.
22	Sat.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, Martyrs.
23	Sun.	<b>3rd Sunday after Epiphany.</b> —Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary. —St. Emerentiana, Virgin, Martyr.
24	Mon.	St. Timothy, Bishop, Martyr.
25	Tues.	Conversion of St. Paul, the Apostle.
26	Wed.	St. Polycarp, Bishop, Martyr.
27	Thur.	St. John Chrysostom, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor.
28	Fri.	Bl. Matthew of Agrigenti, Bishop, Confessor of the 1st Order.
29	Sat.	St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor.
30	Sun.	<b>4th Sunday after Epiphany.</b> —St. Hyacintha, Virgin of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
31	Mon.	Bl. Louise Albertoni, Widow of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>

**Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:** 1) Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Orders, or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and there pray for the intentions of the Pope.

2) Once every month, on any suitable day. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intentions of the Pope.

3) On the day of the monthly meeting. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intentions of the Pope.

4) On the first Saturday of every month. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intentions of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.







The Purification of the Blessed Virgin



# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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NO. 2

## Mater Dolorosa

The words of Simeon—did they aught reveal,  
Mother of God, before to thee unknown?  
Did Heaven until that hour from thee conceal  
What to the holy seer long since was shown?

We cannot say; this only do we know  
That sorrow had a fixed abode in thee,  
With Jesus' soul, thine was immersed in woe—  
Between the two unbroken unity.

Our "Mater Dolorosa,"—sweet, indeed,  
The title is unto the heart in pain;  
What solace to reflect that thine could bleed  
Who now above as Heaven's Queen dost reign!

If anguish, Mother, thou hadst never felt,  
How could we bring our sorrows to thy throne?  
See! into naught our trials and tortures melt,  
When thy sad mien reveals to us thy own.

—K. C., Tertiary

# ST. CONRAD OF PIACENZA

OF THE THIRD ORDER

FEBRUARY 19

**T**HIS servant of God was born of a noble family at Piacenza, in Italy, about the year 1290. When quite young, he married the daughter of a nobleman of Lodi, and with her led a pious and God-fearing life. Like most men of his rank, he was fond of knightly sports, especially of hunting. A misfortune that happened to him while engaged in his favorite pastime, was the means by which God, in the merciful dispensation of his Providence, called him to a life of evangelical perfection.

On one occasion, when Conrad was out hunting, he ordered his attendants to set fire to some brushwood in which the game had taken refuge. As a strong wind prevailed, the fire spread rapidly and destroyed the surrounding cornfields and forest. Conrad, horrified at what had happened, secretly returned to the city with his attendants. The soldiers sent out by the governor to discover and arrest the author of the conflagration, found a poor man picking up wood near the place where the fire had originated, and dragged him to prison. The poor man was brought to trial and, overcome by the tortures of the rack, confessed that he had maliciously caused the fire, and was therefore condemned to death. He was already on his way to execution, when Conrad, stricken with remorse, rushed into the midst of the crowd, proclaimed the innocence of

the poor man and declared himself to be the cause of the disaster. He then went to the governor and made known to him the whole truth saying that he was ready to repair the damage. To do this he was obliged to sell all his property and even to sacrifice the dowry of his wife. Reduced thereby to poverty, he did not give away to sadness and despair, but, buoyed up by sentiments of piety and religion, which had been the guiding principles of his life from youth, he looked upon his misfortune as coming from the hands of an all-wise Providence and accepted it in the spirit of resignation to God's will.

But grace was calling him to a more perfect life. His misfortune led him to reflect on the nothingness and fickleness of the things of this world and on the folly of those who seek their happiness in riches and pleasures. Yielding to the influence of grace, Conrad determined to dedicate himself entirely to the service of God in order to insure to himself the possession of the imperishable riches of Heaven. He made known his thoughts and desires to his virtuous wife, and, to his joy, found her to entertain the same pious sentiments. After serious deliberation, she resolved to take the habit of the Order of St. Clare in the convent of Piacenza, and left Conrad at liberty to consecrate the rest of his life to God.

Conrad, at that time, about twen-



ty-five years of age, distributed among the poor the few possessions he had left, put on the garb of a pilgrim, and retired to a solitary spot near Piacenza, called Gorgole. Here some pious men of the Third Order of St. Francis were leading a life of prayer and penance. Conrad begged to be allowed to join them, and received from them the habit of the Third Order. Desiring to belong to God alone, he gave himself up with the greatest fervor to the practices of piety, and self-denial. His progress on the way of perfection was so great that the fame of his holy life soon spread far and wide, and caused many to come to him to seek consolation and advice in the troubles that disturbed the peace of their souls.

The respect and veneration shown him on all sides greatly annoyed the humble Saint, and increased his desire to remain hidden and unknown to men. He, therefore, quietly left his abode and went to Rome, and after visiting the holy

places of the city, passed over to Sicily. Here he retired to the valley of Noto, near Syracuse, and entered upon a hidden life of prayer, contemplation, and mortification, first in the company of another saintly hermit, and later alone in

the grotto of Pizzoni, near Noto. The spirit of darkness, enraged at the heroic virtues of the servant of God, assailed him with many and most violent temptations to induce him to abandon the life of humility and penance which he had embraced. He even appeared to him in the most horrible forms and inflicted bodily injuries on him. But all the efforts of the devil to shake the constancy of Conrad tended only to make him redouble his



St. Conrad of Piacenza

prayers and austerities and to cling to God with greater love and confidence.

Conrad's sole desire was, as we have seen, to remain unknown to the world in order that he might serve God without hindrance and distraction. But his humility was

to be exalted, and his supernatural gifts were to be a source of blessing for many. The fame of his sanctity and the report of the miracles wrought at his intercession in behalf of the needy and afflicted, drew many to his grotto, among them many illustrious persons. During a famine which had broken out in Sicily, Conrad by his prayers obtained abundant food for the suffering people.

The Saint coming to Noto one Friday, as is related in his life, to venerate a miraculous crucifix, was invited by some irreligious men to dine with them. They caused only meat to be served. At the end of the dinner, they mocked him for having broken the commandment of the Church, either out of sensuality or excessive simplicity. The servant of God assured them that he had eaten nothing but fish, and to prove this, he showed them the bones and scales of fish lying on his plate, thus confounding their impudence. Some time before his death, Conrad went to Syracuse to visit the bishop of that city in order

to make a general confession of his entire life to him. On his arrival at the bishop's house, the birds came fluttering joyously round him, and afterwards accompanied him back to his solitude.

After thus leading a life of prayer and penance for about forty years, Conrad was at length to receive his heavenly reward. The hour of his death having been made known to him by an angel, he received the last sacraments with great fervor and gave up his soul to God, on February 19, 1351. His body was enclosed in a silver shrine and interred in the church of St. Nicholas, at Noto. Many miracles were wrought at his tomb. In 1515, Pope Leo X permitted the town of Noto to celebrate his feast. Pope Paul V extended his feast to whole Sicily, and Pope Urban VIII, in 1625, to the whole Order of St. Francis. St. Conrad is invoked especially for the cure of hernia, because, during life and after death, he obtained for many of his clients the cure of this complaint.

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### REMEDY AGAINST TEMPTATION

Once when Brother Giles was with Brother Rufino, Brother Juniper, and Brother Simon, he said to them: "How do you deal with temptations of the flesh?" Brother Rufino answered, "I commend myself to God and to Blessed Mary, and throw myself on the ground." "I understand thee well," said Brother Giles. Then he put the question to Brother Simon, who answered, "I ponder on the shamefulness of the deeds of the flesh and so escape." And to him Brother Giles said, "I understand thee well. And thou, Brother Juniper?" "As soon as I feel such temptations I say, 'Away, away, for the lodging is taken.'" And Brother Giles said, "I hold with thee. For it is safest to fight with this vice by flight."—*Annals of the Order.*



## THE TERTIARY AND THE EVIL PRESS

*By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.*

THE press, both in its distribution and in its effects, may be aptly likened to the water supply of a city. The water is conducted from the reservoirs by means of the large mains through the various streets, whence service pipes, branching off from the mains, lead it into the houses. Similarly, from the large publishing houses, great supplies of books and papers of every kind are sent to the substations, whence they are spread broadcast over the country.

The sanitary condition of the city and the health of its inhabitants are largely dependent on the purity of its water. Thus, also, if the press is sound and pure, it will ennoble and elevate the minds of the readers, whereas an impure and godless press will beget corruption and moral contagion. As the press, so the people. No one can, therefore, ignore the power of the press. The desire to read, to keep informed on passing events, and to be instructed on the vital issues of the day, is becoming more and more intense, and the children of this world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of Light, satisfy this longing with bad books and papers and pamphlets. The evil press of the day is decidedly revolutionary in its tendencies. Its motto is: war on religion, war on morality, and war on the existing social order. The number of its supporters is incalculable, and its success is all but scored.

By the evil press is meant printed

matter, no matter under what name or form, that assails the Catholic Church either in its doctrines, its existence, its authority, its decrees, its supreme head, its ministers, its morals, its discipline, or its worship.

The bad press wages war on religion. It attacks, either openly or covertly, the divinity of the Catholic Faith and the proofs on which it rests; namely, Holy Scripture and Tradition; it speaks with contempt of the Mass, of the Sacraments, especially of Confession; it ridicules bishops and priests, and strives to make them and their decrees odious in the eyes of the people; it mocks the virtuous, slanders the pure, and caricatures the penitent. In a word, all that Faith holds dear and worthy of reverence, is unmercifully dragged into the mire. The subtlety and artifice employed for this purpose is, at times, so ingenious, and the boldness of its false assertions, especially in regard to the history of the Church, so impudent, as to place the faith of even the fairly well educated Catholic in jeopardy. Religious sentiments and childlike, confiding love for the Faith are thus gradually and imperceptibly extinguished. The indifference engendered brings on doubts regarding the eternal truths, and before long Faith itself vanishes to make room for infidelity with its accompaniment of vice and crime.

The pernicious press is hostile to morality. Its attacks, either open or veiled, tend to promote immo-

rality, to banish purity and modesty from the minds of the people. The principles of morality are sneered at and made light of. With an unholy glee every scandal is seized on, amplified, and embellished, and then spread broadcast over the land. These attacks on good morals, owing to the inherent weakness and corruption of the human heart, are even more dangerous than those against Faith. The passions are directly appealed to and aroused, vice is surrounded with all the grace and beauty words can give it; it is robbed not only of its ugliness, but also of its sinfulness, and is thus set up for the admiration and imitation of the readers.

The power and influence of the evil press in its fight against the existing order of governments and society at large can be easily evinced from the present unhappy and chaotic state of political affairs in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and France, —countries that were formerly the pride of the Church. For, as one writer remarks, "The history of the revolutions in these countries is the history of the triumph of the evil press."

Against this powerful, pernicious press, the Tertiaries are urged to pit themselves with all the means at their disposal. United, concerted action is necessary. Single-handed we can have but little influence; united we can command respect. But, you will ask, how are we to act, what means must we employ to cripple, if we can not slay this hydra of our times? The following suggestions, used with much suc-

cess in several countries of Europe, will be found feasible and practical likewise in our own country. If all of them can not be carried out, at least one or the other will be found feasible.

1. Never permit dangerous literature—papers, books, pamphlets, or pictures—to enter your home. You yourselves as Tertiaries are not allowed to read or to keep them, nor can you permit those under your charge to do so. God, your conscience, the Church, and your holy Rule (Chap. ii, 8) forbid it. Nothing, whether the value or the beauty of the book or paper, or human respect, will excuse you. To buy and to keep dangerous reading matter is to support the cause of the greatest enemy of the Church; is to place oneself and others in the occasion of sin. If you have such dangerous literature at home, burn it, no matter how costly the binding,\*or how dear the false friend from whom you have received it. If you have any serious doubts whether anything is actually bad or dangerous, consult your Reverend Director or Pastor.

2. If, on your visits to the homes of your relatives and friends, you happen to notice dangerous books or papers or pictures lying about, politely and prudently call their attention to the great wrong they are doing themselves and the Church, and advise them to dispose of them as soon as possible. Very often ignorance is their only excuse for having such books and papers about the house.

3. Never send literary contribu-



tions of any kind nor advertisements to any paper or magazine that belongs either openly or in disguise to the godless press; boycott the stores, the news-stands, and the hotels where such papers, books, magazines, and pictures are displayed. Urge others to do the same and notify the proprietors of your action and your reasons for it. You will be surprised to see how effectual your protest will be.

4. At the meetings of the fraternities and of other societies to which you may belong, call the attention of the other members to the bad books and papers and magazines that you have come across since the last meeting, tell them of the places where they were on sale or display. This will start an agitation against such places; committees will be appointed to notify the owners to put a stop to the practice under threat of boycott. Other members of the fraternity will be directed to keep guard over similar places where dangerous literature is apt to be sold. In this way much evil can be averted.

If you have not the courage to step forth with your views, write them down and give them to a friend or to one of the officers. When some years since, Ireland was deluged with immoral literature from England, so-called "vigilance committees" were appointed in the larger cities to fight this evil. And it is on record that the bishops, during this trying time, turned especially to the Tertiaries for help in combating the evil wrought by the impious books and papers.

They had certain portions of the cities assigned to them over which they were to keep watch. Whenever they noticed papers, books, postal cards, pictures, or bill-board signs that were in any way objectionable, they at once reported the matter to headquarters, and the evil was soon remedied. If in this country the Tertiaries wish to counteract the influence of the evil press, let them follow in the footsteps of their Irish brethren, and a change for the better will soon be noticeable.

5. Tertiaries should beware also of the so-called "illustrated" periodicals and magazines, which often teem with pictures and advertisements that must drive the blush of shame to the face of any modest and pure-minded person. In this category are the big popular magazines that are seen at every turn and that are read so eagerly by the youth of the land to the great detriment of law and order. These magazines generally pretend to be extremely sensitive on the point of morals, and declare that they touch on the subject of morals in story and editorial comment and print questionable pictures for the sole purpose of exciting disgust in the hearts of their readers for the sinful fads and practices of our day; whereas others assert that they do the same thing to instruct their readers regarding topics, the knowledge of which, they declare, is not only useful but absolutely necessary. The fact that the poison of vice—"the great moral lesson" they pretend to convey—is given under this

sugar-coating of righteousness, makes these magazines all the more dangerous.

6. Insist on knowing what books your children read, especially, if the books are drawn from the public libraries. You will often be quite surprised to learn what kind of trashy novels and similar tommyrot they select or receive from the librarians in charge. Jean Jacques Rousseau, himself a writer of godless books, once declared, "a chaste young woman has never read a novel." Though this assertion in its generality is, undoubtedly, exaggerated, yet it is true that the habitual reader of the "best-sellers" does not possess a clean heart.

Remember, too, that the large Sunday editions of the city papers are extremely poor food for the young and impressionable minds of your children. They have all the bad qualities of the magazines and some more besides. Above all, keep the vulgar comic sections out of their hands. The degrading influence of these popular comic sections on the youth of the country can not be overestimated. The same holds good of similar publications, as *Life*, *Puck*, *Judge*, and others. That a sane-minded man can discover any educational value in these hideous caricatures of the noblest of God's visible creatures, is incomprehensible.

7. Drop a postal card or a letter of protest to the editor of your daily or weekly paper, if he persists in ignoring the activities of the Catholics in your home town or neighborhood, while giving promi-

nence to the meetings of all the sects and lodges with which our times are blessed. These letters of protest, especially if repeated and sent by many, often work wonders and have caused many an editor to change his policies if not his private opinions.

8. If you meet with distorted, scrambled Catholic news or perverted Catholic doctrines in any of your papers or magazines, write at once a polite letter to the editor and acquaint him with the real condition of affairs or with a true statement of the doctrine in question. It is often from pure ignorance that editors make such false statements of Catholic activities and doctrines. They actually do not know better, since from their youth they have, perhaps, heard nothing but the garbled versions of the truth. Most of them will be very grateful to you for your corrections.

These are some of the ways and means employed by the Tertiaries in other countries, in the determined fight against the ever growing evil of the yellow press. Are they impossible here in our own country? Who will dare say so? Certainly, no true and zealous child of St. Francis. All that is needed is a determined will and united action.

Let us, therefore, wrest the weapon from the hands of our enemies, the weapon of the evil press, that blasphemes God, curses Christ, mocks the Church, spreads vice, and undermines morality. Whoever supports this press, commits treason against God, against morality, and against his fellow men!



## IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

OR THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDE, O.F.M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O.F.M.

### CHAPTER VII.

*Brother Peter Cast on a Rock—How He Obtains Food—His Hermitage in Mid-Ocean*

“FOR three days and four nights,” writes Brother Peter, “I was driven southward. On the morning of the fourth day, about two hours before day-break, my raft stranded on a reef at the foot of a high cliff, which I hailed as my last hope. Filled with joy and giving thanks to God, I worked my poor raft as near to the rock as I could with my feeble strength. Alas, little did I dream that there lay before me nothing more than a naked rock, surrounded by dangerous reefs, hardly jutting above the waves. Saved at last! was the thought uppermost in my mind, for I was firmly convinced that the rough and precipitous rock was but a promontory of an inhabited and cultivated island, where I should surely find something to still my ravenous hunger.

“As soon as it had dawned, I began to scale the rugged cliff, but succeeded in doing so only with the greatest difficulty. My first act was to look for food and drink. But, what a disappointment! The rock was absolutely bare of all vegetation. Not even a blade of grass could I discover. Yet, I found a little pool of putrid rain water, full of vermin and filth. In spite of my utter disgust for the foul-smelling water, I drank of it with the eagerness of a

dying man, and I was really refreshed and somewhat strengthened in consequence.

“I now inspected the place more closely and, to my great consternation, discovered that this island was, indeed, nothing but a solitary rock in the middle of the wide ocean, and that its surface was scarcely more than forty feet long and thirty feet broad.”

This island on which the Brother was marooned, must have been between the tenth and the twentieth degree south latitude, in a direct line between Assumption Island and the island of St. Helena. Accordingly, he had no hopes of seeing ships pass that way; on the contrary, they would carefully avoid the rock, which could prove so disastrous to them.

All the adventures of real and fictitious Robinson Crusoes, which in youth we read with so much interest, and which made our youthful hearts beat high with admiration and enthusiasm, are nothing in comparison with the life of Brother Peter marooned on that barren rock in the boundless Pacific. Well may we admire a man who, though deprived of the companionship of his fellow men, yet, amply provided with natural means for sustaining life, succeeds in accomodating

himself to his novel surroundings, and by all sorts of ingenious if crude methods makes mother earth subservient to his needs and comforts. But what a vast difference is there between the condition of such a man and that of our unhappy Brother, who was cast naked on a barren rock, exposed to the scorching rays of the broiling African sun, and who had nothing but a heart filled with an heroic spirit of sacrifice and supreme confidence in an all-loving and all-providing God. The mere thought of his plight makes us shudder. But, at the same time, we are filled with admiration on beholding the indomitable energy and dogged determination with which he kept up his spirits, and the holy indifference of this poor son of St. Francis so sorely tried in the crucible of Providence.

"The most important question that presented itself," he himself narrates in one of his letters, "was how I could best prolong my life. I was so weak that I could hardly stand on my feet. Hence, I crawled about on hands and knees over the dreary island and wounded myself severely on the sharp edges of the rock. I was still in hopes of finding at least some herbs or grass, but, I found nothing, absolutely nothing to eat.

"I grew more and more fatigued and at times swooned away from sheer exhaustion. Stretching myself at full length, I sought repose for my feverish head and weary limbs on the hard rock. I believed that I should go insane from the terrible ordeal, since I had had

nothing to eat for the past seven days, and all the while had suffered the greatest hardships."

The following events are so gruesome that, did they not rest on the perfectly reliable testimony of the holy Brother himself, we could hardly give them credence. He describes them thus in his sixth letter:

"When I regained consciousness after one of my fainting spells, I noticed something that I could not well distinguish, being tossed to and fro by the breakers at the foot of the rock. At last it was cast on the reef below. I hastened down to the shore as fast as my aching limbs permitted, and saw, to my horror, that it was the body of a shipwrecked man. The corpse was frightfully bloated and emitted a most sickening stench—fit food for vermin, but not for man. Then, indeed, did I realize the terrible truth of the saying, 'Hunger cuts more keenly than the sword.' But the thought of self-preservation silenced all hesitation; I drew the corpse out of the water and prepared to eat some of the putrid flesh. But first I examined the pockets of the drowned man. I found there only a knife, a tin snuffbox, and a small English book of the Psalms. The clothing was falling in pieces from the body so that I had little difficulty in removing it. Then I took the corpse by the hair to cut off the head, for in spite of my furious hunger, the sight of that disfigured countenance choked me. Suddenly, however, I stopped. Like a thunderbolt the thought



flashed upon me that it was sinful to eat human flesh. Overpowered and dejected by the thought, I looked about, when, behold, not far from me the waves were carrying another and much larger corpse, which was likewise hurled against the rock. It was an enormous fish, which was already in an advanced stage of decomposition and diffused an unbearable stench. But my hunger was greater than my nausea. Carefully stuffing my nostrils with some paper torn from the little book of Psalms, I hurriedly sliced off a large piece from the back of the sea monster, and devoured the loathsome morsel with greedy appetite. During that day, I partook five times of the fish, praising and thanking God from my heart for his kind providence, which had never yet forsaken me.

"About two hours before sunset, when I felt somewhat strengthened, I began to cut the fish into pieces. I could not carry it away whole, for it was nearly sixteen feet long and from two to three feet thick. Night overtook me at my work. I tied the fish to my raft, that lay on a dry spot beneath a rocky ledge. I then lowered the corpse of the Englishman into the sea and laid myself down to rest for the night.

"The next day, I cut the fish into small pieces. While doing this, I found two bullets imbedded in the flesh. The fish must have been killed by the crew of some ship. When I had finished cutting away the meat, I carried the pieces to the top of the cliff to dry them in the sun. Now I had food in abun-

dance, at least for some time; for, without exaggeration, the fish must have weighed between five and six hundred pounds.

"The tin snuffbox of the drowned Englishman proved of great value to me. I used it as a drinking cup whenever thirst compelled me to drink that filthy water of which I spoke before. It tasted even more disgusting than it looked and smelled, yet it quenched my thirst better than the salty sea-water.

"On the twenty-second day of my sojourn on this island-rock, it began to rain. As soon as I felt the first drops, I hastened to my little cistern and dipped out the stagnant water with the tin box. Now I could refresh myself again with a cool drink of good, pure water. Thereafter, I cleansed the little water basin every time it rained.

"As time wore on, I gradually regained my strength. One day, I happened to think that it would be a good plan to break up my raft and carry the planks and rafters to the top of the rock, where I could erect some kind of hut with them. It was a most laborious undertaking; for the smallest of the rafters was at least six feet long, ten inches broad, and six inches thick.

"With three of them I covered my little cistern. These three timbers likewise served as my couch. The others I placed on end forming a sort of tent-shaped hut. I was thus sheltered against the glowing sun,—a protection most necessary in the fierce heat of the tropical sun. Moreover, my water supply was now no longer exposed to the burn-

ing rays of the sun; in consequence, it remained cooler and did not spoil so soon.

"I had once observed that the receding waves at the time of the ebb would leave small fish in the crevices of my island. After that I went every morning in search of these fish, and in this manner received my daily bread from our good Father who is in heaven."

Besides this, Brother Peter had nothing more wherewith to occupy himself. The monotony of such a life gradually depressed his spirits, and the lonesomeness became more unbearable day by day. Living in boundless space, he was, notwithstanding, even less free and more secluded than a prisoner in his dungeon. With what could he have occupied himself? The rock was altogether barren, and there was no possibility of planting anything there even had he been so fortunate as to have had seed, since there was an utter lack of soil.

Even his walks across the rock were limited to a space of but twenty steps. - Nor was there any diversion for the eye. Day and night the same view: the ocean in its sublime expanse and oppressive monotony, a watery waste as boundless as the African deserts, but without their dreadful stillness. The rushing and splashing of the breakers against the rock, the raging and seething of the surges over the reefs, the roar of the rolling billows constantly deafened his ears, and the everlasting coming and going, rising and falling of the great sea swells, tired his eyes and made him dizzy.

Hence he welcomed the approach of a storm with anxious delight; for it brought a change in his dull existence. It was surely a diversion for the hapless Brother, when the black clouds careered and clashed in the dark heavens, when terrific lightnings glared and hissed and seemed to tear the clouds into shreds, when peals of thunder shook the mighty deep, when the wild winds howled hoarsely on the ocean and heaved the roaring waves mountain high, then dashing them furiously, though ineffectually, against the immovable, adamant rock.

And when the storm had spent itself and tranquillity set in with the approach of evening and the setting sun illumined with lovely tints even the bare rock and shed its soft golden rays over the sea that still heaved and trembled after the lashings of the tempest; when the stars began to peep out, timidly at first, as if to see whether the elements had ceased their strife; when the entire starry host finally blazed forth in all their glory, with the full grandeur and brilliancy of the tropics, unknown to northern skies; then, indeed, must the twinkling of the quiet stars have appeared to our shipwrecked Brother like the sweet smile of God in the hour of distress.

In addition to the welcome relief the storms afforded him, each one gave him a little manual labor besides. The task was, indeed, of short duration, yet it was always eventful to him and provided him at least with some distraction. At



the first indications of an approaching storm, Brother Peter would take down his wretched hut, lest the first gust of wind should blow it into the sea. Then, after the storm had passed, he experienced the keenest delight in being obliged to reconstruct the rude hovel. This done, he could again look forward to long weeks of forced and irksome inactivity, one day being more dreary and lonesome than the other.

It was in this awful solitude that the God-fearing Brother felt the full force of the words of the Prophet: "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters;.....the Lord is upon many waters." (Ps. xxviii, 3) He had found God amid the bonds of slavery,

in the prison, in the desert; he saw him also now in the sublime grandeur of the boundless ocean and in the quiet splendor of the star-spangled heavens. Brother Peter was a saintly religious; he had consecrated his entire life to God and had sought only God and his glory in all his undertakings. And now, that God had chained him, as it were, to the rock and was sustaining him with only the scantiest rations of miserable food in order to probe his fidelity and to draw him more intimately to Himself, he kissed, with childlike faith and resignation, the hand that chastised him, and endeavored to strengthen himself by prayer against impatience and murmuring.

(To be continued)

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### LOVE'S LABOR NOT LOST

In the year 1489, when the pest broke out in Europe and black Death mowed down countless thousands, the learned and holy Franciscan priest, Fr. Theodoric, of Muenster in Bavaria, performed veritable miracles of charity. In order not to infect his brethren in religion with the plague, Fr. Theodoric lived all alone in a tent for some time. Later, he was hospitably received by a humble, God-fearing man, whose house, by the special intervention of Providence, had remained free from the dread pest. Day and night the good Father labored among the plague-stricken people, hearing their Confessions, administering Extreme Unction and the holy Viaticum, consoling them in their misery, and preparing them for the journey into eternity. God revealed to his holy servant later that of the thirty-two thousand persons to whom he had administered the last sacraments, only two had been eternally lost: the one, because he had concealed certain grave sins in Confession, and the other, because he had given himself up to despair. Fr. Theodoric died at Louvain in the odor of sanctity, on February 2, 1515. — *Franciscan Martyrology.*



## THE POPE AND THE ROMAN TERTIARIES

ON December 12, sixteen hundred Franciscan Tertiaries of Rome had the happiness of being received in audience by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. At 11:30 o'clock, the Holy Father, accompanied by the members of the Noble Court, appeared in the Royal Chamber, where he received a most enthusiastic welcome from the Tertiaries of Aracoeli and of the other Roman fraternities, each of which was headed by its director and prefect. When the Holy Father had taken his place on the pontifical throne, Signor Luigi Rinaldi, prefect of the fraternity of Aracoeli, read an eloquent address. Speaking in the name of all the Roman Tertiaries, he gave expression to their feelings of joy on being able to greet in the person of the Holy Father a son of St. Francis; whereupon, he voiced their sentiments of devotion and loyalty to the Holy See, and implored for them the Apostolic Benediction. The Holy Father answered, in substance, as follows.

"It is nothing new that the chair of St. Peter should be occupied by a Tertiary Pope; for, the last three Popes were Tertiaries. Yet, we believe that we alone have the distinction of having been received into the Third Order in the church of Aracoeli. You, dear children, wish to-day to recall to us that memorable day of our life, and we are happy to revert in spirit to that cold autumn evening, when unknown and unaccompanied we repaired to Aracoeli and requested to

be admitted into the Third Order of St. Francis. The Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, had just issued his admirable encyclical *Auspicate*, whose purpose it was to chant the praises of the Seraphic Father and to propagate the Third Order founded by him. It was His Eminence Cardinal Schiaffino, at that time our superior at the ecclesiastical academy, who first informed us of its contents, and inspired, by the report of the solemnities held in Assisi on the occasion of the seventh centenary of the birth of St. Francis, we asked to be enrolled in the Third Order on the octave of the anniversary day itself. It was the hand of God that guided us and showered on us his graces, on the eve of the day on which we were to begin our life of activity both in and out of Rome.

"But what shall I say of the magnificent profession of faith that the Tertiaries of Aracoeli together with their brothers and sisters of the other fraternities of Rome have made under the roof of this pontifical palace? If St. Francis promised 'obedience and reverence to the Lord Pope Honorius III,' it is becoming that his children should renew this promise to a successor of Pope Savelli. But, who does not see with what familiarity you as members of the Third Order may pay your respects and repeat this promise to one who calls himself your 'brother?' We bless God who knows how to direct small things to great ends; we bless him because

he has made use of our unworthiness to prepare this profession of faith before us, who have so high a regard for the Third Order of St. Francis, and who shall ever be interested in the spiritual welfare of the several fraternities of Rome. There is no need of many words to demonstrate how commendable is the renewing of St. Francis's promise 'to the Lord Pope Honorius,' because it is but the echo of the Seraphic Father's voice. When the holy Patriarch promised 'obedience and reverence to the Lord Pope Honorius III and to his successors,' he evidently addressed himself also to us; yet, it is quite appropriate that you, his children, should transmit to us the echo of his voice.

"Oh, how the Seraphic Father in heaven will smile to-day on his children in Rome who have renewed this promise. This renewal implies their adherence to his promise and their fidelity to his ideals, and what greater honor can there be for a pious association than that which consists in keeping alive the spirit of its Founder?

"We believe, moreover, that the renewal of this promise of St. Francis will be, at the same time, of great spiritual benefit to the Tertiaries themselves. May you never forget the circumstances under which this act took place, the magnificence of the palace where the promise was made, and the number of witnesses called upon to ratify it. Which of you does not feel to-day more than ever impelled to keep inviolate that promise of obedience and reverence made by St.

Francis? He promised obedience to the Pope because he recognized in him the fullest participation of divine authority, and because he knew that from the lips of the Pope flow words of true wisdom. You, too, dear children, gather about us to-day because in so unworthy an heir of so many Pontiffs you behold the same authority as was possessed by the first Vicar of Jesus Christ. You, too, promise obedience to us to-day because you know that we are the interpreter of the divine precepts. May this act serve as a convincing proof that the Rule of the Franciscan Tertiary is nothing but the Gospel put into practice, and may it give you a fresh impetus for the propagation of the Third Order among the people.

"But, let us conclude by giving expression to our conviction that this your public profession of faith will not only redound to the honor of the Third Franciscan Order, which has always given proof of the spirit of its holy Founder, but also contribute greatly to your spiritual welfare. Desiring therefore, that this spiritual good be increased in you from day to day, we affectionately bestow our Apostolic Benediction on all the Tertiaries of Rome who, through the fraternity of Aracoeli, have renewed the promise of obedience and reverence to us as the successor of Pope Honorius,

"May the holy Patriarch with an eye of kindness look down on us from on high and may he obtain for us the grace to become ever less unworthy children of his."

—Communicated.



## FR. ROCH'S SMOKER

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

FR. Roch sat in his little convent cell buried in deep thought.

He had only recently been sent by his superiors to succeed the venerable and much beloved Fr. Stephen as director of St. Delphine's Tertiary Fraternity. The fraternity was in a very flourishing condition, but it was composed almost entirely of women. True, these were the "very cream of the parish," as he jestingly styled them, —pious, energetic, and self-sacrificing women, but, after all, only women, and Fr. Roch wished most devoutly to see the men of this parish enrolled under the banner of the Poverello, as was the case in the parish in which he had hitherto been active. There were, to be sure, some ten to twelve men in the fraternity, but their persons and voices were completely lost in the meetings, where the fair sex ruled supreme.

As the zealous friar sat at his table smoothing out the deep furrows in his troubled brow, his face suddenly brightened and he hastened to the telephone.

"Main, 2943!" he said, taking down the receiver.

"Hello! Dr. Woodbury, this is Fr. Roch. Say, Doctor, I've been for some time considering ways and means of bringing the men of the parish into the Third Order so that you and Judge Adams and the few other men in the fraternity will have a little more company at the monthly meetings. Now, I want

you to assist me in this matter. All you'll have to do is to invite several of your good friends to an informal smoker—a sort of 'get-acquainted-smoker'—to-morrow night in Tertiary Hall. You know I haven't met half the men of the parish yet. Don't mention Third Order to them, but simply say that Fr. Roch wants to get acquainted and will guarantee cigars of extra quality. Have you got me?" he questioned with a little laugh.

"Ah, I see," came the answer over the wire, "you want me to act as recruiting officer. Well, I'll be there with my quota of recruits, and I hope your ingenuity as chief of staff will turn them into first class soldiers of St. Francis. Be sure and bring plenty of cigars!"

"Trust me for that, Doctor! Good bye until to-morrow night!"

Fr. Roch hung up the receiver, but he took it down immediately to call up his good friend Judge Adams, one of the oldest and most respected members of the parish. The Judge promised to bring several Catholic officials of the court besides his old-time friend, Lawyer Sharp. "Central" was kept busy for some time making other connections for Fr. Roch until he had extended the invitation to his "get-acquainted-smoker" to all the men Tertiaries he could reach by wire. The remaining men he visited during the day.

Wednesday night came. It was a beautiful, quiet evening, with just

enough chill in the air to make it pleasant to be indoors. When Fr. Roch entered the brightly lighted hall, he was very agreeably surprised to find between forty-five and fifty men present, a truly representative gathering of the men of the parish, all anxious to get acquainted with the genial priest and, incidentally, desirous of testing his "extra quality" cigars. The necessary introductions were soon made, and before long all were chatting merrily together, discussing the weather, the war, and, above all, the excellent brand of Havanas that Fr. Roch passed around with prodigal liberality.

"Well, Judge, why so serious this evening?" queried the priest, after some time, as he noticed the old gentleman sitting alone and contemplating the rings of fragrant smoke that went whirling toward the ceiling. "You appear to have some weighty matter on your mind."

"To tell the truth, Fr. Roch," he replied slowly, taking the cigar from his teeth and eyeing it closely as if drawing inspiration from its glowing tip, "I've had a lot of ugly business to-day in court, and I am thoroughly disgusted with the way society is going to the bad. The first thing up was a nasty divorce, then followed several juvenile cases, and so on through the live-long day. What hurt me most was that about half of the persons that stood at the bar to-day, were Catholics, that is," he hastened to correct himself, "nominal Catholics. The papers and magazines, the streets

and theaters, the saloons and cabarets, and even the schools and universities seem to be doing their utmost to ruin society and to cast us one and all into perdition. Is there no remedy for these social evils?" he concluded, after a short pause, looking questioningly at the priest.

"To be sure there is, Judge," replied Fr. Roch. "The Church has a remedy for every moral wound of mankind."

"Well, then, why don't the Church fulfill her mission and apply the remedies?" asked a certain Mr. Winthrop, a druggist, who was always ready to deal out healing balm to suffering humanity.

"By the Church I presume you mean the ministers of the Church, do you not, Mr. Winthrop?" Fr. Roch questioned kindly.

"Yes, Father, I suppose that's what's meant by the Church."

"Now, you are certainly aware of the fact," began the priest, "that the bishops and priests are laboring day and night to extend the blessings of holy Church to mankind. Everywhere and always they endeavor to inculcate the divine precepts of morality and to remove or at least to lessen the moral evils afflicting society; but their message and their influence do not carry far enough. They need colaborers, — persons that live in the world, men and women in every walk of life, who will demonstrate by word and, especially, by their example to those who are similarly situated how to live up to the teachings of the Church. In this way, the ugly and

painful moral sores of present-day society would soon be healed."

"I see, Father," replied Winthrop, becoming interested. "I must acknowledge that I never looked at the matter in this light before."

"You also readily understand," continued Fr. Roch, warming up to his subject, "that many people look at the priests and bishops as a sort of 'super-men'—men who are more to be admired for their manner of living than imitated."

"Well, priests are, in reality, elevated above the rank and file of men by reason of their ordination," commented Dr. Woodbury, "and I suppose this accounts for the peculiar opinion the faithful have of them."

"If, then, there is need of such lay 'go-betweens', as I understand you to mean, Father," began Lawyer Sharp in his matter-of-fact way, "why not found a society of men and women, whose aim it would be to show their fellow men how to put the Church's teachings into practice and thus avoid the dangers by which so many lives are wrecked?"

"That's my opinion, too," chimed in Jerry Cahill, a railroad yardmaster and an enthusiastic K.C., who was known for his propensity to second motions.

"Well, gentlemen, you may be surprised to hear it, but there exists an institution of this very nature in the Church, and it has existed now for well-nigh seven centuries," declared the priest quietly.

"You don't say so, Father," gasped half a dozen in a breath.

"Yes, I do say so," repeated the priest smiling, and winking slyly at Woodbury, who now caught the drift of it all. "This organization which has the solemn approbation of the Church, and which was instituted for the sole purpose of relieving the moral ills to which society is heir, is none other than the Third Order of St. Francis!"

This declaration acted like a thunderbolt on the audience.

"Why, Father, that's a society for old women!" exclaimed the lawyer, his enthusiasm suddenly cooling.

"You're wrong there, my dear Sharp," drawled old Judge Adams, "because there's at least one old *man* in the Third Order, and that's myself," and he ran his hand through his long hoary locks, while the crowd laughed good-naturedly at the lawyer.

"What, Judge? You a member of the Third Order? Well, that is certainly one on me!" returned Mr. Sharp, slapping his knee.

"Which all goes to prove that even one of the most learned and sharpest members of the bar doesn't know everything," answered the old Judge, as he blew a great cloud of smoke toward the ceiling and eyed the lawyer mischievously.

"But, Father Roch, if the Third Order is also for men, how is it that it is made up almost entirely of women?" queried Bert Johnson, the city clerk, who was as much surprised as Sharp at Judge Adams's declaration.

"Your assertion, Mr. Johnson, that the Third Order is made up



almost entirely of women," replied the priest, "will hardly be borne out by facts, although I admit that at the present time and, especially, in this country, the women are in the majority. Perhaps—I will not say for certain—the reason is this," he continued and all eyes were riveted on him. "The other sex is, as you all know, ever ready to accept gifts, especially, if their acceptance does not entail many obligations on their part. Now, the Third Order is a veritable gold mine of graces and spiritual blessings that God lavishes on all its members, and for almost nothing, since the obligations that membership in the Order entails, stand in no proportion at all to the benefits it dispenses."

"And besides, Father," broke in Jerry Cahill, "the women folks seem to take more to piety than we men."

"But do you men stand in less need of piety and sanctity, Mr. Cahill, than your wives and daughters?" retorted Fr. Roch with a smile.

"There ye are, Jerry, that's one on ye!" chuckled Pat Brennan, a brother-in-law of Cahill. "Goodness knows ye could make good use of a little more piety!"

"But joking aside, gentlemen," Fr. Roch went on, "don't you men stand even in greater need of solid piety than the women? In the fierce battle of life, are not you men constantly on the firing line, always face to face with the enemy? In the store, in the office, in the workshop, on the street, in public life—always and everywhere you are re-

quired to present the protecting shield of true piety and sterling faith against the innumerable darts hurled by the foes of faith and virtue. If you men fall a prey to the enemies of God and of the Church, who will prevent your wives and daughters from falling likewise into their hands? Now, the Third Order of St. Francis begins its work of renovating society by instilling into the hearts of its members a more than ordinary love for virtue and a corresponding hatred of vice. It makes them men of faith, men of prayer, men to whom religion is a stern reality of every-day life and not merely a pleasant occupation for an idle Sunday. It begins its work of reform in the hearts of its members, well knowing that when this is accomplished, the battle is half won."

The sparkling glow of interest in the eyes of all present and their breathless attention to every syllable that fell from the lips of the eloquent priest, told better than words that the good seed was falling on fertile soil.

"Moreover, you men are the heads of families. Now, there is an old Latin saw: 'Qualis rex, talis grex,—as the king, so his subjects.' Thus, may we also say, 'as the father, so his family.' If the father is indifferent and lukewarm in matters of religion, his family will be the first to imitate him in this regard."

"There's where you struck the nail squarely on the head, Father Roch," assented the old Judge, "and I could name a hundred families

and more in this city that are now lost to the Church and to right living on account of the religious indifference of the heads of the families."

"Sure, an' perhaps I'd be on that same road meself," essayed Pat Brennan gravely, "if I hadn't joined the Third Order twenty-two years ago with me good wife."

This naive confession was greeted with a roar of applause, for, Pat was a general favorite and he was well known especially for his fidelity in his religious duties.

"But, Father," questioned Mr. Sharp, who was now deeply interested, "how does the Third Order accomplish the difficult task of strengthening the religious life of the family, if I may ask?"

"To begin with," Fr. Rock explained, "the Third Order admits both men and women into its ranks, and even children that have reached the age of fourteen years, and thus brings the entire family under its saving influence. It demands of its members that they observe—each according to his state in life—prudent moderation in all things, frugality in eating and drinking, and discreet restraint in seeking the pleasures of the world. It inculcates strongly the necessity of daily prayer and attendance at Mass even during the week, and pre-prescribes monthly reception of the sacraments as the minimum. It forbids the members to use indecent language and vulgar jokes, and thus combats the so prevalent vice of cursing. It directs the Tertiaries to dispose of their property betimes

by bequest, thus nipping in the bud the source of so many family feuds that often ensue when persons die intestate. It strongly supports the cause of the good press in its conflict with the powers of evil that find so willing and able a confederate in the godless press of our day.

"Then, in its charitable program," the priest continued "the Third Order is all embracing. Tertiaries are enjoined sedulously to exercise kindness and charity among themselves and toward their neighbor. And although the Third Order is no benevolent insurance society, yet its members are instructed to contribute—each according to his means—to a common fund, from which the poorer members receive relief, especially in time of sickness. These free offerings of the members are often sufficient in well organized fraternities to finance philanthropical undertakings on a grand scale. In short, there is no work of mercy, either corporal or spiritual, that the Third Order does not claim as its own and that it does not endeavor to promote."

"I understand very well now, Father Roch," conceded Mr. Sharp, almost entirely won over, "that the Third Order is by no means intended merely for the members of the weaker sex, since the activity of the Order, as you have outlined it, is so preeminently the affair of us men. But did the Third Order in the seven centuries of its existence ever succeed in gaining the hearty cooperation of men and in carrying out this wonderful program?"

"To be sure it did, my dear Mr.

Sharp," replied Fr. Roch, well pleased with the interest he had aroused in the subject. "The very first person to be admitted into the Third Order was a wealthy merchant of Tuscany, named Lucius, and he was followed by countless others of every age and rank and profession, from king to beggar, so much so that during the reign of the Emperor Frederick II, only one hundred years after the founding of the Third Order, it was remarked that hardly a man could be found who did not belong to the Order. And some historians think that it was this almost universal sway of the Third Order and of the principles it propagated that overthrew the feudal system of the middle ages and paved the way for the popular constitutional governments of our time."

"This is most remarkable," commented the lawyer thoughtfully.

"It's queer we never heard of that before," seconded Jerry Cahill, shaking his head dubiously and looking about to learn what the rest of the assembly thought of the matter.

"But that makes it none the less true, Mr. Cahill," the priest went on, "for there are many things past, present, and future that we have not heard of. Take, for instance, the fact that our good friend, Judge Adams, has been a Tertiary for almost thirty years, eh Judge?"

"That's right, Father," corroborated the old gentleman smiling, "and even Lawyer Sharp hadn't heard of it before this evening," he added to the merriment of all.

"To continue," Fr. Roch said, "I could give you a very extensive list of men, not to mention women, who as Tertiaries have shed glory on themselves, on the Third Order, and on the Church by the holiness of their lives and the benefits they conferred on their fellow men. I'm afraid, however, you'll all be asleep before I've half finished. Still I can not refrain, now that we are on the subject, from citing a few examples to illustrate how well the Third Order has demonstrated its fitness to every walk in life and to all times. There is, in the first place, the glorious patron of the Third Order, St. Louis IX, King of France, than whom there is no more noble character in history. Then, there is St. Ferdinand of Castile, another Tertiary on the throne; Bl. Eric, Prince of Denmark; Bl. Charles of Blois, Duke of Bretagne; St. Conrad, a nobleman of Piacenza; St. Ignatius of Loyola and St. Francis Borgia, soldiers and courtiers before their entrance into religion; St. Yves, a lawyer; St. Benedict Labre, a poor beggar of Rome; Bl. Antony of Hungary, an orderly; Bl. Peter of Siena, a comb maker; Bl. Gerard of Villamagna, a crusader; Bl. Nevolon, a shoemaker; St. Roch, my own blessed patron, a nobleman, who spent his whole life attending the plague-stricken; Bl. Sebastian, of Apparitio in Mexico, a wagon maker and road contractor. Then, there was the great and noble Christopher Columbus; Garcia Moreno, the statesman and martyr-president of Ecuador; Galileo, the renowned astronomer; Pasteur, the famous chemist; Gal-



vani and Volta, physicists; Murillo and Raphael, painters; Michelangelo, painter, sculptor, and architect; Dante, Petrarch, and Francis Thompson, poets; Ozanam and Bazin, authors; Lord Ripon and Donoso Cortès, statesmen; Palestrina and Liszt, musicians and composers;—There you are, Mr. Cahill, nodding away,” Fr. Roch laughingly interrupted himself, as he noticed Cahill’s eyelids drooping. “Didn’t I say that you’d be asleep before I got half through?”

“No, Father, I wasn’t sleeping,” Jerry replied, rubbing his eyes, “I was just thinking how sad it is that St. Patrick wasn’t a member of the Third Order, too.”

“Well,” responded the priest laughing heartily, “it isn’t his fault that he wasn’t. But then, Jerry, you didn’t give me a chance to name our good friends here, namely Judge Adams, Dr. Woodbury, Pat Brennan, and the few other men of the parish, who are as good Tertiaries as the sun ever shone on,” he said, making a sweeping gesture toward the faithful little band of blushing Tertiaries. “And I might further add for your edification, that of the hundred odd Tertiaries that have been raised to the honors of our altars by holy Church, over three-fourths are men; which also goes to show,” the priest added with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, looking at Mr. Sharp, “that the opposite sex has by no means a monopoly on the Third Order or on sanctity.”

“Father, I grant you’re right,” replied the lawyer pleasantly, “and now, gentlemen,” he continued,

rising and facing about, “I move that instead of founding a new society for combating the evils of our day, as I at first suggested, we place ourselves under the banner of St. Francis and continue the grand work so successfully carried on by the Tertiaries during the past seven centuries.”

“I second that motion,” called out Jerry Cahill, endeavoring to demonstrate clearly that he was now wide awake.

“There ye are, Jerry, caught napping again! Don’t ye know ye signed yer own death warrant by seconding that motion?” sang out Pat Brennan, as he stepped over to Cahill and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, “Sure, yer doomed now to lead a dacent Christian life in spite o’ yerself,” he continued, while all laughed merrily at Jerry’s pretended discomfiture.

“Well, the motion has been made and seconded,” said Judge Adams, taking his place beside Fr. Roch, “that all present, who are not as yet members of the Third Order, should join its ranks. All those in favor of this motion, signify by saying ‘ay’.”

“Ay, ay!” came a chorus of voices, Jerry’s high treble resounding above all the rest.

“Well, Father, it seems the ‘ays’ have it,” Judge Adams said, his kindly face beaming with smiles.

“Gentlemen,” replied Fr. Roch, “the outcome of this informal smoker is, indeed, very surprising and at the same time very gratifying, as I had no idea that I should hereby gain so many excellent re-

cruits for the great Tertiary army, which numbers over 3,000,000 soldiers with the Holy Father himself as their commander-in-chief. You have, to be sure, gotten only a faint idea this evening of the real importance and the extraordinary efficiency of the Third Order, but you have learned that is an institution eminently suited to both sexes and to all classes of people. Some other evening we will go more into detail regarding the different regulations of the Rule and the varied activity of the Order, and you will then no longer be surprised to hear that many Popes, especially those of the last century, have

placed all their hopes for the regeneration of society in the Third Order, whose members form the *corps d'elite*, as they say, of the Christian army, the "new Maccabees," who will successfully fight the battles of the Lord against the powers of darkness. And now, as it is growing late," he concluded, looking at his watch, "I move that we adjourn for this evening."

"I second that motion," exclaimed Jerry Cahill, as the men laughingly rose to depart, "and, Father Roch, the next time you count up the names of great Tertiaries, don't forget to mention Jeremiah Cahill, 2241 North Broadway."

### ANNUAL REPORT OF PRESERVATION SOCIETY

Dear Editor:—In 1914 the returns from the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children were \$29,589.45. In 1915 they have been \$26,063.33, as follows:

From Membership Fees.....	\$11,884.31
From Special Appeal of the Bureau.....	6,504.98
From Marquette League (Chapels, etc.).....	4,755.04
From Mass Intentions.....	1,719.00
From Interest on Legacies.....	900.00
From Special Donations for Specific Purpose.....	300.00
Total.....	\$26,063.33

It is with a feeling akin to despair that we call attention to still another falling off in these returns—the decrease being \$3,526.12. The Indian calls to us for help. His cry should touch every Catholic heart. Under Governmental tyranny the children of some tribes cannot enjoy the benefit of their own moneys for educational purposes if they attend mission schools. Must the Indian be forced to stand by and see his little ones dragged down to hell because of the helpless condition in which he is placed by narrow-minded interpreters of our laws? This he will be forced to do unless his more fortunate Catholic white brethren speedily and far more generously than heretofore come to his help.

Washington, D. C.

WM. H. KETCHAM, Director.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### LOYALTY TO THE POPE

In his recent address to the Roman Tertiaries, which appears elsewhere in this issue, the Holy Father discoursed at some length on the propriety of their promise of obedience and reverence to him. When St. Francis made obedience to the Apostolic See the foundation of his Orders, he builded better than he knew. For, not only did he thereby keep his institutions free from the taint of heresy and schism, which was undoubtedly his primary object, but he made them a bulwark against the anti-papal tendencies of his own and later days. It is a matter of common knowledge that the three Orders founded by St. Francis have always kept inviolate their allegiance to the Holy See and have everywhere defended it against its enemies, so that their loyalty has been lauded by the Popes in the highest terms.

There is no question that in St. Francis's day the world stood badly in need of his lesson of obedience and reverence. For, already then the nations were chafing under the benign rule of the Papacy. Had they taken the lesson better to heart, that great religious and political revolution, which has been falsely styled the Reformation, would, perhaps, never have taken place. To-day, the feeling of loyalty to the Pope is, perhaps, stronger within the Church than ever before. Outside the Church, however, the spirit of insubordination and irreverence is rampant. Contempt of all authority whether human or divine is becoming so pronounced and widespread, especially among the growing generation, that it is viewed with grave concern by all who have the welfare of society at heart.

This is true, above all, of our own land of the free, whose democratic institutions seem to be especially conducive to the extinction of obedience and reverence. It is needless to say, of course, that this spirit of the times is diametrically opposed to the Franciscan spirit. As true followers of St. Francis, Tertiaries will be ready not only to think, feel, and act in concert with the Church and her visible head, but to show obedience and reverence to all lawful authority, well knowing that "he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii, 2).



### FATHER DAVID FLEMING

The January issue of *The Franciscan Monthly*, edited by the Friars of the English Province of which the late Fr. David Fleming was so distinguished a member, brings a number of tributes paid to the memory of this remarkable man by men prominent in Church and State. Space does not allow us to reproduce lengthy excerpts. A few brief appreciative references taken from messages of condolence that came to his brethren from all parts of the world, will suffice to show in what affectionate esteem Fr. David was universally held. "An honor to his Order and to the Irish Church"—"a great son of St. Francis"—"a prominent man"—"a column to the Church"—"a great light"—"a brilliant member of the Order who has done great service to the Church"—"whose name stood so high in



the English-speaking part of the Church"—"an ornament to the Church"—"a great priest"—an encyclopedia of knowledge"—"a great Irishman"—"a typical Franciscan"—these are some of the terms applied to the far-famed yet humble son of St. Francis by those who knew him in life and lamented him after death. There is no doubt that Fr. David was all his friends say he was and even more. That his name and his fame may be preserved to posterity, we hope his biography will soon be written.



## PROBLEMS OF YOUTH

Criticizing the various measures adopted by the authorities for the reform of the youthful delinquent, the *Chicago Tribune*, in one of its recent issues, says editorially:

"The people of this country, and especially the reformers, need to learn the lesson of patience and even to endure the pain of thorough thinking. We need to realize that good intentions do not condone stupid measures. Basically the problem of youth in the city streets is that of the youth at the country club and on the boulevards. It is the problem of undisciplined and misdirected energy. American youth needs more than anything else a manly discipline, and one of the chief reasons for the adoption of universal military training is this need for inculcating generally the self-respecting virtue of obedience to something higher and better than ourselves."

If the writer of these words had followed his own suggestion and endured the "pain of thorough thinking," he would have, perhaps, hit upon a different plan for the prevention of youthful delinquency. Surely a little thorough thinking on his part would have convinced him that what our American youth needs is not military but religious training. Certainly, if universal military training will inculcate "the self-respecting virtue of obedience," then let us have it by all means, even if we must adopt the President's entire program of military preparedness. But, what guaranty have we that this plan will have the desired result? Obedience is, after all, a moral virtue residing in the will. Mere outward conformance to the rules of discipline does not deserve the name of obedience and rather degrades than elevates. But to submit one's will to that of another, not merely because, in our estimation, he is "higher and better than ourselves," but because he is a representative of God and a participant of his own divine authority, this is the ennobling "self-respecting virtue of obedience," because to obey in this case is not to serve but to reign. It is evident that this sort of obedience is impossible without a religious motive, and persons without a religious training are commonly not guided by religious motives.



## THE FRANCO-ITALIAN UNION

Some time ago, there was held in Tivoli, Italy, a congress of supposedly representative men of France and Italy for the purpose of bringing about a Franco-Italian union after the war. This union between the two Latin countries is to be of the most intimate nature—a union of sentiments and interests, based on financial, industrial, and literary coopera-

tion. The ultimate object of the union is mutual aid and aggrandizement. The plan has been proclaimed in both countries as a "grand idea." On closer examination, it would appear, however, that not all is grand and elevated in this plan. Fr. Austin Gemelli, O.F.M., the famous Italian friar-physician, writing in the excellent review *Vita e Pensiero*, of which he is editor, sounds a note of warning against the union saying:

"The congress of Tivoli represents a ridiculous minority, for almost all present were Freemasons. The Catholics who took no part in the deliberations are far more numerous and more powerful, at least socially if not politically, than the adherents of Freemasonry. The Latin idea is intimately and inseparably united with the Catholic idea. There can be no real, lasting, fruitful Franco-Italian union unless it is animated by the spirit of Catholicism. The sectaries (masons) understand this well enough, and to allay their fears, Signor Campolonghi was forced to avow that the Franco-Italian union is an open declaration on the part of France to keep up its warfare against the Vatican—the enemy of Italy, and that any advances made to the Pope would only hinder instead of facilitating the union between France and Italy."

The enemies of the Church, notably in Italy, seem to live in mortal dread that the war will bring on a melioration of the Holy Father's status. The very thought of such a change is enough to give them the spasms. Hence, their hasty and ill-advised efforts to preclude such a contingency. If war against the Church is the object of the contemplated union, we hope it will remain in embryo; for, conceived in iniquities, such a union would be only a disgrace and a detriment to both nations.



## ET CETERA

*The Indian Sentinel* for 1916 has lately come to us. As in former years, it makes interesting reading and contains many illustrations. We wish the *Sentinel* the widest possible circulation, and we urge our readers, one and all, to become subscribers. The subscription, which includes membership in the "Preservation Society," is only 25 cents. The late Sovereign Pontiff placed great hopes in this society. In his letter of commendation addressed to Cardinal Gibbons he wrote: "Of one thing we feel assured, namely that the Indians will not be deprived of the blessings of salvation nor yet of the advantages of Christian education, if the other faithful children of the Church in America, regarding them as their brethren—all Christians being members of the one family of Christ—and manifesting their devotion to them, make it a point, one and all, to enroll their names and contribute their fees as members of this Society."

The "Franciscan Anecdotes" which take the place of "Franciscan Gleanings" in the present volume, will be found distributed through the pages of this issue. This arrangement was made necessary owing to lack of space.

A list of books on the social question published in pamphlet form by the Central Verein, may be had free of charge by applying to the Central Bureau, Temple Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XV

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

THE reported invasion of eastern Texas by the French from Louisiana caused Viceroy Valéro to issue orders for the reconquest of the territory. An expedition was accordingly fitted out and placed in command of the governor of Coahuila, Marques de San Miguel de Aguayo. Unfortunately, Fr. Espinosa's advice, that only married volunteers with their families should be enlisted, was not heeded. Although the viceroy had given orders to that effect, the subordinates paid no heed to the command. For instance, of the five hundred men, who were expected to go to Texas as soldiers and settlers, Celaya was to furnish one hundred and twenty-five men. Of the one hundred and ten that were finally accepted, all except ten were jailbirds. Twenty-seven were married, but only two brought their wives with them.<sup>(1)</sup> What exalted idea of religion the

Indians would obtain from the conduct of such guards, may be imagined.

Ample funds were provided, but few, if any, in the whole expedition shared the zeal of the missionaries for the conversion of the savages.

The viceroy appropriated thirty-seven thousand pesos (dollars), and advanced a year's salary of four hundred and fifty pesos to each soldier. Aguayo had used nine thousand of his own in recruiting and fitting out the eighty-four men at Saltillo. After much trouble and delay, caused by the extreme drought, about three thousand nine hundred and fifty horses were secured. By the middle of October, 1720, the trains of six hundred mules with clothing, arms, powder, and six cannons reached Monclova from the city of Mexico.<sup>(2)</sup>

Aguayo divided his five hundred

(1) "If we may judge," writes Miss Eleanor C. Buckley, who, in the *Texas Historical Quarterly*, Vol. xv, July 1911, p. 25, describes the Aguayo Expedition, "that the preparation and make-up of this expedition was typical of all the early ones sent to Texas, as perhaps we may with safety, we must draw sad conclusions concerning their disorganization, disregard of viceregal orders, and the tatterdemalion character of the crowd sent to Texas." The same is true of California whither jailbirds were sent as late as 1842. How the missionaries succeeded, nevertheless, in converting thousands of savages, can be explained only by concluding that the Indians sought and discovered real models of Christianity in the friars alone.



men into eight companies. Three standards were blessed, one bearing a picture of our Lady of Pilár, San Miguel, and San Rafael, with the motto inscribed, "Pugnate pro Fide et Rege;" the second having the picture of our Lady of Guadalupe, San Miguel, and San Francisco Xavier; while the third had that of Santiago, or St. James, the patron of the troops. Holy Mass was celebrated before the departure, on November 16, 1720.

Delayed three weeks in crossing the Sabinas River, the expedition did not reach the Rio Grande, probably at Mission San Juan Bautista, below Eagle Pass, until December 20. It required three months to pass over the swollen Rio Grande. The expedition was thus delayed till March 23, 1721. Gov. Aguayo, Fr. Espinosa, Fr. Benito Sánchez of San Juan Bautista, and Very Rev. José Codallos y Rabal, the vicar-general of the Bishop of Guadalajara, joined the troops sometime after Christmas. Rev. Juan Antonio de la Peña, accompanied the governor as chronicler. On March 24, Aguayo set out for San

Antonio. On April 4, the expedition reached the presidio, and immediately went to the Mission of San Antonio de Valéro, where their arrival was joyously celebrated with public prayers of thanksgiving, especially by FF. Antonio Margil, Gabriel Vèrgara, José Guerra, José Rodríguez, and Brothers José Albadejo and José Pita,<sup>(3)</sup> who had anxiously awaited their coming for almost two years.

After resting his troops and animals, and meanwhile sending out smaller expeditions, one of which, on April 4, took possession of Espiritu Santo Bay, Aguayo resumed the march to the eastern missions.<sup>(4)</sup> Proceeding in a northeasterly direction, sometimes almost directly north, they reached the Trinity river. Sixteen days were spent in crossing the stream. On July 28, the governor, the Fathers, and the soldiers arrived in the country of the Texas Indians, and were joyfully welcomed by great numbers of Indians, on the site of the first mission San Francisco de los Texas, established in 1690. The natives from the surrounding villages

(2) While waiting at San Antonio for the expedition to arrive, Fr. Margil, with the permission of Gov. Aguayo and the approval of the viceroy, founded Mission San José one league or more from the presidio of San Antonio de Bájár. The ruins of a later church may still be seen outside the city. The founding took place in 1720, probably early in March. Its full title was Mission de San José y San Miguel de Aguayo, in honor of the governor, and belonged to the missionary college of Guadalupe, Zacatecas, whereas Mission San Antonio proper was in charge of the College of Santa Cruz, Querétaro.

(3) Brother Pita, Fr. Espinosa relates, was killed with arrows by a band of Apaches while he accompanied a detachment bearing supplies.

(4) For the route taken by Aguayo, see the excellent article on the expedition in the *Quarterly* of the Texas State Historical Association, Vol xv, July, 1911. Miss Buckley, I believe, was a pupil of Dr. H. E. Bolton, who is doing such excellent work in clearing up the early missionary history of Texas, besides training a number of students who, like their guide, are eager for historical truth, and willing to present it truthfully, even if it does, as is generally the case, favor Catholic religious. All honor to such a spirit. It is bound to command respect and confidence.

brought flowers, corn, beans, and watermelons, receiving in return presents of clothing and trinkets. The chief of the Neches, among whom the second Mission of San Francisco had been located in 1716, with seventy braves came to meet the Spaniards and to smoke the pipe of peace. On August 2, while still west of the Neches river, Aguayo sent ahead two detachments, one with Fr. José Guerra to the site of the second Mission San Francisco, the other under Fathers Gabriel Vérgara and Benito Sánchez to the site of Mission Concepción, in order to rebuild the churches and the dwellings.

On August 3, 1721, the expedition crossed the Neches river, and on August 5 the formal reestablishment of Mission San Francisco de los Neches took place when High Mass was sung, salutes were fired, bells rung, bugles blown, and drums beaten.

Next, Aguayo formally invested with a baton the one chosen captain of the tribe. This was followed by the lavish distribution of clothing and gifts. Fr. Espinosa, in the name of the Spaniards addressing the Asinains in their own language, explained that the Span-

iards had come through the King's zeal for the salvation of the souls of the Indians, and that he was receiving them under the royal care to protect them against their enemies. Fr. Espinosa skillfully called their attention to the fact that, while the French made them gifts with a view of receiving in return skins, buffaloes, horses, and especially their wives and children as slaves, the Spaniards distributed gifts most generously without asking anything, which in this case was true, as Aguayo had been careful not to accept a single hide from the Indians. Finally, the formal act of taking possession took place. Fr. José Guerra of the College of Querétaro was then left in charge of the mission.

In the course of his address, Fr. Espinosa had tried to impress on the natives the necessity of settling about the mission, a thing the Fathers had always considered essential in their work among roving savages, and a thing these Indians always failed to do. They promised this time, however, that they would take the advice. Aguayo, relying upon their promise, named the prospective mission town San Francisco de Valéro in honor of Viceroy Valéro.<sup>(5)</sup>

(5) The mission, according to Dr. Bolton, was located at the Neches village close to the mounds and from two to four miles from the crossing of the Neches river. The Doctor has subsequently confirmed his surmise by a personal examination of the site, reaching the conclusion that the mission was doubtless on Bowles Creek, not far from the present crossing of that stream by the old San Antonio road. See *Franciscan Herald*, August, 1915.



## THE WAYS OF GOD

*Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

*(Continued)*

A week later found Gilbert Lansing back in town. A strange restlessness had seized him. He longed again for a change.

One Sunday evening when strolling along the street, Gilbert approached a Catholic church. Very pleasing strains of music floated out and fell on his ear. It sounded good, and he decided to go in.

He glanced about curiously as he seated himself in the nearest pew. Then, after a few opening bars, a rich contralto voice began: "O Sacrum Cor Jesu."

Gilbert thought he had never heard a more superb voice. There was a prayer in every note. Curious to catch a glimpse of so exquisite a singer, he turned and gazed toward the organ loft.

But, the girl who was singing so prayerfully, did not see the man's eager gaze; for, her eyes were fixed on the glowing altar. A thrill of pleasure surged through Gilbert's being, as, at the first glance choirwards, he recognized Teresa Lavelle.

Services over, the young man followed the congregation out of the church, glancing toward the choir loft as he did so; but, Teresa was busy putting away her music. Gilbert decided to wait in the vestibule. Several of the choristers came down the stairway, and after a few minutes, Teresa herself appeared.

Her dark eyes lighted with pleasure as the smiling young man advanced toward her with extended

hand. She recognized him at once.

"This is truly a pleasant surprise," Teresa declared when the first greetings were over, and they passed down the church steps together. "And so you, too, are of the household of the Faith?" There was a tone of gladness in her voice as she smiled at Gilbert.

The young man hastened to inform her that he was not of her Faith, adding, "I just happened to stray in with the most gratifying results, the pleasure of meeting you, Miss Lavelle, most unexpectedly, and of listening to a most magnificent voice."

Gilbert was in a highly elated frame of mind as he walked down the street by Teresa's side. He enquired eagerly for little Rose, and when finally, they parted at the apartment house where the two girls lived, Gilbert begged permission to call on them. The permission was readily granted.

As time went on, Mr. Gilbert Lansing, the handsome society favorite, might be seen taking his way toward the modest home of Teresa and Rose Lavelle, where he was always a welcome visitor. And rarely did he fail to bring some pleasing little gift, a box of candy, flowers, or a book he knew Rose would enjoy. The trio spent many happy evenings together. Teresa would sit at the piano and sing the songs Gilbert liked best, and frequently he would ask to hear the beautiful "O Sacrum Cor Jesu" he had first



heard her sing at church that night.

"I shall always be fond of that hymn," he declared, "for to it I owe the great good luck of locating my lost mermaids."

More distasteful grew the ways of society to Gilbert Lansing. His greatest pleasure he found in the refined, wholesome, and charming company of these two girls totally unspoiled by the world. Rose was very fond of Gilbert, and Teresa would listen with a smile in her soft dark eyes to their pleasant raillery.

"You make me think of brother Jack," the little girl once said to Gilbert, "he was so funny and always laughing just like you. He's a priest, though, and you're not even a Catholic. Wouldn't I just love you if you were! But, I think you will be some time for I'm praying awful hard for you." Then, in her artless way, she explained that Jack was a missionary doing great things for God. They had not seen him for several years, but he wrote often and such delightful letters!

"O, we are so proud of him, Tess and I," she would say, "dear funny old Jack."

Gilbert always listened with interest to these enthusiastic discourses about the missionary brother. He had never much use for Catholics, less for priests. But, he had long since concluded that the Lavelles were an exception to the generality of those who made up the membership of the odious Church of Rome. Of course, Jack must be a fine fellow, as priests go, he said to himself; but, such a career, to his mind, was extremely foolish and

unreasonable.

One evening, Gilbert called with some lovely carnations to find that Rose was sleeping after a rather trying day.

"I feel quite worried about her," said Teresa, and Gilbert was touched by the expression of patient suffering in her soft dark eyes and on her pale features.

"You are tired out," he said gently taking her hand in his. "Teresa," he exclaimed in tender earnest tones, "won't you let me take care of you and little Rose? I love you, for you are the first true woman I have ever known, so noble, so unselfish. Won't you be my wife, Teresa?"

A look of pain crept into the girl's face, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Teresa, you love me, do you not? I had hoped—"

She interrupted him. "Yes Gilbert, but, oh, I could not think of marrying one not of my Faith."

An expression of astonishment crossed the young man's face. "But Teresa, I'd gladly become a Catholic for your sake. I'd do anything to make you happy."

She looked earnestly into his eyes. "No, no, Gilbert that could not be. I would not have you embrace my religion simply for my sake. You must first be convinced of the truth of the Church's teachings. You must feel, as I do, that it is more to you than anything in all the world, that it is your very life; for, such is my Faith to me, Gilbert. The world would be very dark without it."

"But Teresa," the young man

went on earnestly, "don't you understand that I would never interfere with your practicing your religion? I'd love you all the more because of your devotion to your Church."

She listened quietly while he spoke. Before her rose a vision of weary days and sleepless nights when the burden on her young shoulders seemed almost too heavy to carry much longer. Her little sister was failing day by day, there were so many expenses to meet, and her salary was so meager. Here now was a prospect of relief, an avenue of escape from worry and labor and care. Here was offered a great protecting love on which she could ever lean, everything that affection could lavish would be hers. But her religion, the one great joy and treasure of her life, it would mean nothing to the man she might marry. He would never kneel beside her at the altar. True, in time he might be drawn to the beauty of God's Church. On the other hand, might there not be danger of her becoming indifferent under his influence?

Teresa sent up a silent prayer to the Blessed Mother for guidance. Then she spoke firmly and quietly.

"No, Gilbert, as much as I love and respect you, my religion comes first. It has the first place in my heart and my life— but, oh, you don't know how great a sacrifice it is—" Her voice broke.

Long did Gilbert plead, and reason, but all in vain. Teresa vanquished the temptation that pressed hard on her, and Gilbert left hurt,

disappointed, and angry.

On the following day, he received a letter from a bachelor uncle in the South Sea Islands, urging him to come and pay him a visit. The young man decided at once to go. Before sailing, he sent a note to Teresa stating that he was going far away; but that his love would endure to the end of time.

Gilbert found life very pleasant in the tropics, or it would have been so, had there not been now a great void in his existence. By day and by night there rose before him a sweet gentle face lighted by tender dark eyes, the face of the one woman in all the world, whom he revered.

Soon after reaching the islands, Gilbert sent a letter to Teresa, but no response came. He wrote many more with the same result. He did not know that Teresa had taken Rose to a mountain resort in hopes that the change would be beneficial, and that none of his letters ever came to her hands.

"She wishes me to understand by her silence that she will have nothing more to do with me." This was Gilbert's conclusion, but his love never grew cold although he became more bitterly opposed to the religion that stood between him and the woman of his heart.

One day, on returning from a ride about the plantation, Gilbert found a priest seated on the veranda talking with his uncle. At once a wave of resentment swept over him. Here was a representative of that narrow creed that stood as a barrier between him and the girl he loved. Had it not even

robbed her of the protection and happiness to which she had a right?

"Gilbert," said his uncle turning to where the young man stood holding his cap and riding whip, "I want you to meet my good friend, Father Sylvester."

With a smile, the priest arose and cordially extended his hand; but Gilbert's hand-clasp lacked its usual warmth and his manner was perceptibly stiff.

During dinner, however, the young man's frigidity wore away

unconsciously as he listened to Father Sylvester, who was a charming conversationalist. Gilbert had not suspected that a priest could be so interesting, so well informed on all topics, so refined and cultured in his bearing. Before the meal was over, the young man's antipathy had greatly diminished, and he found himself chatting most affably with his uncle's visitor, even promising, as Father Sylvester arose to go, that he would call some day soon at his little mission.

*(To be continued)*

### A ROYAL TERTIARY

Queen Catherine, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and the unhappy wife of King Henry VIII, of England, was a perfect contrast to this sensual and tyrannical ruler. Daily she rose at midnight in order to assist at the chanting of the Matins and the Lauds by the religious, and under her royal robes she constantly wore the penitential habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. She fasted every Friday and Saturday and on the vigils of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, when her sole food and drink was bread and water. Daily, too, she prayed the little office of our Lady and dedicated the first hours of the morning to various devotions, while after dinner she was wont to listen for two hours and more to some pious reading. Toward evening, she repaired again to the church, where she remained rapt in devout prayer until her frugal supper. Catherine always knelt when she prayed and never made use of the richly upholstered kneeling benches that were at her disposal, but was content to kneel on the bare floor. Who can, therefore, be surprised that this holy woman had to be tried in the fire of tribulation, that the sweet perfume of her great virtues might be spread broadcast throughout the world? — *Wadding.*



### A MARTYR OF THE SEAL OF CONFESSION

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, in 1578, the Calvinists broke into the Franciscan convent of Moyne on the River Moy in Connaught, Ireland, and discovered there a secular priest, who had just made his Confession. He was hanged at once by the infuriated heretics for this "heinous crime," and his Father Confessor, the Rev. Fr. Henry Fremlamhaidh, was cruelly tortured to induce him to reveal what the priest had confessed. The soldiers tied a rope about the poor Father's forehead and then slowly tightened it by means of a stick of wood inserted in the knot. Although suffering excruciating pains, the holy martyr firmly refused to reveal the least sin, and finally gave up his soul as the rope cut into the bone and crushed his skull. — *Annals of the Order.*





## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—His Eminence Cardinal Falconio observed, on January 4, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The Cardinal pontificated in the church of St. Antony adjoining the General Curia of the Friars Minor at Rome. Later, he assisted at another High Mass in the cathedral of his suburban see of Villettri, where an immense concourse of people had gathered to do him honor. Among those present, was Cardinal Giustini, the Cardinal Protector of our Order. The Holy Father sent the eminent Jubilarian in token of his great regard a magnificent pastoral staff, and also granted him the privilege of imparting the papal blessing after the Mass. Cardinal Falconio entered the Franciscan Order on September 20, 1860, and soon after came to this country, where he was ordained by Rt. Rev. Bishop Timon, January 4, 1866. In 1868 he was appointed president of the College of St. Bonaventure in Alleghany, N. Y. From that time on he advanced steadily from one post of honor and trust to another, until from the responsible position he held from 1902-1911 as Apostolic Delegate to the United States, he was elevated to the purple by Pope Pius X.—

On January 11, the Holy Father was present at a meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites at which a decree was drawn up re-establishing the heroic virtue of the Ven. John Baptist of Burgundy, Friar Minor, who died at Naples in 1726.

Shortly before Christmas, Pope Benedict XV received in audience the Very Reverend Fr. Fidelis Condon, Provincial of the Friars Minor in England, and the Reverend Fr. Gregory Cleary, O.F.M. The Holy Father dwelt especially on the great loss which the Franciscan Order and the Church in general suffered in the death of the late Fr. David Fleming, O.F.M.

**Palestine.**—The fate of the Fathers and Brothers, who remained in the Holy Land, continues to be a source of grave anxiety. The latest reports have it that in Jerusalem, particularly, large bodies of troops are being mustered, and several convents and hospices are serving as hospitals and barracks. For some months, the Patriarch of Jerusalem has not been heard from; in fact, nothing has transpired to break the ominous silence regarding the fate of the friars in the holy places. "Nor can we be unmindful" writes our Most Rev. Fr. General in his recent circular letter to the whole Order, "of the trials and hardships of those whom we left in the sanctuaries and friaries of Judea. What has happened to the brethren in our residence of St. Savior, in the friaries of the Holy Sepulcher, Bethlehem, and St. John in the Mountains, we know not."

**Bavaria.**—During the past year, the Bavarian Tertiaries were especially active in supplying the Catholic soldiers at the front and in the war-hospitals with wholesome literature. Since the beginning of the movement, 497,000 pieces of

literature, averaging 14,000 a week, were forwarded through the press committee. These figures do not include the vast amount of second-hand reading matter that they collected and forwarded for the same purpose. The military chaplains report that the demand for good reading thus established, far exceeds the supply. A short time since, the promoters of this excellent movement were also successful in their endeavor to supply the prisoners in the detention camps with good books and periodicals.

**Westphalia, Germany.** — The Franciscan Province of the Holy Cross, continues to sacrifice itself in the interest of the Fatherland. The latest reports state that at present 246 members of the Province are engaged in some service or other. 12 Fathers are acting as field chaplains; 25 as chaplains of the Red Cross; 23 as orderlies. Of the student clerics and lay brothers, 174 are serving as privates in the ranks, and 24 are recruits. Up to date, 15 members of the Province have lost their lives, 31 were severely wounded, 41 became seriously ill, and 8 are reported missing. The Province maintains four convents for hospital purposes, in which 864 patients have so far been cared for. One convent is set aside for the detention of war prisoners. Last month, one Father and five lay brothers, by special request of the military authorities, were detailed for hospital service in the city of Constantinople.

**Cordova, Spain.** — A chapter of the Tertiaries of Cordova was recently held with great splendor in that city under the presidency of Rt. Rev. Bishop Inocencio Dávila. After the names of the newly elected officers were announced, Dr. Félix Garzón Maceda delivered an interesting address concerning the work of the Tertiaries during his term of office. He dwelt at length

on the progress of the Third Order in the city of Cordova, owing to the untiring zeal of their spiritual director, the Rev. Fr. Antonio Martínez. Thereupon, he rendered an account of the pecuniary assistance given by the Tertiaries toward the maintenance of the Catholic secondary schools for both boys and girls. He thanked all, especially the Junta Auxiliadora de Damas—the Auxiliary Society of Ladies,—for their hearty cooperation in this great work of securing a thorough Catholic education for the young, and exhorted them to continue in this noble work, which would ultimately bring the greatest blessings to the Third Order itself. The Rev. Fr. Arbide then drew the attention of the assembly to the great social problems that await solution, and asked the Tertiaries to do their share in the upbuilding of the kingdom of God in this world. He closed by animating his hearers to follow the bright example of the glorious band of Spanish Tertiaries, among whom he mentioned the pious mother of St. Louis IX of France, Blanche of Castile, Cervantes, Columbus, Murillo, and others.

**St. Louis, Mo.** — A generous friend of the Indian missions lately presented the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial with the handsome sum of \$500 for the erection of a mission chapel. The money has been turned over to Rev. Fr. Justin, the superior of our missions in Arizona. He has made arrangements to erect a chapel in the near future for the Apache-Mohave Indians of Fort McDowell, Arizona.

**Santa Barbara, Cal.** — On Wednesday, January 19, the Very Reverend Fr. Hugolinus Storff was canonically installed at the venerable Old Mission as first provincial of the newly erected province of Santa Barbara. The Very Reverend Fr. Samuel Macke, as provincial of the mother-province of the Sacred



Heart, was appointed to officiate at the ceremony. In our next issue, we shall bring a more detailed account of the celebration.

**West Park, O.**—Prior to his departure for the Coast to assume the direction of the newly erected Province of Santa Barbara, the Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus Storff visited the Franciscan house of studies at West Park, where by special arrangement, the clerics of both provinces are pursuing the study of philosophy and theology. It was in behalf of the clerics from California that their new Father Provincial paid his visit. After the solemn High Mass on the feast of the Epiphany, at which the Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus officiated, a musical and literary program was rendered in Scotus Hall in his honor. The principal features of the program were a farewell address by Fr. Luke in behalf of the Province of the Sacred Heart, and California's Greeting delivered by Fr. Ignatius in behalf of the Province of Santa Barbara. The Very Reverend Father gave expression to the peculiar sentiments and emotions that filled his heart on the occasion in a beautiful address at the close of the program.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church.**—The annual report of the St. Augustine's Tertiary fraternity shows that in the year 1915, seventy-four postulants were received into the Order, sixty-six novices were professed, ten members lost by death, six transferred to other fraternities, while three observed the silver jubilee of their reception into the Order. To-day the fraternity numbers 450 Tertiaries. During the past year, the members of this fraternity maintained their laudable activity of former years in relief work and in the dissemination of good literature. Besides assisting their own members in distress, a special committee disposed of many articles of clothing among the

poor of the city, while other Tertiaries busied themselves with collecting Catholic periodicals for distribution in hospitals and other charitable institutions.—

**St. Peter's Church.**—At a meeting in January of the German-speaking members of the Third Order, thirty-three persons were invested with the scapular and cord. The library committee of St. Peter's Fraternity held its annual meeting on January 10. The financial report shows a total receipt of \$148.83 for the past year. At present there are 341 regular patrons of the library holding catalog and card. Any Tertiary may have the use of the library. A new feature of the fraternity library, which is also proving to be very popular with the Tertiaries, is the book-rack. In the month of January 500 new pamphlets and tracts were added to its stock.

**Spokane, Wash.**—On Christmas Day, the Rt. Rev. Augustine Schinner conducted the solemn dedicatory ceremonies of a new basement structure, that will serve temporarily for the holding of divine services. The task of establishing a new parish in this city was entrusted to the Franciscan Fathers last summer. They have set to work with a will, and have laid the foundation for a Third Order fraternity in the new parish, the outlook of which is very fair. It will be some time, however, before a formal organization is established.

**Dayton, O.**—The Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis have launched the project of a sanitarium for aged and tubercular patients. The site chosen for the institution is a thirty-acre tract on the Covington pike, a suburb of Dayton. The proposed sanitarium will be maintained under an endowment of a generous citizen of Dayton.

**Union, Mo.**—On January 6, the new parochial school of the Immaculate Conception Church at Union,



which is in charge of the Franciscan Fathers, of Washington, Mo., was solemnly dedicated. The new structure is a combination school and Sisters' dwelling of the most modern type. It forms another link in the chain of new and well equipped country schools of the Franciscans in Missouri. The Franciscan architects, Brothers Leonard and Angelus, drew up the plans for the building. The Rev. Fr. Berard is the present pastor of Union.

**San Antonio, Tex.**—Recognition of the bicentennial exposition, to be held, in 1918, at San Antonio, to commemorate the founding of the city by the Franciscan friars, was proposed in a joint resolution introduced January 10, in both houses of Congress. The resolution was reported back favorably from the Senate Committee on Industrial Expositions, and placed on the calendar of the Senate, pending action. A committee of citizens of San Antonio headed by their mayor, Mr. Brown, has been organized to promote the contemplated exposition. Their plan is to restore to their former

condition the four Franciscan missions of San Antonio, now in ruins.

**Washington, D. C.**—The five Franciscan clerics, refugees from Mexico, of whom the *Herald* made mention in the last issue, have completed their studies at the Catholic University, of Washington, D. C., in preparation for the priesthood. A unique and interesting ceremony took place in the chapel of Divinity Hall, when these persecuted religious received Holy Orders from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, Rector of the University. The newly ordained friars are the following: Fr. Philip Lopez, Fr. Jerome Caribaj, Fr. Augustine Pezos, Fr. Fidelis Zaszquez, and Fr. Elias Jauregin. The fate of the seven clerics who failed to join the others in their flight from Mexico to this country, has not yet been ascertained.

**St. Augustine, Fla.**—The fire that lately destroyed the State arsenal of Florida, wiped out one of the oldest Catholic landmarks in this country. The arsenal was originally a monastery of the Spanish Franciscan friars.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

The college branch of the Third Order is endeavoring little by little to increase its usefulness and activity. Its latest enactment was the establishment of a mission fund for the purpose of contributing to the relief of poor missions next Christmas. That the Tertiaries entered into the plan with a will, the sum of eighteen dollars thus far contributed sufficiently attests. It was likewise decreed that hereafter the novices

should be acquainted, in monthly instructions by the Instructor of Novices, with the nature and rule of the Third Order, as explained in the catechism composed by the Rev. Editor of the *Franciscan Herald*. Since our last report nine more novices were professed. Also, twelve new volumes were added to the Tertiaries' library.

The Christmas holidays, which began December 22, offered more new pleasing features than any Yuletide that the present inmates

of the college remember having spent here. First of all, a beautiful and bountiful fall of snow prepared the proper setting for the feast, and attuned all hearts to the proper holiday key. The midnight solemnity began with a procession, in which, amid the singing of the old Christmas carol "Adeste Fideles," the precious new image of the Infant was borne to the crib and laid in the manger. The Infant is exquisitely carved of wood, and possesses the uncommon distinction of having been laid in the manger at Bethlehem. After the procession followed the solemn High Mass, in which the Brothers, the students, and a number of their relatives received Holy Communion. One of the most edifying features of the religious services, especially for the strangers that were present, was the singing by the college choir. Ever since the singers, in particular the soprano, have been taught to use the falsetto, there is a marked improvement noticeable in their efforts.

Beautiful as the chapel appeared, thanks to the untiring labor of our aged sacristan Brother Juniper, still the chapel was not alone in holiday attire. Every place where the students congregated bore tokens of the fact that the "Day of Days" had come. When they entered the dining hall for breakfast, the sight of a statue of the Divine Child standing amid a heap of presents on a tastefully decorated table almost took their breath away. This agreeable surprise was prepared by the officers of the Third Order, who, acting on the Director's suggestion, succeeded in obtaining money enough from their benefactors and relatives to make each boy a handsome Christmas gift. New wonders met their gaze in the study hall, which was tricked out with Christmas bells large and small, wreaths of holly, and a Christmas tree,—all

at the personal expense of one of the senior students.

Only four Fathers were at home for the festivities during the day; but all except four returned in time for the evening entertainment. This annual celebration in the dramatic hall, at the foot of the Christmas tree, has come to be regarded as the indispensable crowning feature of Christmas Day in Old St. Joseph's. As none but the inmates of the house and the visiting relatives attend, it has not unaptly been styled our annual "family reunion." When the curtain rose amid the soft strains of "Silent Night," it disclosed a tableau of two angels and several shepherds in adoring postures before the Infant King, who appeared hovering in the air surrounded with glittering rays. Then followed a program, consisting mostly of Christmas songs and recitations; and lastly, the distributing of the gifts scattered about the tree.

On the following evening Father Oechtering's drama "William Tell" was presented to a large and appreciative audience. The cast of characters was as follows:

William Tell.....	Joseph Martin
Walter Tell.....	Joseph Schmitt
Walter Furst, Tell's Father-in-law.....	Chas. Koerber
Stauffacher.....	Robert Zwiesler
Hunn.....	Harry Fox
Old Melchthal.....	Henry Pinger
Arnold Melchthal, his Son.....	Paul Eberle
Reding.....	Victor Roell
Old Rudy.....	Justin Diederich
Young Rudy.....	Alph. Limacher
Kuney.....	Henry Harms
Werner.....	John Konzen
Baumgart, a fugitive.....	Clement Thiel
Servant of Melchthal.....	A. Piontkowski
Seppi } Sons of Rudy.....	Othmar Thomas
Beppi } .....	Francis Powers
Gessler } Landvogts.....	John Schmitt
Landenberg } .....	Francis Kiefer
Rudenz Attinghaus } Swiss.....	Chas. Michels
Rudolph Harras } noblemen.....	Henry Harms
Dorner.....	Antony Glauber
Louis, Page to Landenberg.....	Henry Aretz

#### MUSICAL PROGRAM

1. Woodland Songsters (Waltzes)..... C. M. Ziehrer
2. Washington Park March..... R. O. Eaton



3. Dream Stars Waltz.....Carl Weber  
 4. For Love and Honor (March and Two-  
 step).....H. Alberti  
 5. Petersborough Sleighride Galop.....R. Eilenberg

Among the guests from other cities that attended the play was the Rev. Fr. Philip Marke, O.F.M., who stopped on his way to the provincial congress in St. Louis to pay us a welcome visit. Several other dramatic performances, mostly humorous, were given during the holidays; but the best treat of the whole season was given us by the accomplished blind musicians Mr. Louis and Miss Barbara Tremmel of Syracuse, N. Y., on the feast of the Epiphany.

Other events of the past month were the retreat of the students during the last three days of 1915 under the direction of Rev. Fr. Donolus Evers, O.F.M.; and the Holy Childhood celebration on Sunday, January 9. The features of the latter were the procession with the Infant, and a sermon by Rev. Fr. Rector calculated to arouse interest in the missions.

In the checkered college life described in the preceding lines, also sickness and sorrow were not wanting. Some thirty boys were taken with the grippe; and three—Edward Voss, Oscar Schubert and Ruben Adams—were called home on account of the death of relatives. We pray God to rest the souls of the deceased, and assure the bereaved relatives of our heartfelt sympathy.

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

The college chapel was the scene of a simple but touching ceremony, when on December 16, Brother Sylvester Kuhn, the senior lay brother of the province, passed the fiftieth year as a member of the Franciscan Order. In compliance with the humble jubilarian's wish, the celebration took place in quiet at the five o'clock Mass, in the presence of

only his confrères in religion. The Reverend Fr. Remy, of the local monastery, addressed words of felicitation. Brother Sylvester was born at Lamkowo, East Prussia, in 1838, and entered the Order as a Tertiary lay brother in the Polish Franciscan Province of his native country, December 31, 1863. In 1865 he made his profession in the First Order, and shortly after came to this country in consequence of the "Kulturkampf." Here he has labored faithfully at his occupation as tailor in various convents of the province. Although he is now very near eighty years of age, he is still engaged in the service of his brethren.

There was a lull in college activities in the past weeks, owing to the absence of the students during the holidays from December 17 to January 4.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill.,—St. Peter's Church:**  
 English Branch of Third Order:

Patrick Martin, Bro. Michael,  
 Ellen Flahive, Sr. Magdalene,  
 Mary Quinlan, Sr. Elizabeth,  
 Sarah Kelly, Sr. Anne,  
 Kate Killacky, Sr. Mary,  
 Mary McIntyre, Sr. Louise.

German Branch of Third Order:

Cecilia Carl, Sr. Clare,  
 Catherine Wiesler, Sr. Antonia,  
 Mary Altmeier, Sr. Teresa,  
 Catherine Schreiner, Sr. Frances.

**Cleveland, O.,—St. Joseph's Church:**

Mary Moore, Sr. Frances,  
 Mary Curry, Sr. Clare,  
 Agnes Neary, Sr. Clare,  
 May Lyons, Sr. Catherine.

**Dubuque, Ia., — Holy Trinity Church:** Rose Dietrich, Sr. Mary Frances.

**Joliet, Ill.,—St. John's Church:**

John Burger, Bro. Francis,  
 Teresa Gebauer, Sr. Catherine,  
 Ellen Cull, Sr. Mary,  
 Catherine Munich, Sr. Margaret.



# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

FEBRUARY, 1916.

DEDICATED TO THE  
SEVEN DOLORS OF MARY

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Tues.	Bl. Andrew, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
2	Wed.	Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. <i>General Absolution and Plenary Indulgence.</i>
3	Thur.	Bl. Odoric, Confessor of the 1st Order.—St. Blase, Bishop, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
4	Fri.	St. Joseph of Leonissa, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
5	Sat.	SS. Peter Baptist and Companions, Martyrs of the 1st and of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
6	Sun.	<b>5th Sunday after Epiphany.</b> —St. Agatha, Virgin, Martyr.—St. Dorothy, Virgin, Martyr.
7	Mon.	Bl. Antony of Stronconio, Confessor of the 1st Order.
8	Tues.	St. John of Matha, Confessor.
9	Wed.	Bl. Giles Mary, Confessor of the 1st Order.—St. Apollonia, Virgin, Martyr.
10	Thur.	St. Scholastica, Virgin.
11	Fri.	Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes.
12	Sat.	Seven Holy Founders of the Servites, Confessors.
13	Sun.	<b>6th Sunday after Epiphany.</b> —Bl. Jane of Valois, Widow.—Bl. Viridiana, Virgin of the 3rd Order.— <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
14	Mon.	St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop, Confessor.—St. Valentine, Martyr.
15	Tues.	St. Romuald, Confessor.—SS. Faustine and Jovita, Martyrs.—Translation of the body of St. Antony of Padua.
16	Wed.	Bl. Philippa, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
17	Thur.	St. Hilary, Bishop, Doctor of the Church.
18	Fri.	St. Marcellus, Pope, Martyr.
19	Sat.	St. Conrad, Confessor of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
20	Sun.	<b>Septuagesima Sunday.</b> —St. Raymond, Confessor.
21	Mon.	St. Angela Merici, Virgin of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
22	Tues.	St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
23	Wed.	St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.
24	Thur.	Office of the feria.
25	Fri.	St. Matthias, Apostle.
26	Sat.	Bl. Sebastian, Confessor of the 1st Order.
27	Sun.	<b>Sexagesima Sunday.</b> —St. Ignatius, Bishop, Martyr.
28	Mon.	Bl. John of Triora, Martyr of the 1st Order.—Bl. Eustochium, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
29	Tues.	Bl. Thomas of Cora, Confessor of the 1st Order.

**Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:** 1) Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Orders, or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and there pray for the intentions of the Pope.

2) Once every month, on any suitable day. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intentions of the Pope.

3) On the day of the monthly meeting. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intentions of the Pope.

4) On the first Saturday of every month. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intentions of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.





The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin



# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1916.

NO. 3

## Strive, Wait, and Pray

Strive; yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day  
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,  
And melt in your hand away;  
But another and holier treasure,  
You would now perchance disdain,  
Will come when your toil is over,  
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you  
The hour you long for now  
Will not come with its radiance vanished,  
And a shadow upon its brow;  
Yet far through the misty future,  
With a crown of starry light,  
An hour of joy you know not  
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading,  
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;  
An answer, not that you long for,  
But diviner, will come one day;  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

## ST. CATHERINE OF BOLOGNA

### OF THE SECOND ORDER

#### MARCH 9

**S**T. Catherine, who is called, in the office of her feast, a mirror of poverty, innocence, and purity, was born of a noble family in Bologna, Italy, in 1413. Her pious parents in every way fostered the sentiments of piety which she manifested from her earliest childhood, especially her love of solitude and prayer and her tender compassion for the poor.

When Catherine was about ten years of age, she was brought to the court of Nicholas d'Este, Marquis of Ferrara, a relative of hers, to be educated with the young Princess Margaret. Here she charmed all by her singular modesty, prudence, and innocence. In the midst of the splendor and comforts of the court, the saintly child did not allow her heart to become attached to the things of the world, but constantly kept before her mind the thought of God and of heavenly things, and thus made rapid progress in virtue and holiness. At the same time, she applied herself with great diligence to the acquisition of the knowledge and the accomplishments demanded of a person of her rank. She soon became proficient in the Latin language, as her writings show, while several paintings from her brush, which are still preserved, show that she devoted herself with success to the fine arts.

After spending three years at the court of Ferrara, Catherine was at

length able to carry out her long-cherished desire to forsake the world and to consecrate herself entirely to the service of God. Princess Margaret was married to the Prince of Rimini, and Catherine, in spite of the urgent request of her former companion and friend to accompany her to her new home, left the court to return to her pious mother.

Endowed with solid as well as brilliant qualities of mind and heart, and heiress to a large fortune, Catherine was sought in marriage by several noble gentlemen. But her heart was held captive by the love of her Heavenly Spouse, and she refused all these honorable proposals, though they offered her grand prospects for the future. She soon joined a number of young women who were leading a community life according to the Rule of the Third Order of St. Augustine, and who, by their piety and modest bearing, were objects of admiration and edification to the whole city. In the company of these God-fearing souls, Catherine dedicated herself to God by a life of prayer, humility, and self-denial. Her great fervor in all religious exercises, and her complete abandonment of soul to the will of God, was rewarded with extraordinary graces and revelations. But these favors were only to prepare her for a series of trials which lasted five

years and served to purify her heart. Her soul, filled with the delights of the love of God and consumed with zeal for his glory, was assailed by various temptations. The devil appeared to her as an angel of light and tried to induce her to give up her mode of life.

Her mind was filled with blasphemous thoughts; and these thoughts were so important that nothing could distract her from them. They pursued her everywhere, even to the feet of her confessor, whose words of consolation did not procure her any comfort. Her willingness for good seemed to be deadened, and the service of God became to her distasteful and irksome. Catherine heroically resisted these terrible

temptations, and the devil, finding that his artifices were in vain, left off molesting her. Wishing to make her experience useful to others, the Saint related a long time afterwards to her Sisters what took place in these temptations. "Oh, my dearly beloved Sisters," she said,

"if it ever happens that any one of you has to go through a similar trial, cling fast to prudence, and take care not to let yourself be crushed by sadness, as if it all came from yourself. No, all these bad thoughts come from the envy of the devil, who can not bear that God

should be worshipped, praised, and blessed by his creatures, as is his due."

The Saint was next attacked with temptations against faith,—temptations so violent that, if she had not placed her entire confidence in the help of God, she would surely have succumbed. All these spiritual sufferings and trials could not shake her courage and her resolve to serve God with her whole heart. They only served to bring the Saint into closer



St. Catherine of Bologna

union with God by increasing in her the virtues of humility, love, and confidence, as they were invariably followed by the most abundant spiritual consolations, and the enjoyment of the delights of contemplation. She also derived great lights from these conflicts, which



enabled her to detect the snares of the devil and to counsel others in the difficult ways of spiritual life. These her counsels and instructions are contained in her "Treatise on the Seven Spiritual Weapons," which she composed with the aid of her confessor, shortly before her death.

When Catherine had thus served God during a period of five years, she and her companions, who had until then observed the Rule of the Third Order of St. Augustine, were invited to embrace the Rule of St. Clare in a convent that had been built at Ferrara by the Princess Verde. Urged by Catherine, the members of the little community accepted the invitation, and they were clothed with the habit of St. Clare, in 1432. Under the guidance of a few fervent daughters of the great saint of Assisi, from the convent at Mantua, the new community with great zeal observed the austere Rule of the holy foundress. Catherine, above all, strove to follow in the footsteps of St. Francis and St. Clare, and gave to all an example of humility, obedience, and mortification. She was at first given charge of the bakery, and though this occupation affected her health, especially her eyesight, she fulfilled her duties with joy and resignation. Appointed mistress of novices, she was a sure guide and a finished pattern of perfection to the souls committed to her charge. She

led them on the path of virtue by counsels full of the Spirit of God, but still more by her holy example.

In 1456, Catherine was sent to Bologna to govern the convent newly established there. She began at once to strive by word and by example to establish in her community all the observances of the Rule. The fame of the heroic virtues of the saintly abbess spread far and wide, and led many pious souls to abandon the world and to place themselves under her enlightened guidance.

The Saint was at length to enter into her eternal reward. She had spent thirty-six years in the service of her Heavenly Spouse, and had not only sanctified herself, but had guided and assisted others on the way of perfection, and she now longed to be united forever with the object of all her thoughts and aspirations. Her longing was fulfilled on March 9, 1463. Her body was at first buried in the cemetery of the community, but later it was transferred to the choir of the convent. Still incorrupt, it is exposed to the veneration of the people, sitting on a throne and clothed in costly garments. Many miracles were wrought at her tomb. The solemnity of her canonization was performed by Pope Clement XI, though the bull of canonization was published by Pope Benedict XIII, in 1724.



## THE TERTIARY AND THE GOOD PRESS

*By Fr. Faustine, O.F.M.*

POPE Pius X in his letter of September 8, 1912, to the Tertiaries, prescribes that they "not only read what is written in defence of religion, but work to have such writings spread among the people." In fact, all Tertiaries should be active in promoting the Catholic press. If you wish to be Tertiaries after the heart of the Sovereign Pontiffs, wide-awake members of the great army of St. Francis battling for true Christian reform, and intent on restoring the Third Order to its former glory and world-wide influence, then, dear Tertiaries, you must work heart and soul for the support of the Catholic press.

The Catholic press is, to a great extent, your present field of action, and as knights of St. Francis, you must fight its battles and spend yourself, if need be, in advancing its cause. God wills it, the Church and your holy Order require it, and the well-being of modern society demands it.

The press has been rightly called the "framer of public opinion." Its power for evil is, as we have seen in former articles, well-nigh incalculable; on the other hand, its power for good is no less marvelous.

Think of the noble thoughts that spurred countless millions of men and women in ages past to deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice now made the common property of Christians the world over by means of the

good press. These glowing accounts, spread broadcast over the world by book and pamphlet, by periodical and paper, incite the reader to emulate these examples of true Christian virtue, with the result that the supporters of the evil press are after astounded on beholding their own weapon, as it were, turned against them.

Think of the numerous conversions to the true faith, that can be directly traced to the saving influence of the good press. For, it is not only the children of the Church that read Catholic publications, but many of our separated brethren, yes, even infidels find pleasure in reading Catholic literature, and are thus led from the paths of error into the one true Fold of Christ.

Think of the many cases in which infamous legislation was hindered and unworthy candidates for public office were defeated at the polls, because they were exposed in their true colors and strenuously combated by an energetic Catholic press.

Think of our Catholic schools, colleges, academies, and universities, of our fraternal, social, and religious societies that are supported and advertized by the Catholic press.

Think of the young men and women whom the reading of good Catholic books and papers has warned of dangers that beset their path, and has strengthened for the

great battle of life, so that they have grown up to be men and women of firm character and solid virtue, the mainstay of their country and the joy and consolation of the Church.

Think of the innumerable souls converted to God in the home and foreign missions, that would never have seen the face of God's ministers, had the Catholic press not made the needs of the missions known to the faithful, and induced them to contribute to their support.

In short, think of all the good the Catholic Church is effecting throughout the world, and you will find that the Catholic press is playing no unimportant rôle in achieving it.

"Someone who watched my faltering fight

(Though all unknown to me)

Bore news of what I tried to do

Over the far-off sea.

And there another stirring soul

(Though half a world away)

Through word of me took heart anew

And won the hard-fought day."

—Marie Blake.

The spread of the Catholic press in every country is an unfailing criterion of the Catholic life in that land. Wherever the Catholic press is well supported, there the Church makes progress. The strong position of the Church to-day in Germany is owing to the dissemination of the good press in that empire. The election of so many members to the Catholic Center Party, (one of the strongest political parties in Germany at the present day) in a country that is two-thirds

Protestant, was made possible only by an energetic Catholic press.

The Catholics of Austria also have made wonderful progress in the last few years thanks to the "*Piusverein*," which was founded in 1903. The object of this timely organization is threefold: 1) to wage a relentless war against the anti-Christian press by exposing the tactics it employs in its campaign against religion and morality; 2) to imbue the people with an appreciation of the importance of the good press, and to scatter broadcast over the land papers, tracts, and pamphlets, explaining and defending Catholic doctrines and practices; 3) to establish on a solid basis a good Christian press.

Throughout the country, meetings are held in which the people are instructed regarding this threefold object of the *Piusverein* and urged to become members. The poor may become members by paying dues amounting to about one cent a month, while the more wealthy are taxed forty cents or more. To the wonderful agitation started by this press society, *Die Neue Zeitung* owes its origin and marvelous development. When not yet two years old, this newspaper had run up a subscription list of 120,000, while the Jewish-Liberal papers steadily lost their influence on the public mind.

We could mention also Holland and Belgium, whose strong Catholic press has won the admiration not only of Catholics but even of the most bitter enemies of the Church in these countries. But, let this



suffice to prove our statement that the Catholic press is productive of great good.

But, if the good press is to effect its purpose, it must be supported, and strongly supported.

Let us consider a few practical rules and methods.

1. The first rule to be observed by Tertiaries in regard to the good press will naturally be: subscribe for and diligently read your Third Order publication, in this case, *Franciscan Herald*. As was pointed out in an editorial of the January issue, a fraternity can live and thrive only on the enthusiasm of its members. But this enthusiasm can be awakened in the hearts of the Tertiaries only by the regular attendance at the monthly meetings and by the zealous reading of literature bearing on the Third Order. The aim of *Franciscan Herald* and other Tertiary periodicals is none other than the spread of the Third Order by making it better known and loved, by reminding the Tertiaries of their duties, and by animating them to persevere in their holy vocation. Every member of the Third Order ought to subscribe to at least one Tertiary periodical and induce his fellow Tertiaries to do the same. In some cases, needy Tertiaries are unable to afford the subscription price of the publication, and this expense should then be borne by the fraternity.

2. But active support of the good press does not limit your reading to your Tertiary periodical, which is a monthly publication. You should likewise subscribe to your diocesan

weekly or to some other good Catholic newspaper. A Catholic weekly ought to be found in every Catholic home. For a good Catholic newspaper is a true apostle, a messenger from God, a protecting angel of the Christian family. Nor should Tertiaries and Catholics in general disregard the numerous Catholic weeklies of our country because they are less sensational than the secular papers, or because their literary excellence stands a few notches below that of their secular contemporaries. The beauty and truth of the Catholic doctrines they explain and portray is superior to the sensationalism and literary excellence of the wicked world.

3. Read and distribute Catholic almanacs and magazines; for instance, *St. Anthony's Messenger*, *St. Anthony's Almanac*, *The Lamp*, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, *Extension Magazine*, *The Missionary*, *The Liguorian*, *The Christian Family*, *Tabernacle and Purgatory*, *Truth*, *Magnificat*, *The Ave Maria*, *America*, and many other excellent Catholic magazines and periodicals, too numerous to mention.

4. Accustom your children to read Catholic publications under your direction and care. In this way, they will learn to love and value them, and in later life will not wish to be without them. Give your servants also an opportunity to read Catholic books and papers, especially such as will be interesting and profitable to them.

5. Insist that your married children subscribe to some Catholic pa-

pers, and from time to time convince yourself of the fact that they have not grown lax in this regard.

6. Make it a practice for yourself and for your children who are engaged in shops, factories, and office buildings, to take with you some Catholic literature—books, papers, pamphlets, leaflets, and the like—and place them where others may easily find and read them. Publications especially suited for this purpose are *Our Sunday Visitor*, the leaflets of the Central Verein, and the tracts of the Catholic Truth Society. This method of spreading good reading has been productive of much good, especially in localities hostile to the Church.

7. The same practice should be followed in regard to railroad stations, street cars, and trains. When you have finished your Catholic paper, leave it lie on the seat. It will soon find another reader, who may stand in need of enlightenment on some points of Catholic doctrine and practice.

8. Make it a point to demand Catholic newspapers at the news stands. If the dealers do not carry them in stock, they will bestir themselves to answer your call, if for no other reason than to secure your patronage. Others will follow your example, and the practice will soon become general.

9. Patronize the parochial or other Catholic circulating libraries rather than the public libraries. This will ensure you excellent reading matter, and at the same time enable the directors of the Catholic libraries to enlarge their stock of

books. If, at times, it is necessary for you to consult the public library, ask occasionally for some Catholic book of reference, for instance, *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. This practice will serve to stock the public library shelves with numerous Catholic publications that deserve a place there.

10. After having read a good Catholic book, be its nature what it may, speak of it to others and recommend it for their perusal.

11. Form small reading circles among your friends, numbering from six to ten members. Let each one subscribe to a different paper or periodical, or let each one buy some good book; then interchange with one another. In this way, you will be supplied with abundant good reading matter at a low cost.

12. Do not destroy your Catholic papers and periodicals after reading them. Pass them on to your neighbor, or send them to the headquarters of the Third Order or of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, or to priests who have charge of the city or state institutions, e. g. workhouses, poor farms, hospitals, etc. In all these institutions, Catholic papers and periodicals, even though a few days or weeks behind the times, are greatly in demand and exercise a very beneficent influence over the inmates.

13. Keep your Catholic periodicals, especially the monthlies, e. g. *Franciscan Herald*, and at the end of the year have them bound and you will soon have the beginnings of a good Catholic library. Or, if you do not wish to keep them for

yourself, have them bound, if your means allow this, and then give them to some Catholic institution; for instance, working girls' homes, orphan asylums, and hospitals, or give them to your Rev. Director for the Tertiaries' library. Such bound volumes of Catholic periodicals afford interesting reading in after years, and are valuable as works of reference.

13. Assist and advise others in selecting books and papers for their homes. If your means allow, subscribe to one or the other Catholic publication for your poorer neighbors and present them the subscription as a Christmas gift. It will prove far more useful and welcome than many another gift.

14. When buying goods from firms that advertize in Catholic papers, do not forget to inform them that you saw their advertisement in this or that Catholic publication. It will encourage the firms to continue their advertizing in such papers, and the publishers will be grateful to you for your kindness. On the other hand, refuse to patronize such firms who you know do not and will not advertize in Catholic publications. If you yourself are engaged in any business, do not fail to patronize the advertizing columns of the Catholic press.

15. If God has given you talent and a good education, show your gratitude to him for these favors by contributing to Catholic papers and periodicals. Send them stories, poems, essays, or whatever you are capable of writing. And if your manuscript, on which you

spent so much time and labor, is returned to you marked "Unavailable," you should not let this discourage you in your literary endeavors. Writers are not born but made, and one can as little expect to develop into an author overnight as to become suddenly proficient in any other calling. Thus Conan Doyle, of "Sherlock Holmes" fame, sent manuscripts around for ten years, and in no one year did he earn so much as two hundred and fifty dollars. Suddenly his work took hold—and now all the editors are eager for his contributions. If your manuscript shows any marks of talent, the editor will be quick to notice them, and will suggest the desired changes.

Of course, Catholic publications can not throw open their columns to every manner of contribution, as many secular publications do, for their scope is limited. Thus, for instance, *Franciscan Herald's* aim is to work for the spread of the Third Order and to excite interest in the Franciscan missions. Hence, subjects altogether foreign to this aim find no place in its columns. Yet, even with this limited scope, the *Herald* offers some opportunities to Tertiaries for the development of their literary talents. Therefore, members of the Third Order, to whom God has granted the gift of writing—and surely there are many such among the fifty thousand Tertiaries in the United States—should consider it a duty and an honor to contribute to the columns of their own Tertiary organ.

16. Last but not least,—we must



pray and pray devoutly and often for the success of the Catholic press in general and of the Tertiary press in particular. No Tertiary can be excused from faithfully carrying out this rule. The work of combating the evil press is so great and difficult that it is impossible to succeed without prayer and much prayer. And this same prayer that you offer up for the success of the good press will gain for you a greater love and devotion for the Catholic press, and your efforts in its behalf will then be redoubled. One frequently hears Tertiaries ask, "What intention should I have when saying the twelve Our Fathers and Hail Marys of the Tertiary office?" I answer that one of your daily intentions when saying these prayers should be the welfare of the Catholic press. Pray especially that Almighty God may convince some of our larger Catholic publishing houses and some of our wealthy Catholics of the possibility and the opportuneness of an English Catholic daily in our large cities—for of the necessity of such a daily they have long since been convinced.

In his speech on "The Third Order and the Good Press," delivered at the Second General Convention of Austrian Tertiaries, the Reverend Peter Adamer uttered these remarkable words: "Dear Tertiary, if

you wish to be abreast with the times, with these dangerous times, then you must become a seraphic press-apostle. A Tertiary who has no understanding of the vital importance of the press; a Tertiary who will not move a hand for the good press; such a Tertiary is out of place, he does not fit in with the times. Three decades ago, he might have been a model Tertiary; but today no longer."

The thundering applause that greeted this statement, proved that his words were in accord with the sentiments of the assembled Tertiaries. Do we, dear Tertiaries, wish to be behind the times? Certainly not. Well, then, let us unite in support of the good press. The foregoing rules contain nothing impossible, nothing impracticable. Let each one choose the method best suited to his state and ability for supporting the good press and combating the evil press, and then let him go to work with a will. It is the work of apostles, and our reward will be that of the Apostles. "All should take part in this apostolate," the late Cardinal Vaughn used to say. "Here, at least, there is work for every one. For one who can write, ten thousand can subscribe and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed."



# IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

OR THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDE, O.F.M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O.F.M.

## CHAPTER VIII

*Disappointed—Thy Will Be Done—Rescued by Pirates*

On the morning of the one hundred and forty-first day of his sojourn on the lonely rock, Brother Peter rose from his knees after saying his customary prayers, and then scanned the horizon in the almost vain hope of discovering a ship to which he could signal for aid.

Suddenly, he starts back; he trembles like an aspen leaf; his heart beats violently; he gasps for breath. Can he trust his senses? Yes, indeed, his keen eye perceives what he has long been looking for in vain—a ship careering over the billows toward his rock, toward him! Truly, a ship, sailing southward under the flag of Holland.

The good friar is well-nigh overcome with joy. Thank God! his own countrymen are coming to rescue him; they are fellow men with whom he can converse in his native tongue. He will signal to them and make known his awful plight; they will then take him back to his home and fatherland, yes, back to his beloved, peaceful monastery!

He mounts at once to the highest point of the rock and signals and shouts at the top of his voice—but the roaring of the angry surf and the blowing of the north wind drown his voice. His efforts are futile.

Alas! hope of deliverance has

dawned for a moment, only to vanish again and render his imprisonment on the rock still more unbearable.

But no! Look, the ship halts! The crew have perceived his signals of distress and they are about to lower a boat. Buoyed up again with new hopes, Brother Fardé continues to give signal after signal; he rushes to and fro on the summit of the rock, shouting loudly, and gesticulating wildly the better to attract their attention, while his soul writhes in an agony of suspense.

Alas! his hopes are vain. After a short halt, the ship resumes its course as if hastening away from the dangerous shoals and the threatening breakers that lash the great bare rock with unabating fury. The ship departs, and with it fades the last hope of rescue.

In a frenzy of anguish, the poor Brother plunges into the raging surf and swims desperately toward the receding vessel in the hope of overtaking it. But the seas run high and the distance is too great for his muscles, enfeebled by exposure and scanty food, and only after a violent struggle with the tossing waves, does he succeed in regaining the rock.

Thoroughly exhausted by his strenuous exertions and by the in-

tense excitement, he falls to his knees on the rock, and it is only by a supreme effort of his iron will that he turns his pleading eyes toward heaven and with outstretched arms exclaims, "Father, not my will but thine be done!" and then sinks fainting to the ground.

Brother Peter had, indeed, been seen by the crew of the Dutch vessel, and, as was eventually learned, he proved to be the very man they and their countrymen were so eagerly seeking over the wide seas. The reader will remember that among the many converts Brother Fardé had made by his religious discussions and instructions on board the ill-fated *Charity*, was a sailmaker, van Rampel by name. This good man, actuated by sentiments of love and gratitude for the holy friar, had promised M. Fardé, a brother of our unfortunate hero, to leave nothing undone in the search for his missing brother Peter. He had many friends among the seamen of the Dutch provincial fleet, that was at home on every sea.

The ship that Brother Peter had seen from his rock, was a merchantman from Harlingen, in the Netherlands. It had set sail from Madagascar and was returning to Holland. After rounding the cape, it was seized by a stiff northwest wind and driven far from its course, so that by skillful piloting it barely escaped stranding on the rugged reefs that surrounded the Brother's solitary island.

While the captain was viewing the island through his telescope, he saw a naked man running wildly

about on the brow of the cliff and making frantic gestures as if calling to the ship for help. Although he longed to go to his assistance, he knew it was courting certain death to venture out in a small boat while the sea frothed under the lashing of the northwind, and with a heavy heart he gave the command to hasten away from the treacherous shoals and make for the open sea where they would have nothing more than the wind and the waves to contend with. This happened in the month of April, 1689.

A few months later, van Rampel learned of the incident, and at once suspected that the unhappy island-captive was none else than the long sought for Brother Peter, and he immediately informed M. Fardé of his conjecture.

Brokenhearted and almost despairing, Brother Peter, on recovering from his fainting spell, returned to his miserable little hut. Who can describe the wretchedness of his soul? Like a flash of lightning, hope had gleamed for one brief moment, only to plunge him into still greater desolation. Now he was convinced that his lonely island lay remote from the ocean highways, and that he could never hope to hail a ship unless some hapless vessel should be driven by storms in his direction. Even then, the menacing position of the rock would prevent the crew from offering him any assistance.

It was now more than ever that the poor shipwrecked friar had to summon all his Christian fortitude, and never before had it cost him



such an effort to make an act of perfect resignation to God's holy will.

Time again dragged on drearily—six long, weary, lonesome months! The winter season came with all its storms and inclemency, doubly severe for a person without clothing and shelter. In his letters, however, Brother Peter says nothing of the disagreeableness of the weather, of the wind and storms, of the chill, cutting rain. But we can easily imagine what he must have suffered, and we stand amazed at the fact that a man, who had already suffered so much, could still bear up under the weight of all this misery.

One day, —it was toward the end of November, 1689,—he again discovered a sail appearing above the horizon and approaching rapidly. It was a light corsair that cut the waves with astonishing speed. The sea was quite calm, and the vessel had no difficulty in drawing so near to the rock that Brother Peter could make himself heard. A boat pushed off from the ship, and venturing boldly through the surf landed safely at the foot of the cliff.

Evidently, the Brother had called for help in his mother tongue, for a man in the small boat began to address him in the Dutch language. One glance at the occupants of the skiff, and Brother Peter knew that he had to deal again with pirates from Salee, in Morocco, who swept the Atlantic and Indian Oceans to prey on Spanish and Portuguese vessels. These rovers were really not Moroccans, but descendants of the Moors that had been expelled

from Spain and Portugal. As such they had sworn eternal hatred against the inhabitants of these two countries, and had turned pirates for the sole purpose of waging an unceasing war against them. Nevertheless, the crews of their vessels were often made up of adventurers from all countries.

The man that had accosted Brother Peter, claimed to be a Fleming from Furnes. His turban clearly indicated that he was an apostate to Mohammedanism. Taught by experience, the Brother deemed it prudent not to put too much trust in the man and, above all, not to reveal his own nationality, for, had the pirates learned that he was a Belgian subject of the Spanish crown—Belgium was at that time a Spanish province—they would not have spared his life.

Hence, when the renegade questioned him concerning his native country, Peter answered without lying that he hailed from the Netherlands, and that he had set sail from Amsterdam. Without further questioning, he was taken into the boat and conveyed to the ship. As soon as the Brother gained the deck, the captain, who was anxiously awaiting him, asked him who he was and what he wanted. Peter repeated what he had told his renegade countryman, and begged the captain to keep him on board and take him to some inhabited country from where he could make his way home.

“Well,” said the gruff sea robber, “let’s see whether you have enough money for passage.”

"Alas!" replied the hapless friar, "you can see for yourself that I am absolutely destitute of everything. I have not even the necessary clothing, much less money."

"Can't you at least promise that for transporting you to Salee, I shall receive three hundred Abu-Kelbs\* (Netherland florins)?"

"I can not promise you anything, because I have absolutely nothing."

"Umph, if that's the case," concluded the heartless man, "I can't help you.—Ho, there, comrades," he called to the men in the small boat, "row this fellow back to the island."

These words sounded like a death sentence to the unfortunate Brother. How bitter it must have been for him to be again disappointed and that at the very moment when he thought his deliverance was assured.

"I besought the hard-hearted captain with hot tears streaming down my cheeks," writes the Brother in one of his letters, "to have compassion on my misery and to take me with him and discharge me on the first best coast. I knew well that he would pass near the island of St. Helena or some other islands, but I was also aware of the fact that these corsairs would never run into a harbor, at least not in districts under Spanish or Portuguese control. Therefore, I told him that he would not have to land on my ac-

count, but merely to lower me into the sea about a mile from any inhabited coast and that I would then swim to the shore. But he remained inexorable."

Need we wonder? For who can expect a disinterested act of mercy from a Mohammedan pirate? Mortally distressed, Brother Peter embarked in the small boat in which he had come.

"It is all over with me now," he thought, "and I must return to the desolate rock and there await my painful and lingering death."

But he had hardly pushed off from the ship, when the freebooter seemed to change his mind. He ordered his men back and with renewed hopes the Brother climbed to the deck.

"Can you do any kind of work?" enquired the captain.

The Brother replied that he had often done carpenter work.

"Very well," said the Mohammedan, "if you will agree to pay me ten sous daily for three years and to defray your own expenses, I will take you along to Salee."

"Most gladly did I agree to this proposition," Brother Fardé tells us, "for I placed all my confidence in God, who had always helped me in the most desperate plight, even then when all hope seemed vain. And now again I confidently trusted that Divine Providence would enable me to fulfill this new obliga-

\*The Arabian word "Abu-Kelb," means "father of the dog." The florins of the Netherlands were thus designated by the Arabians on account of the picture of a lion stamped thereon. This picture must have been very poor, for the sons of the desert mistook it for that of a huge dog. The Austrian Maria-Teresa dollar is to this day called "Abu-Tera," that is, "father of Teresa," throughout the East, because it bears the image of that empress.

tion."

After this matter had been satisfactorily arranged, Peter was permitted to remain on board the corsair. He received a sailor's outfit, and at once strove to make himself

useful. After five days, however, he took sick. His wrecked system was no longer accustomed to ordinary food and to the continual rocking of the ship, and he was forced to take to his bed.

*(To be continued)*

## FR. ROCH'S SUGGESTION

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

"GOOD morning, Fr. Roch; I hope I'm not taking your precious time," apologized Mrs. Winthrop, rising to greet the priest as he entered the plainly furnished parlor of the Franciscan convent.

"No apology necessary, Mrs. Winthrop," he answered assuringly, taking a seat at the desk and motioning her to resume her chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, you know, Father, my husband was present at your smoker last evening and—"

"And wants to join the Third Order, I suppose," interrupted the priest with a little laugh. "I'm surprised he has not joined long ago, since you are such a fervent Tertiary."

"That's just what Mr. Winthrop was saying at breakfast table this morning. He was all enthusiastic about the Third Order, about its Rule and social and charitable activity and he asked me why I hadn't told him of this before, as he had always been under the impression that the Third Order was nothing more than a pious confraternity for old women that have nothing to do but to pray."

"Yes, I noticed yesterday evening that he took great interest in the subject," rejoined the priest.

"But then he said that I must not be a very good Tertiary, otherwise I should be more active in diffusing the blessings of the Third Order and more zealous in carrying out its charitable program. Of course, I knew he was merely bantering; nevertheless, I felt guilty deep down in my heart, and I've come here to ask whether you could not suggest something I could do to redeem myself."

"Well, let's see if we can't find something easy and at the same time specifically Tertiary that you could do," replied Fr. Roch, taking up a Third Order Catechism from the desk and opening it at the Rule.

"Members of the Third Order," he began to read musingly half aloud, making comments every now and then, "'will refrain from excessive cost—from all revelry'—Umph!—'be frugal in eating and drinking'—Of course, of course!—'approach the sacraments—dispose betimes of their property'—Well, Mr. Winthrop will attend to that, for the present, at least,—'in their home life—exercise kindness'—"



To be sure!—‘settle quarrels’—Settle quarrels, umph!—‘never take an oath’—I’ve got it, I’ve got it, Mrs. Winthrop, just what you want!” he exclaimed, stopping short and placing the catechism on the desk.

“What? Never take an oath?” she questioned, laughing.

“Nonsense! I’m not talking about taking oaths but about settling quarrels!” he explained, seemingly surprised that his visitor had not at once divined his thoughts.

“Why, Father, you make me inquisitive.”

“Well, you know that your next door neighbors, the Stuarts and Warners, have been estranged now for almost a year, to the great scandal of the parish and to their own great harm.”

“Indeed, I know of this unhappy quarrel, Father, and many are the rosaries and Holy Communions I’ve offered up that they might patch up their differences.”

“It was all very good to pray, Mrs. Winthrop; but didn’t you take any further steps to bring about peace?”

“Oh no, Father; and I’d be afraid to make a direct attempt at settling the quarrel. You have no idea how embittered they are against each other, and, perhaps, I’d receive little thanks for my well meant efforts.”

“Indeed, Mrs. Winthrop, I’m rather pleased to learn that you look at the matter in this light; for to act the peacemaker is not given to everybody, because not everybody has the necessary tact and pru-

dence. Now, I do not wish to flatter you when I say that you have prudence and tact enough to attempt this reconciliation, and as you live between the two families you will have occasion to do this sooner than anyone else. I’ve heard that the quarrel was started by a maidservant of the Stuarts—

“Yes, that was the cause of the trouble,” assented Mrs. Winthrop. “The maid left shortly after, and Mrs. Stuart knows now that her story was utterly false. But she is too proud to acknowledge it, and Mrs. Warner is too much hurt to think of forgiving. You are aware, perhaps, that she hasn’t been to the sacraments since the quarrel broke out, and she says she can’t go because she can’t forgive.”

“I’ve heard that,” replied the priest, “and it is this that troubles me most, because the longer hatred is nursed in the heart, the harder it is to root out. Now, Mrs. Winthrop, if you succeed in bringing about the renewal of the old friendship, which I am informed was most cordial, you will be doing something very meritorious for yourself; you will confer a great blessing on the two families and the entire parish, and you will give your husband a splendid example of Tertiary activity,” he concluded with a smile, “for you are well aware that the Rule says that members should ‘take care to settle quarrels whenever they can do so.’ ”

Mrs. Winthrop was not so easily convinced of her ability to act as peacemaker, and began to make all sorts of objections. But Fr. Roch

with his customary adroitness and ready wit overcame all her difficulties.

"Well, Fr. Roch," she said at last, "since you wish it, I will do what I can, although I can't imagine how I shall ever succeed."

"Never fear, madam. Only don't forget to recommend the whole affair to St. Francis before going home. For the rest, I assure you of my prayers for your success. Of course, you must bide your time; but when opportunity knocks at your door, you must not let it slip by, as it may be long before it comes again; and something—I suppose it is my Guardian Angel—tells me that you will succeed."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Winthrop was just passing the Stuart residence on her way home from Fr. Roch's, when she met Dr. Woodbury coming from the house.

"Why, Doctor, I was not aware that anybody is sick at Stuart's," she exclaimed in great surprise.

"Yes, their oldest child is suffering from a very acute attack of appendicitis," answered the doctor gravely, "and owing to his weakened condition, an operation is out of question at present."

"But there is no immediate danger, is there Doctor?" enquired the good woman anxiously, for the little curly headed Edwin was a great favorite of hers.

"Yes, there is, Mrs. Winthrop," replied the physician with evident regret; "and unless I can secure the services of a trained nurse, I'm afraid the child is lost. The worst

is that I don't know just now where to find a nurse to whom I could entrust the case, as all of my acquaintances are busy elsewhere and I don't like to entrust it to a stranger."

"That is really too bad!" ejaculated Mrs. Winthrop, as the doctor paused to reflect.

"Of course, there is Mrs. Warner," he continued "whom I consider one of the best nurses in the city. But there's no use asking her so long as she and Mrs. Stuart are at odds."

"Doctor," burst forth Mrs. Winthrop in a subdued tone, "I've got an idea. Mrs. Warner was always extremely fond of Edwin, especially after her child died, and, perhaps, I could induce her to nurse him now in his critical condition."

"Mrs. Winthrop, you could not do a more charitable act," agreed the physician heartily. "Yes, by all means, see what you can do, and let me know as soon as possible how you have succeeded."

Saying this, the physician departed for his office, while Mrs. Winthrop entered her home to lay her plans of reconciliation. Opportunity had knocked sooner than she had expected, and she was determined to follow Fr. Roch's suggestion.

\* \* \*

"Good morning, Agnes," said Mrs. Winthrop cheerily, an hour later, as she entered the scrupulously clean kitchen of her friend and next door neighbor, Mrs. Warner. "I've just run over to ask you whether you still have that ice bag you lent me last fall when Co-

lette was sick."

"Why, there is no one sick at home, is there, Margaret?" queried Mrs. Warner nervously.

"No, thank God! the children are all well, but little Edwin Stuart is very low with an attack of appendicitis, and I wanted to get the bag for him. I just came from there," she went on, pretending not to notice Mrs. Warner's change of color at the mention of the boy's name. "The poor little fellow has the most acute pains, and I am certain the ice bag will give him some relief."

"To be sure, Margaret, you may have the bag," replied her friend, rather coldly. Mrs. Winthrop thought; and she fetched the bag from a medicine cabinet in the bath room.

"This is very kind of you, Agnes. I would not have asked you for it, if Dr. Woodbury hadn't informed me that Edwin's case is very serious."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Mrs. Warner with more warmth than she was aware of, as she recalled how often she had caressed little Edwin in the days not long past.

Mrs. Winthrop did not fail to note the slight change of tone in her friend's voice, and she felt encouraged to continue her efforts.

"Yes, the doctor says," she went on, "that unless an expert nurse is secured soon, one who thoroughly understands the case, the little fellow will probably die, since his poor mother, with her batch of small children, can't possibly give him the

necessary attention."

"Well, why don't they take him to the hospital?" asked Mrs. Warner.

"I did suggest that to Dr. Woodbury, but he says it is impossible, as the least jolt might prove fatal to the child in his present critical condition. To make things worse, Dr. Woodbury is quite at a loss for a reliable nurse. You know, he is very particular in his choice of nurses, especially for children's cases."

"Oh, I know Dr. Woodbury well, as I worked under him myself before I married. The Doctor usually turned his children's cases over to me, as he seemed to place special confidence in my ability," explained Mrs. Warner with a little toss of her head, as her former interest in nursing began to revive.

"Oh, how good it would be of you, dear, if you were to help Dr. Woodbury now, and nurse Edwin back to health!" exclaimed Mrs. Winthrop eagerly.

Mrs. Warner's features hardened as she said coldly:

"You forget, Margaret, that the Stuarts and I are not on speaking terms," and she turned to the window to hide her rising emotion, caused by the conflict between her love for the child and her hatred for his mother.

"It was only a suggestion, dear," Mrs. Winthrop hastened to explain, stepping near to her friend and taking her trembling hand in her warm grasp, "and I beg your pardon if I have offended you, Agnes. But, as I stood at the bedside of the little



sufferer a few minutes ago, I could not help recalling how fond you used to be of him, because he reminded you so much of your own dear little Paul, now in heaven."

Mrs. Warner's face twitched and turned slightly pale, and Mrs. Winthrop fancied she saw tears starting to her eyes.

"And don't you remember, Agnes," she continued, taking advantage of her friend's emotion and looking pleadingly into her face, "how you lavished all your mother's love on Edwin and were never happier than when he was around? And now he is lying there so helpless, and suffering so much and you could—"

"Oh, Margaret, stop! Don't speak like that. You'll break my heart!" cried Mrs. Warner, bursting into a flood of tears and sinking into a chair.

"Excuse me, dear, for talking thus, as I did not want to hurt your feelings, Agnes," replied Mrs. Winthrop soothingly. "I merely thought you might even be glad to nurse Edwin in spite of—"

"For Edwin's sake, Margaret," sobbed the sorrow-stricken woman, "I would do anything; but I can't forget what his mother has so wrongly said about me!" and the remembrance of all the misery she had endured in consequence of the base calumny weighed down on her with crushing force.

Mrs. Winthrop looked imploringly toward heaven for a moment and whispered a fervent prayer to St. Francis, and when her friend's agitation had somewhat subsided,

she began to pour soothing balm into the sorely wounded heart.

"I can assure you, dear, that Mrs. Stuart knows now that the whole thing was a mean lie, and it is only her pride that is keeping her from begging your pardon. You know, she is so sensitive, and she feels thoroughly ashamed of herself for speaking and acting as she did. Now, Agnes, if you only agree to make the first step—heap coals of fire on her head by returning good for evil—the miserable quarrel will soon be a thing of the past, and you two will be the happiest women in the city and the same dear friends as of old."

As the good woman continued to speak and exhort her friend to imitate the beautiful example of our Divine Savior, "who, when he was reviled, did not revile, and when he suffered, he threatened not," the angry waves of hatred, that surged so wildly in the heart of her friend, gradually began to subside, and before long a sweet calm succeeded the storm. Raising her head from the table, on which she had been leaning, Mrs. Warner said at last with quivering voice:

"Yes, Margaret, I will forgive for the sake of our dear Lord and little Edwin."

"Oh, you dearest, best Agnes!" exclaimed Mrs. Winthrop in an ecstasy of joy, as she imprinted a warm kiss on the tear-stained face of her friend. "Oh, how happy I am!"

Mrs. Warner said nothing, but the sweet sad smile on her lips told of the peace and happiness that

now reigned within.

\* \* \*

It was early in the afternoon of that same day, that Dr. Woodbury called again at the home of the Stuart's. He found the mother filled with gloom and uncertainty, and bathed in tears at the bedside of her suffering child. Speaking to her kindly, he assured her that with proper care the child had every chance of recovering.

"I have also had the most unexpected success in securing the services of a nurse, one of the very best in the city, who has offered me her services gratis. I am expecting her at any moment," he continued, seating himself at the bedside.

Mrs. Stuart wondered who it could be and looked questioningly at the physician; but he only smiled and removing the ice bag, requested her to refill it. As soon as she had left the room, he went to the front door and admitted Mrs. Warner, who was waiting on the porch.

When Mrs. Stuart returned, she paused at the door in blank astonishment. Dr. Woodbury had disappeared, and in his stead, dressed all in white, there knelt at Edwin's bedside Agnes Warner, fondly embracing the sick child and kissing his feverish brow, while he was heard to repeat with childish glee:

"Oh, Missus Warner, I'm so glad you came!"

"Agnes, is that you?" she asked at last in a husky, scarcely audible whisper, hardly crediting her eyes.

"Yes, Marie, it is I," replied Mrs.

Warner, rising and going toward her with outstretched hands.

"Then you forgive me?"

"Yes, Marie, with all my heart!"

\* \* \*

"I wonder who that can be?" queried Mrs. Winthrop, rising from the supper table that evening, to answer the door bell.

Returning a moment later, she handed Mr. Winthrop a note saying:

"Jimmy Brown brought this for you from Fr. Roch."

"From Fr. Roch!" he said with great surprise. "What can it be? Perhaps, another invitation to a smoker," he conjectured, tearing open the envelope and reading aloud:

My dear Mr. Winthrop:

I am much pleased to learn that you are taking such interest in the Third Order, especially in its charitable and social activity. Just recently, there has come to my notice a splendid example of Tertiary activity, which, I am confident, will give you as much satisfaction as it has given me. Please call at the convent this evening between seven and eight o'clock, if convenient to you, and I shall give you the details.

Sincerely yours,

Fr. Roch, O.F.M.

"I wonder what it can be?" he questioned again, as he folded the note and placed it in the envelope. "Have you any idea, Margaret?" he asked, looking across the table at his wife.

But Mrs. Winthrop only replied evasively, as she busied herself with the teapot, "How should I know Fr. Roch's secrets?"

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### RECRUITING FOR THE PRIESTHOOD

From almost every ecclesiastical seminary and religious novitiate come persistent cries for a larger number of worthy aspirants. Indeed, at no time in the Church's history has the supply of priests and religious ever quite equaled the demand. The sad fact of the matter is that many a promising boy and gifted youth that should be spending his days in the ministry of God, is wasting them in the service of Mammon. The germ of many a sacerdotal and religious vocation is either ruthlessly plucked out or woefully neglected, and that by persons whose duty is rather to foster it with tender solicitude. In the case of parents, it is usually a want of sympathy and understanding for the interests of their children, if not a lack of temporal means, that prevents them from fostering in the hearts of their little ones the desire for the priestly state.

If such children could be found out and helped to the state for which God has destined them, the gain to the Church would be incalculable. Happily, opportunities are not rare. Such Tertiaries as are social workers, school-teachers, governesses, or maidservants have numerous occasions of becoming acquainted with Catholic children, of studying their characters and desires, and of learning something of the circumstances in which they are placed. Should it not be possible for an opened-eyed Tertiary with only a modicum of discernment and experience, to tell whether a boy has those qualities that are commonly associated with a priestly or religious vocation; such as piety, docility, diligence, firmness, cheerfulness? And if the Tertiary has satisfied himself on this point, why not take a kindly interest in the boy and strive to gain his confidence with a view to directing his thoughts and aspirations to the priesthood?

Some there are that say a child must not be influenced in the choice of a state of life. We have little patience with these would-be defenders of children's rights. Certainly, it is wrong to exert undue influence or coercion in this matter. But, to help a child make the right choice, is merely to insure its temporal and eternal happiness and to fulfill a duty of charity. There are others that are disposed to leave a child's vocation wholly to Divine Providence. Theirs is the theory, that whom God has called he has also predestined. While it is true that nobody "*taketh the honor to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was,*" yet it is well to remember that in dispensing his graces God makes use of creatures. He allows free scope to human activity and often makes his graces dependent on it. Tertiaries, therefore, who are aglow with the love of God and alive to the interests of the Church, will seize every opportunity of securing laborers for the Lord's vineyard. If they have reason to distrust their tact or ability, let them refer the matter to their Reverend Pastor or Director, whose province it is to pass definitely on the candidate's fitness for the sanctuary.



### CATHOLIC LAY APOSTLES

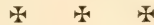
We have, at different times, emphasized the need of a Catholic lay apostolate, and have hazarded the opinion that for this mission none are better fitted than the Franciscan Tertiaries. Of the need of Catholic lay



apostles, there can be no question. If our Blessed Savior when surveying the immense field of religious activity made the sorrowful statement that the laborers were all too few for the abundant harvest; if this prophetic saying was never so true as at the present time; if many of the laborers succumb prematurely under the burden of the day; if thus their ranks are daily thinning, while their work is increasing; if, to be brief, in the city as well as in the country, there is a deplorable dearth of priests: then there can be no doubt that the time has come for the laymen to assist the priests in the manifold and exacting duties of their calling.

As, in early Christian times, the Apostles, to gain time for the preaching of the Gospel, delegated pious lay persons to perform certain works of charity; as, in time of danger, the ministers of God entrusted even the sacred Body of our Lord to their safe-keeping; and as, for want of clerics, the Church has long since permitted them to exercise some of the minor orders; so there are, at the present time, many branches of pastoral activity that could be very properly committed to laymen, if they were only willing to do their part. What more honorable or consoling occupation, especially for such as in their youth were prevented from carrying out their heart's desire of consecrating themselves to God, than to assist the priests in saving souls?

It is evident, however, that not everybody is called to the lay apostolate, because not everybody has the necessary qualifications. To be efficient, lay apostles, must be of firm faith, of tried obedience to the Church, and of irreproachable morals. In particular, they should be assiduous in prayer and regular in the reception of the sacraments. They should be men and women of temperate habits, of serious mind, and of kind and peaceable disposition. They should habitually avoid all excess in eating and drinking, all vain display in dress and adornment, all dangerous amusements and bad literature, all profane and scurrilous language. They should be detached, disinterested, self-sacrificing, burning with love of God and of men. No one will deny that persons of this description would make ideal lay apostles. Now, it is just such men and women that the Third Order forms. We do not say that all Tertiaries are actually or potentially ideal lay apostles. But we do maintain that if they are to be found anywhere, they will be found in the Third Order Secular of St. Francis.



## LAY EFFORT

Under this head, the editor of *Extension Magazine* writes: "Somebody has been advocating in the *Catholic Citizen* a Lay Religious Order. There's a world of wisdom in the idea, and plenty of room for effort. Many mission churches are closed for want of priests two or three Sundays in the month. It would be a blessing if Catholic laymen of the cities would adopt some of the poor churches for Sunday school work. 'Lay apostles' are now supposed to do their work in crowded city auditoriums. Better work would be done in the country districts, and this is what the advocate of a Lay Religious Order suggests. The suggestion is worth a lot of thought."

We have given the suggestion some little thought, and, while we readily admit the need of lay cooperation, especially in the rural districts, we fail to see the wisdom of founding a new Lay Religious Order for this purpose. Whatever idea the writer in the *Catholic Citizen* may have of

such an order, we hardly think he or anyone else could improve very much on the Third Order Secular of St. Francis. This order should be able to meet all requirements. It is of its nature a "Lay Religious Order;" it has a Rule approved by the Church; its purpose, besides personal sanctification, is the lay apostolate; it has over 3,000,000 members; it is thoroughly organized; it has the experience of seven centuries; it enjoys the confidence of the highest ecclesiastical authorities. As for Sunday-school work, the latest papal pronouncement on the Third Order, *Tertium Franciscanum Ordinem*, lays particular stress on this species of lay effort. "They (the Tertiaries) are.....to give their assistance in instructing the young and ignorant in Christian doctrine." As to lay effort in general, the decree says, "It is a law for them.....to strive to perform all the works of mercy." Why not, therefore, enlist the services of the Third Order in the work of pastoral cooperation? Anybody acquainted with the nature, the rule, and the purpose of the Third Order, will know that it is admirably adapted to the exigencies of the time. Why, therefore, discard the old and tried for the new and untried? Is it wise?



### RETROGRADE CHINA

The Spanish missionary review *Apostolado Franciscano* calls attention to a serious difficulty that Chinese Christians find themselves confronted with in consequence of the reestablishment of Confucianism, with its ancestor-worship, as the state religion of China. The spirits of the departed public benefactors are again to be venerated as of old by sacred rites. These rites are regarded by both Catholics and Protestants as acts of religious worship and not as mere outward signs of respect such as are elsewhere shown to the illustrious dead. For this reason, the Christian natives are of the opinion that they are not permitted to comply with the decrees of the government relative to the religious practices to be observed in honoring the dead. Particularly obnoxious are the prostrations before the tablets of Confucius prescribed by the Minister of Public Instruction for all the schools, colleges, and universities of the state.

What serious consequences this will entail for the Chinese Christians, is evident. For, either they must forsake their faith or they must forego the advantages of a higher education and the prospects of lucrative government positions. If they remain true to their religious convictions, China will be deprived of their services at a time when more than at any other she needs the cooperation of her best citizens in establishing a form of government and framing laws that will most effectively promote the moral, intellectual, and material development of the nation. There can be little doubt that, owing to the revival of ancestor-worship, the renaissance of the Celestial Empire (sic!) will be retarded by several centuries, unless the revolution now fomenting should put an end to the present autocratic régime.



### FRANCISCANS AND THE WAR

It is a source of joy and pride for all children of St. Francis to know what their brethren are doing in war-torn Europe to relieve the sorrow and misery of their fellow men. Of the Friars Minor alone, not counting the Capuchin and Conventual Friars, there are over thirteen hundred priests, clerics, and lay brothers engaged in one capacity or the other in



the armies of the warring nations; and although they love each other as children of the same Seraphic Father, their love and fidelity to their respective fatherland is not thereby diminished. In this respect, the Third Order is dividing honors with the First Order, and while thousands of secular Tertiaries on both sides are diffusing the sweet odor of Christian virtues and of true patriotism, hundreds of Sisters of the Third Order Regular are sacrificing comfort, health, and life itself in the most unselfish manner; nursing the sick and maimed that are being daily sent to their hospitals from the battle front. Thus, for instance, the Poor Sisters of St. Francis founded by the Ven. Mother Schervier, whose motherhouse is in Aix la Chapelle, have charge of thirty-one military hospitals. Of the fourteen Sisters engaged at the front, ten have already received the Red Cross Medal of the third class, in recognition of their undaunted courage and self-sacrificing charity, and the Emperor of Germany, together with Prince Eitel Friederich, and the Crown Prince of Saxony, did not consider it beneath their dignity to visit these humble nuns and extend personal thanks for their invaluable services to the fatherland.



### NEW FRANCISCAN PROVINCE

An event of some historical significance took place on the Pacific Coast in January last when the Franciscan establishments of that region were canonically erected into a separate province and placed under the jurisdiction of an independent provincial superior. When, half a century since, the enemies of the Church stretched out their sacrilegious hands to destroy the work of Junipero Serra, little did they think that the spirit of the holy missionary would linger there still. They fancied that by despoiling the Church of her brightest jewels, the missions, they would make her poor indeed, and that by exiling the friars they would deal a deathblow to Catholicism. But Catholicism is stronger, and the friars are more numerous now than in the days of Serra. It is this fact that has made possible the erection of the Franciscan province of Santa Barbara, and as a sign of the growth of the Church in those parts, the establishment is of more than local interest. May the new province grow and prosper and prove a bulwark of the Church on the Pacific Coast.



We should like to call the attention of our readers to an article appearing in this issue under the head, "The Tertiary and the Good Press," by the Rev. Father Faustine. It is a timely, suggestive, and eminently practical paper which, we are sure, will rouse many of our readers to more vigorous action on behalf of the Catholic press. Educated Tertiaries should take special notice of the appeal for literary contributions to *Franciscan Herald*. We wish the Tertiaries to understand that this is their magazine not ours, and that we shall be grateful for any assistance they may wish to render us in publishing it. Religious poems, popular short or serial stories, instructive essays, edifying accounts of remarkable conversions, interesting anecdotes from life, reports of Tertiary activities, or whatever else may be thought to further the purpose of this magazine, will be gratefully received, carefully perused, and, if found available, gladly paid for.



## INSTALLATION OF FIRST PROVINCIAL AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

THE chiming of the venerable bells of Old Mission Santa Barbara, on January 19, ushered in a new chapter of Franciscan history in this country. The solemn services in connection with the installation of the first superior of the new province of Santa Barbara, were held in the ancient sanctuary that bears the patron's name. A long line of Friars Minor from far and near escorted the new Fr. Provincial to the Old Mission church, where a large concourse of people had gathered to witness the unique celebration.

With the arrival of the procession at the church, the ceremony proper was opened with the formal reading of the decree establishing the new province and constituting as its first superior the Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus Storff, and as its first custos and definitors respectively the Rev. FF. Seraphin Lampe, Maximilian Neumann, Theodore Arentz, Casimir Vogt, and Turibius Deaver. Following the reading of the decree, the new provincial advanced to the front of the altar, where the oath of office was administered by the Very Rev. Fr. Samuel Macke, provincial of the parent province. Hereupon, Fr. Hugolinus held a short discourse, and then celebrated solemn High Mass, assisted by his definitors. The Gregorian parts of the Mass were sung by the Old Mission choir of friars augmented by some of the visiting

Franciscans, while the polyphone parts were very successfully rendered by the St. Antony's College choir, under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Adrian. The Rev. Fr. Peter, Rector of St. Antony's College, and, perhaps, the best known Franciscan on the Coast, preached the festive sermon. We bring the discourse in full, as it gives an historical survey of Franciscan labors in the provinces of the Holy Cross, Germany, and of the Sacred Heart, St. Louis, from which the new province of Santa Barbara has sprung. In the evening of the same day, the visiting and local Fathers were entertained by the students, who presented Mr. Charles Phillips's touching drama, "Tarcisius," interspersed with vocal and instrumental selections.

A more appropriate title than that of Santa Barbara could scarcely have been chosen for the new province on the Pacific Coast, because of the important rôle this Old Mission has played in the history-making epoch of the Friars Minor in California and the neighboring States. It may be unknown to many of our readers that the city of Santa Barbara, which was founded by the old Franciscan missionaries, December 4, 1786, enjoys the distinction of possessing the first canonically erected Franciscan convent in the United States, and that this convent still exists and remains with the heirs of the good Spanish

Padres. The Old Mission was canonically erected in 1853, and owes this honor to the Most Rev. Joseph Alemany, the first Archbishop of San Francisco, who was principally instrumental in obtaining the papal indult. When he participated in those services on January 5, 1853,

installing the new provincial took place at Santa Barbara, the Very Reverend Father will make his headquarters at the convent of St. Boniface, 133 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco.

The following is the complete text of Rev. Fr. Peter's sermon:



Fr. Casimir Vogt, Fr. Maximilian Neumann, Fr. Theodore Arentz, Fr. Turibius Deaver,  
Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke, Fr. Provincial Hugolinus Storff, Fr. Seraphin Lampe

he little thought that this convent would eventually be the nucleus of a Franciscan province, and that sixty-three years later another celebration of greater importance would take place within the same venerable walls—the canonical erection, namely, of the newly established Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara. Although the ceremony of

*"And the Lord God brought forth of the ground all kinds of trees fair to behold." (Gen. 2, 9.)*

Paradise with its luxuriant growth of flowers, and trees, and fruits, was without doubt a scene of beauty, a scene worthy of the human eye to dwell upon, a "place of pleasure," a befitting habitation for the king of the visible world to dwell in.



Alas! the envy and the cunning of Satan soon set a snare for our first parents. They yielded to the temptation; they were obliged to render an account; they were found guilty; they were expelled from Paradise, the abode of terrestrial bliss and happiness. How sad was now the lot of our first parents! How sad became the lot of the entire human race! But God decided to repair, to a certain extent, the damage brought upon the human race by the infernal serpent. The Eternal Father promised our first parents a Redeemer. The promised Redeemer came and dwelt amongst us. He atoned for the guilt of mankind upon the cross. He established His Church, the Paradise of the New Law. In this terrestrial paradise, the Church, Christ planted all kinds of trees, fair to behold. These trees are the religious orders.

As the trees in Paradise differed in beauty and fruitfulness, so the religious orders differ in comeliness and fruitfulness.

One of these beautiful trees in the garden of the Church is undoubtedly the Order of St. Francis of Assisi. Is it not "fair to behold" in its beautiful ramification and its delicious fruits? Do not three powerful branches emanate from the trunk, the three orders established by St. Francis himself? And these immense branches shoot forth smaller branches, the various provinces. One of these smaller branches, which sprouted already during the lifetime of St. Francis, is the Saxon Province of the Holy Cross.

In 1223, when Caesarius of Speyer, of blessed memory, was commissioned by St. Francis to propagate the Order in Germany, the Saxon Province was erected and placed under the protection of the Holy Cross. This was most providential; for this province was destined to endure many hardships, to encounter many attacks from the enemies of faith and morality.

Of the many instances, let me call your attention to one or the other. In the 18th and 19th century, the French revolution swept like an avalanche over different parts of Europe. The Catholic Church and her institutions had most to suffer. The Saxon Province of the Holy Cross was not exempted from the fire and sword of the persecutors. Churches were robbed and desecrated; monasteries were plundered and razed to the ground; the religious were driven from their homes; many were thrown into loathsome dungeons or put to the sword; the flourishing Saxon Province was changed into a desert; only six monasteries were left to bewail the fate of the brethren, and these were destined to die a lingering death, because they were not permitted to receive aspirants into the Order.

But Divine Providence watched over the Church and its religious institutions, and did not permit the gates of hell to prevail against them. The temples of God and the monasteries arose from their ashes; the Cross triumphed over the sword, and religion over infidelity.



In 1844, the cruel edicts against religious orders were mitigated, and, in 1850, all restrictions were abolished. In a comparatively short time, the monasteries were again filled with pious and zealous religious, and the Saxon Province of the Holy Cross could send some of her sons to the United States, where a new and extensive field

truly zealous and conscientious prelate, and who had a very extensive diocese—besides his own there was only the archdiocese of Chicago in the state of Illinois—directed his eyes to Germany. In 1858, his duties called him to Rome. He traveled over Germany in order to confer with the provincial of the Saxon Province of the Holy Cross. Very Rev.



Friars Present at Installation of First Provincial\*

was ripening for the harvest.

At this very time, the bishops of this country were anxious to secure some assistance for their respective dioceses. They naturally directed their attention to Europe; some to Italy, others to France, and again others to Germany. The bishop of Alton, Ill., the Right Rev. Damian Juncker, D. D., who was a

Father Gregory Janknecht, O. F. M., provincial at the time, acceded to the bishop's request, although the Fathers were sorely needed in Germany. On the 24th of August, of the same year, the Fathers Damian Hennewig, Capistran Zwing, and Servatius Altmicks, together with three lay Brothers of the First Order and two of the Third Order,

\*A number of Mexican refugees appear in the group.

left Warendorf, in Westphalia, for the United States. On the 28th they went aboard the ship at Bremen. The voyage was very rough and the hardships great. On the 14th of September, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, they landed in New York. On the following day, they set out for their place of destination, where they arrived on the 21st. His Lordship, the Bishop of Alton, after a short interview, requested the fathers to go to Teutopolis, a small German settlement of about 200 souls. Here new hardships and privations awaited them. Their first dwelling was a log hut, where kitchen and parlor were united in one room. By the 3rd of October, the Rev. Pastor, Father Bartels, a secular priest, left Teutopolis, and so the Fathers and the Brothers could move into the rectory, a small brick building with three rooms.

This was certainly a poor and humble beginning. It was a new, although a small, branch on the tree of the Seraphic Order; it was destined, however, to grow and to spread. Year after year, new members came from the mother province, and gradually young men from this country began to apply for admission. The first reception of lay Brothers at Teutopolis took place on the 4th of October, 1860, and the first clerics were received on the 18th of December, 1862. The first Master of Novices was Rev. Fr. Kilian Schloesser. Strange to say, Rev. Fr. Servatius Altmicks, one of the first Fathers who came to Teutopolis; Rev. Fr. Gerard Bech-

er, one of the first clerics received into the Order; and the first Master of Novices, Rev. Fr. Kilian Schloesser, are buried in the vault of the Old Mission cemetery at Santa Barbara.

But, to come back to our narrative.

In the year 1875, another storm gathered on the horizon of Germany. Bismark, the Iron Chancellor of Prussia, attacked the Catholic Church and its institutions. Bishops and priests were cast into prison, members of religious communities were exiled, their possessions in great part confiscated. The Franciscan Fathers of the Saxon Province sought refuge partly in Holland, partly in the United States, where ninety-five sons of St. Francis were received with a brotherly welcome. What was a calamity for Germany, was a blessing for the United States.

Owing to this increase of membership, it was considered opportune to separate from the mother province, and to secure autonomy for the Commissariat of the Holy Cross. The matter was referred to the General of the Franciscan Order in Rome.

On the 26th of April, the feast of our Lady of Good Counsel, the most Rev. Father General with his consultants decided that a new province should be erected in the United States, and that it should be called the Province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Great was the joy, when this news became known in the houses of the newly erected province, not



because we were separated from the mother province, but because the new province was placed under the special protection of the Most Sacred Heart, and because we were, in a special manner, the children of this same Heart of Jesus. The name of the first provincial was the Very Rev. Fr. Vincent Halbfas.

New fields of labor now opened on every side. Bishops and archbishops endeavored to secure the services of the sons of the humble St. Francis. But not all applications could be answered in the affirmative; many had to be refused.

In the year 1885, through the special endeavors of the late Father O'Keefe, who was well known in Southern California, and loved and esteemed by everyone who knew him, the Old Mission at Santa Barbara and the orphan asylum at Watsonville were affiliated to the Sacred Heart Province.

In considering this fact, must we not admire the Providence of God? The sons of St. Francis had planted the cross on the soil of California as early as 1769. At San Diego the noble and indefatigable Fr. Junipero Serra erected the first cross. There the saintly padre watched and prayed, there he hoped almost against hope, there his unbounded confidence was rewarded by timely aid. There the first Indian child was made a Christian by Baptism. There the first Christian blood was shed by the pagan Indians. It was the pious and zealous Fr. Luis Jayme who shed his blood for Christ, calling upon Jesus at the moment of death to receive his spirit.

When Fr. Junipero heard of the death of Fr. Jayme he exclaimed, "Thanks be to God! The land is watered; now will follow the conversion of the San Diego Indians." And Fr. Junipero's prediction was fulfilled. The records up to 1831 show 6461 Baptisms at the San Diego Mission alone. In all the missions almost 90,000 Baptisms are recorded.—And should California be lost to the Seraphic Order of St. Francis, where so many of his sons have labored to spread the faith? Divine Providence, it is true, permitted the missions to be secularized and the property of the Indians to be confiscated by unscrupulous and worldly-minded governors; but the time came, when at least Santa Barbara and San Luis Rey Missions should revert to the Order, and be again inhabited by Franciscans.

The first superior appointed for the Santa Barbara Mission at the Chapter which met at St. Louis, Mo., on the 15th of July, 1885, was Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Bergmeyer. He arrived here during the month of August. The Rev. Fr. Victor Aertker, in company with some lay Brothers, arrived on the 29th of September. Hereby the affiliation of Santa Barbara Mission to the Province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was completed.

From this time on, monasteries or residences were established at San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Arizona, and other places and of late years also in Oregon and Washington.

In 1915, Santa Barbara Mission and the Orphanage at Watsonville



had been affiliated for thirty years to the Sacred Heart Province. The monasteries and residences had increased to eighteen in number. Considering these and other facts, the General of the Franciscans in Rome, the Most Rev. Fr. Seraphin Cimino, and his consultors deemed it opportune to erect a new province on the Pacific Coast, comprising California, Arizona, Oregon, and Washington. The meeting for this purpose was held on the 5th of November, and the documents were legally drawn up and signed on the 7th of the same month. These documents were publicly read at the monastery of St. Antony of Padua, St. Louis, Mo., on the 4th of December 1915, the feast of St. Barbara. The people of Santa Barbara have every reason to rejoice to-day with the Fathers of the Old Mission and the sons of St. Francis in the new province, called the Province of Santa Barbara.

Before I conclude, I wish to welcome you, Very Rev. Father Pro-

vincial, to Santa Barbara, and to the new province of Santa Barbara, of which you have been chosen the first provincial.

I wish to welcome you in the name of all the Fathers, the clerics, the Brothers, and the aspirants to the Order, of both the Old Mission and St. Antony's College.

I wish to welcome you in the name of the citizens of Santa Barbara, and of the people of California. I wish to welcome you in the name of the Franciscan Fathers and Brothers living in the four States that form the province of Santa Barbara. And I ask the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose special children we have been and will always remain, to bless you and us.

May St. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr, the patroness of the new province, pray for you and for us!

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

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## THE WAYS OF GOD

*Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

(Concluded)

After the priest's departure, Gilbert learnt from his uncle of the good work the zealous missionary was doing among the natives on the islands. He had first been brought to his notice through some laborers employed on the plantation who spoke of the good priest in the highest terms.

Moved by curiosity, Mr. Paxton

had visited the missionary and found him living in a poor, little hut, deprived of many of the ordinary comforts of life. On learning that the priest's humble dwelling was the only place the little congregation had to worship in, he came forward with a generous donation, which resulted in the erection of a comfortable and picturesque little

chapel.

"I've always been prejudiced against Catholics—priests especially," declared Gilbert's uncle, "but all that vanished after meeting this Father Sylvester."

The young missionary received Gilbert very warmly when he called at the mission a few days later. With pleasurable pride he showed him over the place, speaking with deep gratitude, meanwhile, of all that Mr. Paxton had done for him and his little flock.

As Father Sylvester spoke with enthusiasm of his beloved people and of the work he was planning to do for their temporal and spiritual betterment, Gilbert could not but reflect that the Catholic Church, odious as she was, could produce examples of splendid heroism.

There was a young girl bravely renouncing love, comfort, and all that goes to make life worth while, because she considered her religion to be the greatest thing of all. And here was a man, young like himself, foregoing everything, home, society, even the common comforts of life—a cultured gentleman taking up his abode among degraded strangers. And why? Because he, too, loved his religion, loved it so madly that he must go forth even to the ends of the earth to tell others about it. And in Gilbert's heart rose a feeling of admiration, of reverence for the priest, much the same as he entertained for sweet Teresa Lavelle. He felt, somehow, that they were kindred spirits.

Gilbert's visits to the young mis-

sionary and his village became very frequent, and a warm friendship grew up between the two young men, so that Mr. Paxton began to style them "David and Jonathan."

At Gilbert's request, the priest gave him a number of books explaining Catholic belief, and by degrees, the young man's antagonism toward the ancient Faith began to diminish, slowly perhaps, but none the less surely. His friendship, too, with Father Sylvester had done much to bring about his present state of mind. So logical did the Church's claims appear as he studied and read, that he confided to Father Sylvester that he believed he was on the road to Rome. His friend rejoiced at this avowal and prayed earnestly for the young man's conversion.

One day, Gilbert went to the mission with a book for Father Sylvester from his uncle's library. As soon as the priest entered the room, Gilbert saw that he was in great distress of some kind. In answer to the young man's anxious enquiry, Father Sylvester, deeply moved, explained that a letter had come that morning from his sister in America, telling of the death of a younger sister who had been ill for several years.

Something in the story sounded oddly familiar to Gilbert Lansing, and in tense notes he asked the names of the priest's sisters.

"Teresa and Rose Lavelle," answered Father Sylvester.

Gilbert's face went suddenly white. "Teresa and Rose," he exclaimed as he grasped the priest's

hands. "And you are 'dear brother Jack' of whom they so often spoke?"

Then with much emotion, he told Father Sylvester of the friendship that existed between them and how he had learned to love the sweet, unselfish Teresa, but how she had rejected his offer of marriage. He felt bitter then, but since making a study of the Catholic Faith, he understood her attitude and loved her all the more for it.

For hours, the priest and the young man sat and talked. When Gilbert rose to go, he announced his intention of writing that night to Teresa, for Fr. Sylvester had assured him that his sister must not have received Gilbert's letters. He felt certain that she would not have treated them indifferently.

It was dark when Gilbert started for the plantation. He was absorbed in deep thought as he took his way over the narrow path that skirted an overhanging bluff. To think that Father Sylvester whom he had grown to admire so deeply, was none other than "dear old brother Jack" as little Rose had said. "We are so proud of him, Tess and I." He could well recall her words. Ah! they had reason, indeed, to feel proud of such a brother. Yes, and those two souls were sisters worthy of him.

Sweet, brave Teresa, how lonely she must feel now! But what solace she would find in her religion. It was a wonderful, a tremendous power he was beginning to find out.

Suddenly, his foot slipped, a sickening sensation of falling, and in

another instant Gilbert lay unconscious on the rocks, at the bottom of the ravine.

Early next morning, some natives discovered the victim of the unfortunate accident, and Mr. Paxton was greatly alarmed when the limp form of his nephew was carried in. He had felt no uneasiness at his absence, thinking that he had stayed overnight with Father Sylvester. A physician was called at once, but, it was some time before consciousness was restored.

Although Gilbert's strength gradually returned, and he was able to go about as before, it became evident that the concussion of the brain had so affected his memory that every vestige of the past was completely obliterated—his mind was entirely blank.

During these days, the young man's greatest pleasure was derived from the visits he paid Father Sylvester, who, deeply touched at his friend's misfortune, bestowed on him all the tenderness and devotion of a brother.

In his letter to Teresa, Father Sylvester wisely refrained from mentioning Gilbert Lansing and his distressful misfortune, being loath to add to her already heavy cross. But, one day he received a letter stating that she and the aunt with whom she had been staying since Rose's death, were coming to visit him.

Father Sylvester was delighted at the news. Then an idea presented itself. He had heard of people suffering from mental derangement who had been restored to normal



conditions at the sight of someone linked with the past. Might not his sister's presence have just this effect on Gilbert?

The meeting between brother and sister was very happy, although not unmixed with sorrow over the death of little Rose.

Teresa was greatly surprised to learn that Gilbert was on the islands, and deeply pained to hear of his distressing accident. But, in her heart she felt that God had designs in bringing him to this place.

The day following Teresa's arrival happened to be Sunday, and on Saturday evening an inspiration came to Father Sylvester. He would ask his two friends over to Mass on the following day, and inform them that there would be some especially good singing. "And you'll be the whole choir, Tess," he went on with boyish enthusiasm, "it will be a great pleasure to hear you sing after listening to none but myself and my boys for so long." Then they planned that Teresa should meet Gilbert Lansing at Father Sylvester's house after the service.

During the early Mass on next morning, Teresa had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion from the hands of her brother. Several hours later from the choir loft she saw Gilbert enter the church accompanied by his uncle.

Never had such singing been heard in the little Chapel of the Precious Blood. It seemed as if an

angel had strayed down from the celestial choirs.

Teresa's aunt played the accompaniment to her niece's singing, and as Benediction was to be given after the Mass, the girl hurriedly looked through her music. The piece she selected and placed on the rack was Gilbert's favorite.

Then with a fervent prayer to her Eucharistic Lord, Teresa began in her rich, tender contralto, "O Sacrum Cor Jesu."

Gilbert raised his head and listened intently as the throbbing notes rose and fell. Something far back in the dim recesses of his memory was slowly awakening. Turning he gazed long and earnestly at the choir loft. Then his eyes glowed, as he murmured brokenly, "Teresa! Teresa!"

On the deck of an ocean liner cutting its path across the sunlit waters, stands Gilbert Lansing with his sweet young wife at his side.

It was Father Sylvester who had united those two hearts in the holy bonds of matrimony, after first having the joy of receiving his beloved friend into the true Fold.

Now, as Gilbert and Teresa stand there hand in hand, the smiling blue sky and the dancing waves seem to reflect the joy and happiness of their souls; and deep is their thankfulness to God who in his own good time and way brought about the fulfillment of their fondest hopes.

The End



## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XVI

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

**B**EFORE crossing the Neches River, Aguayo had sent forward Fathers Benito Sánchez and Gabriel Vérgo with a party to prepare the church habitations at Mission Concepcion beyond the Angelina River, called the Santa Barbara River by his expedition. As soon as the ceremony of refoounding San Francisco Mission was over, <sup>(1)</sup> Aguayo set out for Concepcion. Traveling between northeast east-northeast, the expedition crossed the Angelina on August 6, 1721. This mission, which was the only one not entirely destroyed, lay scarcely half a league beyond the river. One league still farther on, was the site of the presidio or fort de los Dolores which had been erected in 1716, and abandoned in 1719. It was here that Aguayo camped. The location of the mission is described as follows: "Espinosa tells us that he founded the Mission of Concepcion a mile or two east of the place where the highway crossed the Angelina, near the

springs, in the middle of the Hanai village. This site could not have been far from Linwood Crossing."<sup>(2)</sup>

The little church was ready by August 7, wherefore Aguayo arranged that, in order to impress the Indians profoundly, the battalion of eight companies should be formed in three lines before the church building on the next day, leaving sufficient space only for the artillery which was to fire three salutes during the High Mass celebrated by the Ven. Fr. Antonio Margíl. Fr. Isidoro Espinosa preached "an eloquent and touching sermon." The effect on the Indians of the simultaneous discharge of the artillery and of the presence of so many Spaniards may be imagined. Aguayo assured the overawed natives that this time the mission would be permanent. Presents were thereupon distributed, and the eventful day's work was closed by formally installing Fathers Espinosa and Vérgara <sup>(3)</sup> of the missionary college of Santa Cruz,

(1) The summary of Miss Buckley is adopted in the text. See *The Texas Historical Quarterly*, July 1911, 46-47.

(2) Dr. Bolton in *Texas Quarterly*, April 1908, p. 260. After a personal examination of the ground, Dr. Bolton concluded that the site of the presidio was just west of the present town of Douglas, on Thomas Creek.

Querétaro, and by formally recognizing the Aynay chief, Cheocas as "gobernador."

On August 9, Aguayo sent Fr. Benito Sánchez with an escort to rebuild the church and the house at Mission San José de los Nazonis eight<sup>(4)</sup> leagues northeast of Concepcion. On August 13, leaving the main body at Concepcion, Aguayo set out for the region of the Nazonis. The same ceremonies that had been observed at San Francisco and Concepcion were carried out here, and Fr. Benito Sánchez was given charge of the mission. He also belonged to the Santa Cruz College, and had been established at San José, in 1716. The mission has been located on one of the southern tributaries of Shawnee Creek, near the north line of Nacogdoches County.<sup>(5)</sup>

The three missions of the Querétaro Fathers having thus been re-founded, preparations were made for reestablishing the missions of the Zacatecan Fathers under the Ven. Fr. Antony Margíl; but first Aguayo returned to Mission Concepcion and, on August 15, installed Juan Cortinas with his company of twenty-five soldiers in the old presidio placed there in 1716. This presidio, Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, was one league from the mis-

sion, which in turn lay half a league from the Rio Angelina. It occupied a position on a hill, overlooking the country, with the arroyo or creek of Nuestra Señora de la Asumpcion<sup>(6)</sup> running at its base.

On the same day, August 15, Aguayo's expedition took up the march for Mission Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de Nacogdoches, which had been established by Fr. Margíl, in 1716. The new church was dedicated on August 18.<sup>(7)</sup> High Mass was sung, probably by Fr. Margíl, though the circumstance is not mentioned, during which Fr. Espinosa preached an appropriate sermon. Salutes were fired as at other places. Fr. José Rodríguez was placed in charge as resident missionary. Aguayo repeated the presentation of the silver-headed cane to the chief selected as "gobernador," and distributed gifts and clothing to one hundred and ninety Indians.

After traveling three days through forests of walnuts, pines, oaks, and glades, and bridging several streams,<sup>(8)</sup> the expedition, on August 21, camped one-fourth league beyond where Mission Dolores, or Nuestra Señora de los Ais (Ays) had stood. The mission was rebuilt there, beside a stream, and near a spring of

(3) Fr. Vérgara had come with Ramon, in 1716, and had been stationed at the same mission when it was first founded. He had with the other Fathers awaited the expedition at Mission San Antonio.

(4) Fr. Espinosa says seven leagues northeast.

(5) On personal investigation, Dr. Bolton concluded that the site of the mission was on Bill's Creek.

(6) "evidently the first eastern branch of the Angelina," Miss Buckley writes.

(7) Fr. Espinosa has August 15, which is scarcely possible, unless some Father with an escort had preceded the expedition. This mission Dr. Bolton locates at the modern town of Nacogdoches, in the Diocese of Galveston.

(8) The two main streams were the Amoladero (Todos Santos) and the Attoyac.



water, where the high open grounds and the surrounding plains offered inducements for agriculture. The distance and the direction from Nacogdoches, the topographical evidence indicated in the diaries of this and other expeditions, tradition and the present ruins, all unite in locating this mission at modern San Augustine, San Augustine County, Texas. The stream, at whose side it stood, Miss Buckley claims, corresponds to Ayish Bayou, while springs are abundant about the city. <sup>(9)</sup> The same ceremonies were observed here on August 21, as at other missions, Fr. Espinosa reports. Fr. José de Albadejo was placed in charge.

On August 24, Aguayo's expedition proceeded on its way to Mission San Miguel de los Adaes (Adays). The route lay east-northeast, through brushy land of walnuts, pines, and oaks, over glens and plains, and across many streams, the most important of which were the modern Palo Guacho, the Patroon, and the Sabine. On August 29, the site of the mission was reached, but Aguayo pitched the camp half a league beyond, by a spring, on the side of a hill. There, on October 12, the new church and the presidio of Nuestra Señora del Pilar de Saragossa was dedicated. One hundred soldiers, thirty of

whom were to be always on guard, were stationed at this fort or presidio, and the six pieces of cannon brought from Mexico were left there.

Opposite the presidio, and one-fourth league distant with a creek intervening, and also on a hill, was rebuilt Mission San Miguel de los Adaes, and Fr. Margil himself took charge of this outpost, the farthest east. As near as can be ascertained from the distance and the direction given concerning the other missions, and from other evidence, this mission for the Adaes Indians was situated near the present town of Robeline, Diocese of Alexandria, Louisiana. <sup>(10)</sup>

Having accomplished his purpose, the Marquis de Aguayo began the return march in November. On the 29th, the expedition reached the presidio of Dolores, near Mission Concepcion. The season and the hardships suffered by men and beasts, owing to rainstorms, cold, and lack of pasture, were so extreme, that out of five thousand horses only fifty, and out of eight hundred mules one hundred survived and reached San Antonio by January 23, 1722. Even the officers had been obliged to march on foot, the Marquis himself not excepted, as Fr. Espinosa remarks.

(9) *Texas Quarterly*, July 1911, p. 49.

(10) *Texas Quarterly*, 52.



## OUR DUTY TO THE INDIANS

*By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.*

**A**FTER the installation at Teutopolis, in April, 1879, of the Very Rev. Fr. Vincent Halbas, as first provincial of the Province of the Sacred Heart, a reception was tendered him in the Franciscan monastery of St. Louis, where he was to take up his headquarters. On this occasion, a very interesting and touching scene was enacted, which has had, perhaps, no little influence on the Indian missionary activity since developed by the Fathers of this province.

As the community gathered to greet their spiritual Father and to give expression to their loyalty and affection, one of the senior Fathers, the Rev. Fr. Servatius Altmicks, stepped forth and addressed him as follows:

"Very Reverend and dear Father Provincial. We extend to you our most heartfelt welcome as the first provincial superior of the newly formed Province of the Sacred Heart. Our much beloved Mother-Province of the Holy Cross beyond the sea, has grown to a mighty tree that stretches its spreading branches even across the great Atlantic. Its seeds have fallen on the fertile soil of America, and a new province has sprouted forth. Oh, may this young sapling soon become great and strong and likewise bring forth abundant fruit! To ensure the fulfillment of this my ardent wish and to draw down God's special blessing on our beloved province, I beseech you, Very Reverend Father, to take under your special protection and

patronage the poor Indian missions of this vast country. Send priests and missionaries to them, that they may be led from the darkness of paganism and from the shadow of eternal death to the light of truth and to everlasting life in heaven. Yes, dear Father, send them missionaries, and if you do not know whom to send, behold, I say with the Prophet Isaias, 'Lo, here am I; send me!' (Is. vi, 8) although I, too, must confess with the Prophet Jeremias, 'Ah, ah, ah, Lord God: behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!' (Jer. i, 6)'"

This humble and touching appeal of the venerable Father in behalf of the poor heathen Indians drew tears from the eyes of his brethren and was not made in vain. In the following year he together with Fr. Zephyrin was sent to take charge of the Menominee and the Stockbridge Indians at Keshena, Wisconsin, which soon became one of the most flourishing missions of our province.

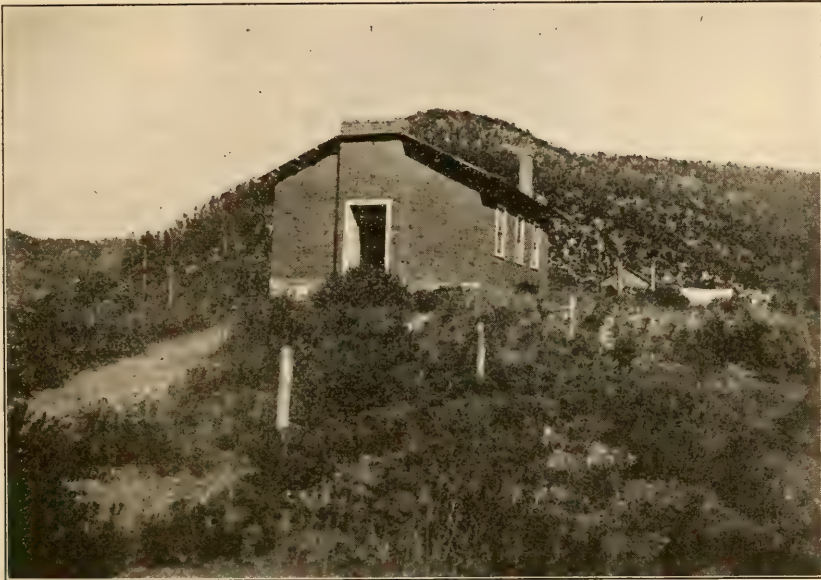
Good Fr. Servatius labored long and zealously among the Indians, and although he was no longer young in years, his heart was still buoyant and strong, and many a soul was saved from eternal perdition by his patient and loving zeal. When he passed to his reward in 1896, he bequeathed his ardent missionary spirit to his brethren in religion, who are even now devoting themselves without stint to the conversion of the aborigines.

And, indeed, the Indians have

the first and most sacred claim on our missionary charity. Christ came into this world to save all men, nevertheless he limited his own missionary labors to "the children of the house of Israel" and to such strangers as lived within the boundary or immediate neighborhood of Palestine. The Apostles, too, after the example of their Divine Master, preached first to the

of the heathen, and duped by their sly and evil-minded medicine men.

Christian charity, therefore, obliges us to do all in our power to wrest these unfortunate creatures from the slavery of Satan and to obtain for them the ineffable blessings of the sonship of God. They are our neighbors, our brethren, created by the same God, redeemed by the same precious Blood, and



Mescalero Indian Mission, New Mexico

inhabitants of Judea and Samaria before executing the command to go "into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Ours is still a missionary country, and we do not have to cross the seas to search out the heathen in the jungles of Africa, for they are at our very doors. True, they are not savage cannibals, but they are pagans none the less, imbued with all the vile and degrading superstitions

called to the same sanctification as we ourselves. There are, to be sure, many others in this country besides the Indians who are not of the true Fold of Christ, but they are not handicapped in their search after the truth as are our red-skinned brothers and sisters. The Indians, on the whole, are ignorant and childlike, poor and despised, and unable to shift successfully for themselves, especially when deal-



ing with men of a grasping and dishonest character.

But as citizens of the United States, we are not only bound by charity to labor for the conversion of the Indians, we have an obligation toward them that assumes somewhat the nature of a debt. It is a known fact that from the first years after the discovery of America up to the present the Indians have been defrauded of their property and hoodwinked in regard to their rights by unscrupulous whites. The Indians were here when our forefathers landed and took possession of the land. "Columbia, the gem of the ocean," belonged to them, the brave and the free. How much of this glorious republic is now in their hands? Only a few reservations, and even these are being gradually turned over to the whites. And what have we, what has the Government of the United States paid for the countless acres of land of which the Indians have been dispossessed? A few shining dollars, a handful of glass beads, a red woolen blanket!

In 1851, when the vast tract of land in the states of Minnesota, Iowa, and South Dakota was ceded to the Government, the Indians received for this princely domain of 24,000,000 acres the equally princely sum of \$1,665,000, that is not quite *seven cents an acre!* After the deal, the Indian chief said to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and to the members of the committee, "Fathers, you consider it a large sum that you are giving us for all this land, but I do not think

so. For now you have our lands and you will before long also get our money. The money, indeed, comes to us now, but it will go back to the pale faces who trade with us. They have the money and keep the pocketbook also."

Chief No Shirt, of the Umatilla Agency in Oregon, was asked one day whence he got his queer sobriquet. He replied that he had given himself the name, "because," as he said, "my people have been stripped of everything."

Since we, the citizens of the United States, through the sins of our Government, are now in possession of the land that once belonged to the Indians, and since it is no longer possible to make restitution in glittering gold and silver, let us compensate them as well as we can with spiritual goods, with the riches of the true faith, that, after having been deprived of their lands here below, the poor natives may not likewise be excluded from the Land of the Blessed above.

In this glorious and meritorious work of compensation, the children of St. Francis should endeavor to take a prominent part. Not, indeed, because they assisted in dispossessing the poor Indian of his lands and rights, but because, from the very beginning, it was the children of St. Francis that took special interest in him and endeavored to have justice rendered unto him. A son of St. Francis, Christopher Columbus, set out on his perilous voyage of discovery actuated chiefly by his desire to bring the light of faith to the heathen sitting in dark-

ness. That his noble aim was, to a great extent, frustrated by unworthy followers, does not lessen his merit and glory.

The first missionaries to follow in the wake of the Great Discoverer were Franciscan friars. His intimate friend and patron at the Spanish court, Fr. Juan Perez, accompanied him on his second voyage and built the first chapel in the New World at Port Conception, on the Island of Hayti, and there, on December 8, 1493, he offered up the first holy Mass on the virginal soil of America. Fr. Perez was succeeded by numerous other Franciscans all anxious to lead the Indians to Christ, and ready, if need be, to sacrifice their life in the attempt.

Fr. Pedro de Corpa was the first to enrich with his blood the missionary fields of Florida; Fr. Margil and Espinosa labored indefatigably among the Indians of Texas; Fr. Joseph le Caron braved the ice and the snow of Canada and the country of the Great Lakes to bring the saving truths of religion to the benighted inhabitants of those regions; Fr. Junipero Serra, the Apostle of California, worked miracles of grace among the Indians in the missions he established along the western coast. These noble friars are now no more, but their work, for which many of them shed their blood, is still zealously carried on by their brethren in religion. Thus do we find Franciscans laboring among the Indians in Michigan, Wisconsin, Arizona, and New Mexico.

"He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall re-

ceive the reward of a prophet," said Jesus to his Apostles before sending them out on their first missionary journey. These words signify that those who by their prayers and alms assist the Apostles and their successors in their missionary labors, will partake of their reward. And great, indeed, is their reward.

For, first, they will partake of all the good works, prayers, and Masses that the missionaries daily offer up for their benefactors. Then, God will consider all the good achieved by the missionaries as done likewise by those, who, though perhaps far distant, have made it possible for the missionaries to do. Moreover, they will receive graces innumerable through the grateful prayers of the converted heathen. Besides this, we have the word of Holy Writ for it, "that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins."

Are not these reasons strong enough to induce Tertiaries to take special interest in the missions, to assist them by their prayers and, if their circumstances permit, by their alms? The fact that you offer up fervent prayers for the success of the missions or give a small alms for their support will surely not be heralded through the papers of the country as would the gift of a costly marble altar to some noble cathedral, yet it will not go unnoticed nor unrewarded by Him who has said, "What ye have done to the least of these my brethren, ye have done to me."





## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—On January 11, as was reported in the last issue, an event of great interest to all the children of the Seraphic Patriarch occurred in the Eternal City. It was a meeting, in the presence of His Holiness, of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, at which the decree establishing the heroic virtue of the Ven. John Baptist of Burgundy, a professed priest of the Order of Friars Minor, was drawn up. Among those present in the consistorial hall of the Vatican was Mgr. Gauthey, Archbishop of Besancon, which diocese includes the birthplace of the holy youth. The Franciscan Order was represented by its Cardinal Protector, Mgr. Giustini, by Cardinal Falconio, and by the Most Rev. Fr. General together with his councilors. After the decree had been read, Father General delivered an address to His Holiness, in which he expressed the joy of the Order at the success of the process and voiced the hope that the beatification of the Ven. John Baptist would soon follow. The Holy Father, in reply, recalled that the first priest he ordained in the archdiocese of Bologna was a Franciscan, and stated that it gave him real pleasure that another Friar Minor should be the first to receive from him the title of Venerable. He agreed, moreover, with Fr. General in the statement that the occasion was one of joy for the Order, for France, and especially for Rome, where the holy young man entered the Order, October 10, 1717, and

was ordained to the priesthood in the church of St. John Lateran by Pope Benedict XIII himself, May 27, 1725. His Holiness likewise drew the lesson from the life of the venerable friar, that it is wrong to think sanctity consists in anything else than in perfect conformity with the Divine Will exhibited in the unceasing and faithful performance of the duties of one's state in life. The Order is sanguine of the early promotion to the honor of the altars of this "Franciscan Aloysius," who died in his baptismal innocence during the first year of his priesthood, at Naples, March 22, 1726.—

Our Order is proud of the distinction recently conferred on it by the Holy Father, when he chose two of its sons as the special patrons of military chaplains and aviators, respectively. Bl. Mark of Aviano has been selected as the patron of the former, owing to the signal services he rendered the Christian forces in the famous naval engagement with the Turks at Lepanto, in 1571, which administered a telling blow to the Mohammedan power in Europe. The learned English friar, Roger Bacon, "the friar scientist," was at first suggested as the patron of aviators, as he is thought to have laid down the principles on which the modern achievements in aeronautics are based. But as he does not enjoy the privilege of the altars, another son of St. Francis was chosen. It is the Spanish friar, St. Peter Regalado. We read in the life of this great saint, that on one occasion he was marvelously trans-



ferred from the convent of Tribulos, Abrojo, to that of d'Aguilera, a distance of fifteen leagues. He arrived there at seven o'clock in the morning in time to perform a certain function of the Order, and one hour later he appeared in the convent of Tribulos again to perform the same rite there. Surely, the aviator in his perilous work needs the protection of a saint, and he can now count on the special aid of St. Peter Regalado when answering the call of duty.

**Bologna, Italy.**—Tertiaries will be pleased to know that the present Archbishop of Bologna, Mgr. Giorgio Gusmini, like his immediate predecessor, Pope Benedict XV, is an ardent Tertiary. At the last consistory, the Holy Father raised him to the dignity of cardinal.

**Rheims, France.**—In the person of M. Léon Harmel, France has lost one of her best citizens, the Third Order one of its loyal adherents, and the Church a most devout and submissive son. At the ripe age of eighty-seven, M. Harmel ended a career of usefulness in the large circle in which he moved. Unconsciously he was furthering the ideals of Catholic social reform in his immediate environment. Those who had occasion personally to view his manufactory at Val-des-Bois, near Rheims, and the marvelous organization there among the operatives, are full of admiration for the place. To all his employees, M. Harmel was "le bon Père—the good father." Although constantly in the public eye, he never made a secret of his Catholic convictions, nor was he open to the temptations of modern commercialism; but made unto himself friends of mammon in the persons of his laborers. The sources from which he drew the inspiration for his noble work, were the ideals of seraphic charity as he found them in the Rule of the Third Order. Although devastating war is now ruin-

ing his field of labor, his works shall live after him.

**Athlone, Ireland.**—The climax of official anti-Catholic bigotry was reached in Athlone by the Local Government Board in surcharging the members of the city council for having stricken off the tax list the local Franciscan convent. The Board claims that the Franciscans are legally "outlaws" under the statutes of the infamous penal code that were not repealed by the so-called Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, and consequently are not entitled to the exemptions from taxation allowed religious and charitable institutions of the city. A state of intense indignation exists in Athlone, and the councilors have decided not to pay the surcharge imposed by the Board. The discussion at the council meeting was interesting. One member declared that many Franciscan Fathers were serving as chaplains with the troops and added that Mr. Justice Darling, in England, had refused to revive the penal statutes against the Franciscans when appealed to by fanatics. "If these Franciscans are outlaws," he asked, "why are they allowed to live in Athlone?" Another member very pertinently remarked, "If the Franciscans are outlaws, they do not exist and are not qualified to pay any rates. Does Sir Henry Robinson consent to take rates from outlaws?" "Considering the indignation" says the *Irish Daily Independent*, "which every Judge, notably Sir Andrew Porter, late Master of the Rolls, has shown whenever an attempt has been made to enforce these obnoxious provisions of the penal code, regarded for many years as obsolete, it is perfectly outlandish that the Local Government Board should behave as if we were still living in the days of Queen Anne."

**Halle-Boyewhoven, Holland.**—In the Tertiary fraternity of this city

it is the vogue to issue two cards to the members at the monthly meetings. One of the cards bears an invitation to attend the next meeting, and the other requests the presence of the member at the monthly public reception of Holy Communion. In case the member attends, the card is given to the corresponding secretary. This scheme has been found to bring very satisfactory results, as the members are thus brought into closer relations with one another, and the more negligent are spurred on to renewed action. The officers of the fraternity, moreover, maintain a fund, out of which the subscription price of the Tertiary periodical is paid for members who would otherwise be without it. In this way, even the poorest members are readers of the Dutch Tertiary publications.

**Pekin, China.**—The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary last autumn took over the direction of St.

Joseph's school at Pekin, and they have since established themselves in another school of the same city. For several years, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, for want of others to do the work, had directed this

academy frequented by the daughters of the upper classes. Since their Rule limits their activity to the poorer class of children, the Bishop of Pekin requested the Franciscan Sisters to relieve them. This is the thirtieth foundation of this great Franciscan missionary order of Sisters in China, where several of their members have already gained the martyr's crown.

**Santa Barbara, Cal.**—Our Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, Samuel



Very Rev. Fr. Samuel at Santa Barbara

Macke, who assisted at the installation of the Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus as first provincial of the new province of Santa Barbara, has remained in the "Garden City" by the sea to recuperate from a very severe attack of grippe. Before returning



to the East, he will, in company with Fr. Hugolinus, visit the Franciscan Indian missions in Arizona.

**Quincy, Ill.**—Owing to the transfer of the Rev. Fr. Francis Haase to St. Louis, the office of Director of the local Tertiary fraternity has devolved on the Rev. Fr. Francis S. Werhand. The Quincy fraternity is in a very flourishing condition at present. The English branch numbers 338 members, and the German branch 462, a total of 800. Last month a special business meeting was called, at which the former officers were all reelected and various resolutions were carried with a view to promote the social and charitable activity of the fraternity.

**Casa Grande, Ariz.**—One of our missionaries in Arizona, Rev. Fr. Tiburtius, writes under date of January 29, "I have received a telegram from Governor Hunt, who is a friend of the missions, informing me that the entire country inhabited by the Papago Indians has been declared a Government reservation by order of the President. This makes the Papago Reservation second in size in the United States." The Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, of Washington, D. C., informed us that this executive order will not change the status of the Papagos in regard to the Indian Office. It simply guarantees them, so long as the order is in effect, (which will probably be for a long time,) their land holdings. These Indians had no title to their land except the right of occupancy and possibly some treaty guarantee which might not be observed if white people should find it profitable to penetrate into their country. The Commissioner on Indian affairs has said that he will not build public schools where there are mission schools, and, except, perhaps, in a few instances, he has kept his word. Considering all this, the ruling of the President in re-

gard to the Papagos is welcomed by the missionaries.

**San Antonio, Texas.**—The movement launched by the citizens of San Antonio to rehabilitate the historic missions in and about the city, is taking definite shape. With the exception of the battle-scarred Alamo, which, too, was originally a Franciscan convent, the five missions in San Antonio have almost crumbled to dust, and to-day stand as pathetic reminders of the days when Franciscan missionaries two hundred years ago were battling against heavy odds to establish a Christian civilization in the wilderness of what was then the northern part of Mexico.

**Omaha, Neb.**—On January 30, the new Franciscan church of St. Joseph was dedicated. The Franciscans have been active in and about Omaha for the past thirty years and have at present the largest parish in the city. The new church is an imposing brick structure in the romanesque style and it is splendidly located on an eminence overlooking the city. In the near future, a marble high altar will be set up, thus completing the interior furnishings.

**Lindsay, Neb.**—The thriving village of Lindsay can now boast of a Franciscan residence. The Holy Family parish of this place, which up to this time has been attended by a Father from St. Bernard, will now have a resident pastor, and thus the hearts' desire of the good people of Lindsay is at last realized. The parish numbers 146 families, with some 200 children in the parochial school. Rev. Fr. Columban is the present pastor.

**Joliet, Ill.**—The English branch of the local Tertiary fraternity held a meeting on January 23, and elected the following officers: Prefect, Miss Dora Nolan; Assistant, Miss Mary Coyne; Treasurer, Miss Alila Brankin; Secretary, Mrs. K. J. Hol-



land. The Third Order is showing encouraging activity under its new Rev. Director, Fr. Eugene, and the fraternity looks forward to a bright and fruitful future. —

On January 20, ten young ladies were invested, and seventeen Sisters pronounced their vows at St. Joseph's Hospital, this city, at the close of the annual retreat, which was conducted by the Rev. Director of the Third Order in St. Louis, Fr. Josaphat. —

The Rev. Mother Frances Shanahan, General Superior of the Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, whose mother house is St. Francis Academy, Joliet, died in this city on January 25, and she was solemnly interred on January 28. The venerable Sister, who was very skilful with the needle, was a model of patience during the four years that God tested her love and fidelity by blindness. The solemn funeral services were conducted by Rev. Fr. Eugene, chaplain of the academy.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.** — The English Fraternity of St. Peter's mourns the loss of one of its best Tertiaries, John Dwyer, a member of the police force, who died January 16. He was a faithful client of St. Antony whose shrine he visited for the last time the Tuesday before his death. On Thursday, January 12, he served at the 6.30 Mass in St. Thomas Church, as had been his custom. At 4.00 P. M., he made his daily visit to the church to say the Stations, and at 6.00 P. M., he received a stroke of apoplexy, to which he succumbed. His remains were clothed in the large Tertiary habit, and thus interred. May his soul rest in peace, and may his piety and zeal be an inspiration to his brethren in the Order.

**St. Francis, S. D.** — On January 20, the Indian Mission St. Francis

was visited by a terrible fire which destroyed the greater part of the buildings. The fire was discovered about 10.30 A. M., when a lamp in the girls' dormitory, extending from the ceiling by a rope, fell down. The Brothers did their utmost to extinguish the flames, but seeing their efforts were vain, everybody tried to save the furniture, bedding, clothing, etc. Though a part of the furniture escaped the flames, it was greatly damaged. A number of school and library books that were saved from the burning buildings caught fire outside and were soon only a heap of ashes. As the buildings were frame structures and a heavy wind was blowing, the fire spread quickly and soon the beautiful church, too, was devoured by the flames. A few pews, statues, and some of the vestments were saved. An Indian squaw rang the church bells to the last moment. In less than four hours, the fruit of thirty years of labor was destroyed; only the boys' building, a concrete structure recently erected, remains. The stage in the boys' gymnasium is at present the humble abode of our Divine Master from where he extends his blessing to the afflicted inhabitants of St. Francis. The Indians consider the Mission their own property, and, on this occasion, they made use of their supposed rights, and carried off what they pleased. The insurance will cover only a part of the great loss sustained. At present, the carpenters are busily engaged in erecting temporary buildings. As soon as they are through, the Indian children will return, and schoolwork will be resumed. If means permit, concrete structures will be erected in spring. Who will assist in rebuilding St. Francis Mission, one of the greatest centers of Catholicity and civilization among the red men of South Dakota?

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

The semiannual written examinations were held on January 28 and 29; the oral, January 30 and February 1. A special half-holiday was granted on the afternoon of February 1, and Candlemas being a regular holiday, the second semester was begun February 3. During their leisure hours the students are now busy with preparations for an entertainment to be given on Washington's birthday and for the contests in elocution and oratory, which were lately announced for the end of March.

It was with sincere regret that both professors and students saw the forced departure, on January 20 and 27, of John Konzen and Stephen Rossy, the former of Fourth, and the latter of Third Academic. Ill health forced the former to discontinue his studies; while the latter was obliged to go home on account of the continued ill health of his parents. Their fellow students and teachers will not easily forget them, and also share their hope that a kind Providence may even enable them to return again to their Alma Mater. The college now numbers 112 students.

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE

The students entered upon their annual retreat on February 5, and with commendable attention followed the interesting discourses of their retreatmaster, Rev. Father Remy, O.F.M., a popular missionary of wide experience. The retreat closed on Wednesday morning, February 9.

The Literary and Debating Society continues to have its regular meetings, in which interesting speeches blend agreeably with the classical music furnished by the

Alpha Kappa Phi orchestra.

On January 30, the College quint won a rather one-sided basket-ball contest from Co. F. I. N. G., by the score of 59 to 6. They also came out victors from a hard-fought contest with the Maroon Reserves on February 4. Our picked bowling team defeated Stearn's on Jan. 28, by taking two games out of three.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**  
English Branch of Third Order:

John Dwyer, Bro. Francis,  
John Caraher, Bro. Joseph,  
Mary E. Caughlin, Sr. Lucy,  
Bridget Colbert, Sr. Frances,  
Anna Donlin, Sr. Teresa.

German Branch of Third Order:

Catherine Didion, Sr. Monica,  
Anna Zahnen, Sr. Lucia,  
Anna Birth, Sr. Agatha,  
Florence Cammisar, Sr. Teresa,  
Anna Zimmer, Sr. Elizabeth.

**St. Augustine's Church:**

Michael Kramer, Bro. Antony.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:**

Amelia Hack, Sr. Elizabeth,  
Margaret Sanders, Sr. Catherine,  
Anna Galis, Sr. Frances,  
Catherine Kearney, Sr. Elizabeth.

**Springfield, Ill.**

Stella Branch, Sr. Clare,  
Anna Fisher, Sr. Agatha.

**Dubuque, Ia.**

Rose Dietrich, Sr. Agnes.

**Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:**

Anna Simmons, Sr. Angeline,  
Anna Gebhardt, Sr. Barbara.

**Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:**

Michael Philbin, Bro. Francis,  
Mary Preston, Sr. Clare,  
Katheryn Sullivan, Sr. Anne,  
Alice Gleason, Sr. Mary Frances,  
Margaret Lawler, Sr. Agnes,  
Elizabeth Brophy, Sr. Anne,  
Eliza Maloney, Sr. Frances,  
Nora McGrath, Sr. Elizabeth,  
Nellie Waldhauser, Sr. Margaret.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO  
ST. JOSEPH

MARCH, 1916.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Wed.	Bl. Mathia, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
2	Thur.	Bl. Agnes, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
3	Fri.	Feast of the Mysteries of the Way of the Cross.—St. Titus, Bishop, Confessor. <i>General Absolution, Plenary Indulgence.</i>
4	Sat.	St. Casimir, Confessor.—St. Lucius, Pope, Martyr.
5	Sun.	<b>Quinquagesima Sunday.</b> —St. John Joseph of the Cross. Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
6	Mon.	St. Colette, Virgin of the 2nd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
7	Tues.	St. Thomas Aquinas, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.
8	Wed.	<b>Ash Wednesday.</b> —St. John of God, Confessor. <i>During Lent, Tertiaries may gain a Plenary Indulgence on one Friday according to each one's choice.</i>
9	Thur.	St. Catherine of Bologna, Virgin of the 2nd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
10	Fri.	The Forty Holy Martyrs of Sebaste.
11	Sat.	St. Frances of Rome, Widow.
12	Sun.	<b>First Sunday of Lent.</b> —St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Doctor of the Church.
13	Mon.	St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.—Bl. Roger, Confessor of the 1st Order.
14	Tues.	Bl. Peter of Treja, Confessor of the 1st Order.—The Translation of the body of St. Bonaventure.
15	Wed.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.
16	Thur.	Office of the day.—Bl. Peter of Siena, Confessor of the 1st Order.
17	Fri.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —St. Patrick, Bishop, Confessor.
18	Sat.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Bl. Salvator, Confessor of the 1st Order.
19	Sun.	<b>Second Sunday of Lent.</b> —Solemn Commemoration of St. Joseph.
20	Mon.	Bl. John of Parma, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
21	Tues.	St. Benedict, Abbot.
22	Wed.	St. Benvenute, Bishop, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
23	Thur.	St. Peter Damian, Bishop, Doctor of the Church.
24	Fri.	St. Gabriel, Archangel.—Bl. Didac, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
25	Sat.	Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
26	Sun.	<b>Third Sunday of Lent.</b> —Bl. Rizzerius, Confessor of the 1st Order.
27	Mon.	St. John Damascene, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.—Bl. Peregrine, Confessor of the 1st Order.
28	Tues.	Bl. Mark of Monte Gallo, Confessor of the 1st Order.
29	Wed.	Bl. Paula, Widow of the 3rd Order.
30	Thur.	Bl. Angela of Foligno, Widow of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
31	Fri.	Office of the day.—Bl. Mark, Confessor of the 1st Order.

**Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:** 1) Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Orders, or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and there pray for the intentions of the Pope.

2) Once every month, on any suitable day. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intentions of the Pope.

3) On the day of the monthly meeting. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intentions of the Pope.

4) On the first Saturday of every month. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intentions of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.







The Last Farewell Before the Passion

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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## Easter Hymn

All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!  
Oh what a victory is Thine!  
How beautiful Thy strength appears,  
Thy crimson wounds, how bright they shine!

Thou camest at the dawn of day;  
Armies of souls around Thee were,  
Blest spirits thronging to adore  
Thy flesh, so marvelous, so fair.

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,  
How sang the angelic choirs that day,  
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,  
Like the strong sunrise, broke away?

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,  
And worship Him with joyous dread!  
O Sin! thou art outdone by Love!  
O Death! thou art discomfited!

—Father Faber, Tertiary.



# BL. ANGELO OF CHIVASSO

OF THE FIRST ORDER

APRIL 12

**B**L. Angelo was born of noble parents at Chivasso, a town in Piedmont, Italy, in 1411. His pious mother strove with great care to foster in him the love of piety and virtue which he manifested from his tenderest years, and instilled into his heart a great devotion to the Passion of our Lord. The child responded so faithfully to the instructions and exhortations of his mother that he soon became remarkable for the angelic modesty of his bearing and a love of prayer extraordinary for one of his age. He was often found, in the middle of the night, in fervent prayer before a crucifix.

After he had completed his elementary education, Angelo was sent by his parents to the University of Bologna. Here he applied himself to the study of the sacred sciences with such success that he obtained the degree of Doctor of Civil and Canon Law. On his return to Chivasso, his great learning, coupled with the purity of his life, gained for him the esteem and love of all and opened to him the road to honors and dignities. The Duke of Montferrat, eager to secure the services of so learned and conscientious a man, called him, despite his youth, to the senate of his duchy. Far from being dazzled by the brilliant prospects which the world held out to him, Angelo looked on them with disquietude and

longed to give himself to God. The love of Jesus Crucified had taken possession of his heart, and his desires were directed to a life of poverty, humility, and self-denial. Through regard for his mother, who wished him to marry a rich noble lady and to continue in his political career, he did not at once carry out his resolve. While fulfilling the duties of his high office, he at the same time devoted many hours of the day and night to religious exercises and to works of mercy.

Several years passed in this way, and then his pious mother died. Angelo now declared that he could no longer resist the call of God. Neither the entreaties nor the tears of his brother could deter him from bidding farewell to the comforts, riches, and honors of the world. He resigned his office, and, after dispossessing himself of all his temporal goods, repaired to the convent of the Friars Minor at Genoa, where he humbly asked to be received into their community. He was then about thirty years of age.

Once clothed with the habit of St. Francis, Angelo gave free vent to his ardent desire to love and serve his crucified Lord by the most perfect practice of every virtue. Wonderful was his fervor in prayer and in the religious exercises. Banishing from his heart all attachment to earthly things, he sought com-

munion with God in the contemplation of the divine mysteries. The Passion of Christ was almost constantly before his mind, and in meditating on the great love and mercy shown by our Divine Savior to sinful mankind, he derived that strength and courage which enabled him to gain the complete mastery over self and to grow in the love and practice of poverty, obedience, patience, and self-denial.

After his ordination to the priesthood, the Saint was commissioned by his superiors to preach to the people. Burning with zeal for the salvation of souls redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, he strove by word and example to instruct the ignorant, to encourage the timid and lukewarm, and to strengthen the good. Neither the inclemency of the weather, nor long and difficult journeys through the mountainous districts of Piedmont, could slacken the ardor of his zeal. He multiplied his prayers, watchings, and other acts of mortification to obtain the conversion of sinners, and by his fervent appeals recalled many from the way of wickedness and crime. The poor, too, were the object of the Saint's ardent charity. Not content with inducing the rich to give alms, he often begged from door to door in behalf of the needy, and visited them in their homes. To protect them against the unjust practices of usurers, he multiplied and consolidated the *Monti di Pieta*, that is, the charitable institutions founded and spread by the Friars Minor, which lent money at low rates of interest.

Blessed Angelo looked on the Third Order of St. Francis as one of the most efficacious means for the sanctification of souls. Therefore he labored unceasingly to propagate it among the people. In a discourse on the Third Order, he exclaims: "O most holy Rule, how wrong are they who despise thee! O most perfect Rule, how blind, are they who criticize thee! O Rule, source of every good, what chastisements do they deserve who murmur at thy prescriptions! What are you about lazy and negligent men? Why do you not embrace this Rule? Why delay doing so? What are you waiting for? For soon the time will come for you to repeat the words of Wisdom, 'These are they who were once the objects of our derision and insults. Fools that we were!'" The holy missionary concluded his discourse with these remarkable words, "There is no one, who, if he can not embrace the First or Second Order of St. Francis, can not at least enter the Third Order, and so deserve that peace and mercy of God should rest on him."

The learning and sanctity of Angelo caused persons of all ranks to seek his counsel and direction in spiritual life. Charles Duke of Savoy, chose him for his ordinary confessor, and Bl. Paula Gambarà, of the Third Order, under his enlightened guidance, reached a high degree of perfection. To assist directors of souls in their responsible duties, Angelo composed a summary of cases of conscience, the fruit of his studies and of his own

experience, which was considered by all a most valuable contribution to moral theology.

In 1462, the humble Saint was chosen provincial of the province of Genoa. In this position, he displayed the greatest zeal for the maintenance of the Rule in all its purity, especially in regard to holy poverty. The fame of his holy life, learning, and capacity for governing spread beyond the limits of his province, and, in 1472, he was chosen, despite his humble protestations, Vicar-General of that branch of the Order then known as the Cismontane Observance. He governed the Order with such prudence, and succeeded so well in causing the seraphic spirit to flourish among his brethren, that he was reelected three times. While he held his high office, Angelo delighted in performing the lowliest duties of the community, such as sweeping the convent and washing the dishes. This he did with such humility that, as his biographer says, one would have taken him for a servant, rather than the Vicar-General of the Order.

In 1480, Pope Sixtus IV appointed the Saint Apostolic Nuncio and commissioned him to preach the holy war against the Mohammedans who had made a landing in Italy and were devastating the country far and wide. The fervent appeals of the servant of God caused a large number of men to enroll themselves under the standard of the Cross to fight in defence of their country

and their religion, so that the enemy was forced to retire.

Pope Innocent VIII, in 1491, entrusted the Saint with the no less important mission of preaching against the Waldenses, a sect which had infested several districts of Piedmont and Savoy with their heretical doctrines. Angelo set out at once to fulfill the command of the Pope, disregarding both the infirmities of his age—he was then about eighty years old—and the difficulties and dangers that confronted him. By his eloquent explanation of the truths of the Christian religion, his kindness and prudence, he disarmed the sullen disposition of the misguided people and induced a large number to return to the bosom of the Church. Delighted with the results of the labors of the Saint, and desiring to reward him for the many services he had rendered to religion, the Pope wished to raise him to the episcopate; but he begged so earnestly to be allowed to live and die as a simple friar that the Pope desisted from his plan.

In 1493, Bl. Angelo was released from his office of Vicar-General of the Order, and retired to the convent of Coni, in Piedmont. Here he gave himself entirely to prayer and contemplation, until he was called to his heavenly reward, on April 11, 1495. His body was entombed in the church of the Friars Minor near Coni. Pope Benedict XIII approved the veneration that had been long paid him by the inhabitants of Chivasso and Coni.



# IN THE CRUCIBLE OF PROVIDENCE

## OR THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER PETER FARDE, O.F.M., 1686-1690

From the French by Fr. J., O.F.M.

### CHAPTER IX

*New Friends—An Unexpected Letter—Homeward Bound—Home At Last.*

It was in November, 1689, that Brother Fardé was picked up by the corsair. On December 20, after an uneventful voyage of thirty days, the ship put in at Salee, Morocco.

Judging from the humane treatment shown him by the pirate captain, the Brother must have gained his good will in the course of the journey, for he was allowed to rest eight days after landing, in order to recuperate after his long exposure on the island.

He made use of this leisure to send a detailed account of his adventures to his brother, M. Fardé, at Ghent, and described also the condition in which he then was, without, however, making a plea for pecuniary aid. He thought his brothers had done enough for him, as they had forwarded ransom money to him when he was held as a slave at Agades.

Arriving at this point in his report, Brother Peter once more lets all the incidents of his adventures on land and sea flash across his memory, and concludes as follows: "My dear brothers, I shall leave it to you to imagine my frame of mind amid all these perils, as I am unable to describe it myself. You can picture to yourselves the tears I shed and the supplications I made to the good God for my deliverance! But,

I never pleaded in vain. Whether I was in the dreary desert or on the tempestuous sea or on the solitary island, I always found comfort with the Father of all consolation. In every crisis, He always sent, in a wonderful manner, what I most needed to sustain my wretched existence, so that I might thank Him more and more for his favors."

He sent this letter by a French ship bound for Malo, but it never reached those for whom it was intended.

His kinsmen, however, learnt of his whereabouts from another source. The reader will remember the good-natured Van Rampel, who in his search for the missing Brother had heard from the crew of a Dutch ship of a man they had sighted marooned on a lonely rock in mid-ocean, and at once surmised the unhappy person to be none other than Brother Peter. Some months later, report had it that the man had been rescued from the rock by pirates and was working at Salee to pay off his ransom. As the description of the rescued man agreed with Brother Peter, Van Rampel lost no time in informing M. Fardé of these facts in a letter dated Amsterdam, March 2, 1690.

When he had regained sufficient

strength, Brother Peter was employed on the wharf making repairs on a ship. There he could daily earn twenty-eight "bakras", or eighteen sous of Flemish money. From this sum he could lay aside eight sous for his own sustenance. "This is more than I need," he writes, "for I can well subsist on four sous here, owing to the low cost of living."

During the first weeks of his stay at Salee, he made the acquaintance of many Europeans, who from time to time came to the wharfs where he was employed, and who were at once won over by his admirable qualities. His blameless life, his good-natured humor, his winning manners, and solid piety gained for him the esteem and affection even of those who were strangers to religion and virtue.

April 9, 1690, was an eventful day for the sorely afflicted Brother, a day that brought him great and most unexpected joy. On this day, two Dutch ships made their appearance in the harbor of Salee. When apprised of the fact, Brother Fardé made haste to meet his countrymen and learn the latest news from home. He was almost struck dumb with joy and astonishment to hear from the first mate of one of the vessels, M. Van den Berghe, that he bore a letter for him from his brother, M. Fardé of Ghent, together with a considerable sum of money.

On learning this bit of news, the Brother immediately gave heartfelt thanks to God and to his kind Providence that had furnished him

with so unlooked-for a means of ransom. He was even more astonished on reading the letter. How could his relatives, he asked himself, have learnt of his stay at Salee? Moreover, the generosity of his brothers at home overwhelmed him the more as he had not at all requested their assistance. In his customary humility, Peter wrote to them in answer to their letter: "Truly, I am at a loss how to thank Almighty God as I ought, for loading me with such favors, and for the love you, my dear brothers, have always borne me."

One of his first acquaintances at Salee, who subsequently proved of great service to him, was a wealthy merchant from Hamburg, Abraham von Altona. He took a fancy to our poor exile and frequently invited him to his house. It was by the timely intervention and the substantial aid of this gentleman, that Brother Fardé finally was able to pay the 350 florins demanded by the pirates for his ransom.

Although he now longed to quit the land of exile, he was forced to prolong his stay in Morocco for some months after regaining his liberty. Acting on the suggestion of his friend von Altona, he awaited one of the vessels plying between Hamburg and Salee. This proved to be the safest course, because the Hanseatic League alone of all European sea powers was then on friendly terms with all nations. Peter bided his time, meanwhile earning enough money to take him back to Europe.

It was some time before his cherished hope was realized. Days,



weeks, and months sped by; but no ship from Hamburg hove in sight. However much this distressed him, he was fortunate in being at least a free man. His time was his own, and he could work when he chose, while enjoying the esteem of all that came in contact with him. Besides, he found a new field for the exercise of his apostolic spirit among the slaves in the workshops.

As in previous letters, so too, in the last one to his brother, Peter asks him to give his religious superiors information about him, and at the same time to recommend him to the prayers of his brethren. He likewise begs them to send him a list of all those brethren who have passed away since his absence from home, that he might remember their souls in prayer.

On September 14, 1690, he received an answer to this letter, and in October of the same year, had the great happiness of leaving forever African soil, which had been the scene of such untold hardships. The journey homeward was anything but quiet. Weeks were lost by contrary winds and hurricanes on the Atlantic, before they could pass into the North Sea by way of the English Channel. On their way through the Channel, just between Calais and Dunkirk, they encountered a violent storm. They had to cast anchor, but fortunately, this time the Brother escaped being shipwrecked.

During this long and tedious voyage, Brother Fardé knew no idleness. As on former occasions, he engaged in religious controversies

with his fellow passengers, and had the consolation of converting several passengers and a few of the crew to the Catholic faith.

How his heart must have thrilled with joy when he once more beheld the sand dunes of his native country! But his joy was brief, for the ship sailed past Belgium and Holland and made straight for Hamburg.

Toward the end of December, the ship finally arrived at the mouth of the river Elbe, where a last stroke of misfortune awaited the much tried Brother. A contrary wind arose, making it impossible to go up stream. The ship accordingly cast anchor at Dithmarschen, about twenty miles from Hamburg, whither Peter in company with some of his fellow passengers made the journey by land. Here he wrote his last letter, and then hastened on to Bremen, where he found a ship bound for the Dutch coast. At last, after an absence of four years, the Brother arrived at Ghent, and was welcomed by his relatives and his brethren in religion as one returned from the grave.

This closes the eventful career of Brother Fardé. A broken man and aged almost beyond recognition by reason of his exposure and the well-nigh incredible hardships he had undergone, he succumbed to his infirmities in the following year on a journey to Aachen, whither he had gone in his capacity as Commissary of the Holy Land. There is a letter extant in the Latin and Flemish languages written by Brother Peter's provincial superior, in which



he announces to his brethren the death of their intrepid and saintly fellow religious, and briefly recounts his adventures.\*

The simple but touching sketch of this humble lay brother is typical of the heroic zeal of our Catholic missionaries, as it was to save souls for Christ that Brother Fardé set out on his hapless journey for the Holy Land. How sad, that the sacrifices, the hardships, and priva-

tions which the average missionary must undergo, do not reach the faithful in accounts such as we have here before us. The rarer, then, these accounts are, the more value attaches to them, especially if they come down to us in the natural and artless form of private correspondence, as is the case with the wonderful adventures and missionary labors of Brother Peter Fardé.

The End

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\*This letter of the Fr. Provincial concerning the adventures and the death of Brother Fardé, was taken up bodily by the celebrated Bollandists in the sixth volume of their great work for the month of June, which was printed at Antwerp, in 1715,—hence, five years before the second edition of the Brother's letters appeared at Ghent. Fr. Jerome Goyens, O.F.M., who in the *Archivum Franciscanum Historicum* (Vol. VII, 1914, 20-31) took M. Schmidlin severely to task for his hypercritical and unsubstantiated statements regarding the remarkable adventures of Brother Fardé, declares again in the *Archivum* (Vol. VIII, 1915, 371-372) that this action of the Bollandists, who were contemporaries of our hero, is of exceptional value as a proof of the historical veracity of the Brother's letters. Hence, we need have no scruple in giving these letters full credence.

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## Ave Verum Corpus Natum

Hail, true Body born of Mary,  
Which for man was crucified;  
Lo, the mingled blood and water,  
Flowing from the pierced Side!

Lord of Life Who once did'st suffer,  
When we draw our latest breath,  
Be to us our Food and succor  
In the awful hour of death!

—Robert Hugh Benson.

## THAT EASTER BONNET

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

CONTRARY to his custom, Fr. Roch had determined to walk back to the convent from the hospital instead of taking the street car, in order to get the full benefit of the bracing spring air. On passing a large tenement a few blocks from the hospital, he was struck by the appearance of two curly headed Italian children, that were sitting on the door steps and gazing wistfully at the passersby.

"Good morning, children!" he said with his usual cheerfulness, and smiled pleasantly at the two boys.

"Gooda mornin', Fadder!" they replied with their naive Italian accent, as they rose and looked shyly yet pleadingly at him with their shining jet black eyes.

"Why, you must be sick, my little man," continued the priest, patting the smaller of the two on his raven locks, while his big heart went out in sympathy to the little pinched figures before him.

"No, Fadder, we ain'ta sick; but mamma, she is vera sick," answered Giacomo, the older boy, and the serious look in his large beautiful eyes bespoke the anxiety that filled his little heart.

Fr. Roch, always ready to help the poor and afflicted, grew interested at once, and after asking a few more questions, followed the children to their lodging on the fourth floor of the old flat. Entering the first room, which served apparently as kitchen and dining

room, he was surprised at the utter poverty of the place. In the second room, lay a woman, the mother of the family, on an old couch, her deep black eyes appearing all the darker on account of the ashy pallor of her emaciated features. She seemed to suffer more from hunger and privation than from any special sickness, for she was fully dressed and endeavored to rise and greet the priest when he entered the room.

"Don't exert yourself, my good woman," Fr. Roch said kindly, motioning with his hand for her to remain where she was. "I just heard from Giacomo here that you are very sick, and came up to see whether I could not be of any help to you."

A few words sufficed to acquaint him with the destitute condition of the Italian family. Mr. Gioberti, he learned, was a day laborer, whose small earnings seldom went further than to buy the bare necessities of life for his family of six children, the eldest of whom was hardly ten years of age. And now that sickness had confined his hard-working wife to her bed for well-nigh three months, he had all he could do to pay for the necessary medicine and to buy a meager provision of bread and olive oil, which had been their sole food for several weeks. Fr. Roch consoled the good woman as best he could, and promised to send some one yet that

morning to supply their wants. Then bidding them good bye, he took his leave.

As Mrs. West, the head infirmarian of his Tertiary fraternity, lived near the convent, the priest resolved to stop at her home and see what could be done for the needy family. When he rang the bell, Mr. West himself, who was on the point of leaving for his office, opened the door.

"Why, how do you do, Fr. Roch," he exclaimed heartily on seeing the priest, "you're just in time to settle a little squabble Mrs. West and I are having about Easter bonnets," he continued, taking the priest's hat and placing it on a rack.

"John, do be quiet!" remonstrated Mrs. West, "you're as bad as a schoolboy."

"Well, why shouldn't old school chums like Fr. Roch and me share each other's joys and sorrows?" argued Mr. West in reply. "Sure, we never kept any secrets from each other at school, did we, Father?"

"That's true, John," rejoined Fr. Roch, "but you know, we had no family secrets in those days, and it appears that Mrs. West is not over-anxious to have me sit in judgment on the question at issue."

"No, Father, it isn't that," the woman hastened to explain, "only Mr. West is so impetuous, that he is at times quite provoking. But as far as our little argument is concerned, I am rather glad that he has chosen you as referee, for I am positive you will side with me."

"Don't be too sure of that,

Gertie," cautioned her husband playfully, "for I know Fr. Roch will be quite impartial."

"Well, then, what is the cause of your difference, if I am to sit in judgment?" enquired the priest, seating himself and assuming an air of mock gravity.

"To make a long story short, Father," began Mr. West, "Mrs. West was down town shopping yesterday afternoon, and saw some very fine and very costly Easter bonnets at Meredith's, and, of course, she didn't take a liking to the cheapest hat either."

"Nor to the most costly, John," interrupted his wife.

"I see," said Fr. Roch musingly, while his eyes twinkled merrily.

"And, of course," went on Mr. West with his statement of the case, "I thought that something cheaper would serve the purpose just as well, and, consequently, I have given her only ten dollars for a hat instead of the twenty-five she wanted."

"And, John, you know well enough that twenty-five dollars is not too much for an Easter bonnet," expostulated Mrs. West. "Why—"

"Yes, I know," broke in Mr. West; "but you and I are Tertiaries, Gertrude, and our Rule says that Tertiaries should refrain from excessive cost in dress and adornment. Now, if twenty-five dollars for a single hat is not excessive, I don't know what is."

"But, John, you're garbling the Rule; for it adds that each Tertiary should observe moderation according to his state in life."



"Quite so, John," affirmed Fr. Roch.

"Now, you know that we are not exactly poor, and can easily afford the expense," Mrs. West continued to argue.

"Nor are we millionaires," retorted her husband calmly, "and I think that a ten dollar hat will keep the sun's rays off a person of our social standing just as well as a twenty-five dollar hat will."

"As for keeping the sun's rays off, John, I could do that with a ten cent sunbonnet; but you would never consent to my going about toggled out like that, would you?"

"No, not exactly," agreed Mr. West; "but you women always go to extremes. One must, of course, dress according to one's station in life."

"That's just what I've been contending for," exclaimed his wife triumphantly, "and I'm positive that St. Elizabeth, the patroness of Tertiaries, also wore costly garments, as was befitting her rank."

"Yes, but she also wore a hair shirt beneath all her finery," commented the priest dryly, and Mr. West smiled mischievously.

The woman noticed at once that her argument had not been strengthened by citing the example of St. Elizabeth, and for a moment she was somewhat abashed. But she quickly recovered her wits and retorted:

"But she was a saint, Father, and could do many things that we poor sinners can't think of performing. To come now to a definite conclusion," she went on, wishing to bring

the argument to a close, "what do you think about our discussion, Fr. Roch? Is a twenty-five dollar Easter bonnet excessively dear for a Tertiary of my position in society?"

The priest was nonplused for the moment on having the disputed question put to him point-blank, and welcomed a little fit of coughing that gave him an opportunity to frame his reply.

"To give a definite answer to this query, Mrs. West," he began at last, placing his handkerchief into his pocket and speaking slowly as if weighing each word, "I should have to know the exact condition of Mr. West's finances, which I do not know and do not care to know."

"Oh, Father, we can easily afford it; there is no question regarding that point," Mrs. West hastened to assure him.

"Very well," answered the priest quietly; "then we have but to consider whether it is a needless expense and useless extravagance for a Tertiary to spend twenty-five dollars on an Easter bonnet even though she can easily afford it."

"Yes, Father, that's the question exactly," responded the woman eagerly.

"But it demands quiet and serious reflection," replied Fr. Roch, "and I do not doubt that ten different Tertiaries would answer it in ten different ways. Therefore, Mrs. West, you must decide this matter for yourself. To assist you somewhat, I am going to ask you to attend to a little charitable work for me. It was for this purpose, in

fact, that I came here this morning."

"That's right, Father, give her something to do," chimed in Mr. West jovially; "it will take her mind off worldly vanities."

"John, when will you stop nagging me about my worldliness?" retorted his wife in a tone of affected reproach.

"Well, as I was about to say," Fr. Roch continued, "on my way home just now from the hospital, I discovered quite accidentally a very poor Italian family in that big old tenement on the corner of Twelfth and Burt. You know the place."

"Yes, Father, it's right opposite Mercer's warehouse."

"They occupy a few rooms on the fourth floor. The mother appears to be quite ill, and I think it best for you to go there as soon as possible to see for yourself what can be done to relieve their pressing wants. If necessary, you can secure the services of Miss Bernard, who reported to me last Sunday for work of this kind. Then ask Dr. Woodbury or Dr. Breiter to call on the woman to diagnose her illness."

"Very well, Father; I will gladly do as you wish."

"Thank you, Mrs. West. I think you will find the Giobertis very deserving of your charity; and, if I am not altogether mistaken in my estimate of your character," Fr. Roch went on, rising and taking his hat to go, "you will arrive at a satisfactory solution of your Easter bonnet difficulty before evening."

"What do you mean, Father?" queried Mrs. West inquisitively;

but Fr. Roch seemed not to hear her question, and turning to Mr. West he began to discuss some Tertiary activity in the juvenile court in which he and Mr. West were much interested.

\* \* \*

If the scene of poverty in the tenement on Twelfth street had surprised Fr. Roch, accustomed though he was to visit the dwellings of the poor, it quite startled Mrs. West. Nevertheless, she spoke and acted with such undisguised Christian charity, so that she at once gained the love and confidence of the simple-hearted people, who were dumbfounded that so grand a "Signora" should come and minister to them.

Mrs. West found the larder entirely bare of food, and repaired to one of the neighboring stores to buy groceries and other necessities, directing that they be delivered at once. Returning to the tenement, she washed and combed the smaller children and then set about preparing a meal. The half-starved children thought they had never in their life before tasted so good a dinner, and the sick mother, too, was visibly refreshed by the cup of bouillon Mrs. West made for her. Indeed, they were all quite beside themselves with joy, and winsome little Lucia naively asked her mother in a whisper:

"Mamma, is 'la buona Signora' the fairy queen you told us about the other day?"

The children assisted the "fairy queen" as well as they could to wash the dishes and to put them



away in the cupboard. Then they also helped her to tidy the four small rooms, chatting all the while as if they had known one another for years. It was not surprising, therefore, that when Mrs. West, after doing all she could, bade them good bye, twelve big black eyes were glistening with tears, and six little throats chokingly lisped, "Gooda bye, Missus, gooda bye."

Leaving the tenement, Mrs. West started for the hospital. On her way thither, she passed Meredith's millinery store, and paused to see whether the hat that had caught her fancy the day before was still for sale. Yes, there it was—a dreamy creation of ribbons and plumes—and she remarked how well it would match her new spring coat, and seemed to hear already the flattering comments of her friends, when, suddenly, another scene presented itself to her mind; it was the scene she had just left in the wretched old tenement, and she recalled at the same time Fr. Roch's parting words: If I am not altogether mistaken as to your character, you will arrive at a satisfactory solution of your Easter bonnet difficulty before evening.

In an instant she grasped the meaning of the words that had been puzzling her more or less all morning. Grace and vanity struggled stubbornly for a few minutes in her soul, but grace came out victorious. Turning quickly from the gorgeous mass of silks and ribbons and plumes in the show window, Mrs. West hastened to the hospital, where she made the necessary ar-

rangements with Dr. Woodbury and Miss Bernard, and then turned her steps homeward.

She had hardly entered her home, when a delivery boy from a large dry goods store brought her some purchases she had made on her way back: a goodly assortment of gingham and pretty calicoes, several dozen handkerchiefs, some towel-ing, a number of suits of underwear, several little children's hats and caps, and various other articles of clothing. Placing the goods on a table, she drew forth her pocket-book which had contained almost a month's allowance of pin-money besides the ten dollars she had received that morning for her new Easter bonnet—but it was empty!

Looking from the empty purse to the heap of articles lying on the table, she smiled and said half-aloud to herself:

"Thank you, Fr. Roch! I've solved my difficulty."

\* \* \*

A glorious sunrise in a cloudless sky ushered in the happy feast of Easter, and from a hundred steeples the church bells rang out their glad allelujas inviting the faithful to come and chant the praises of the risen Savior.

Mrs. West hastened to answer their call. Her heart beat light, for the season of Lent had been indeed a time of penance and of grace for her. The resolution formed in a moment before the show window at Meredith's and carried out in the first heat of fervor, had nevertheless given her more occasions than one of withstanding the assaults of van-



ity and human respect. But, with the assistance of prayer and of various little acts of self-denial she had succeeded in overcoming them all.

As she entered the church, she noticed in one of the rear benches Mr. and Mrs. Gioberti with their six children, all clothed from head to foot with the garments she had procured for them at the cost of her new Easter bonnet. They recognized her as she passed on to her pew, and the happy smile on their now healthy olive-colored faces expressed better than words the gratitude of their hearts toward "la buona Signora," and Mrs. West felt supremely happy for having sacri-

ficed vanity on the altar of Christian charity.

"Gertie, I must compliment you on your lovely Easter bonnet," commented Mrs. Woodbury as she accompanied her friend, Mrs. West, home after the services. "You are always so happy in your choice of hats, and this one becomes you admirably."

"Thank you, Mildred," replied Mrs. West, "I think the hat rather pretty myself."

But being human and a woman, she did not add that it had been made over from her last year's hat at a cost of considerably less than twenty-five dollars.

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### Cheerfulness Taught By Reason

I think we are too ready with complaint  
 In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,  
 Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope  
 Of yon gray blank of sky, we might grow faint  
 To muse upon eternity's constraint  
 Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope  
 Must widen early, is it well to droop  
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint?  
 O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,—  
 And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,  
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
 Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
 To meet the flints?—At least, it may be said,  
 'Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God!'

—Mrs. Browning.

# **-:- Franciscan Anecdotes -:-**

## **BL. BROTHER JUNIPER PLAYS AT SEESAW**

Blessed Juniper, one of the first companions of St. Francis, was a model of humility and simplicity. On one occasion, he was sent by his superiors to Rome. The inhabitants of the Eternal City learned of the coming of the holy friar, and wishing to honor him in a special manner, sent a delegation of prominent persons to meet him outside the gates and to escort him into the city. When Brother Juniper saw the crowd approaching, he at once divined their intention, and sought a means of escaping the unwished-for demonstration. Seeing some children on the wayside playing at seesaw, he quickly joined them in their sport, and took no notice of the stately deputation. In fact, he appeared to think of nothing else than of enjoying himself with the children. Thereupon, some of the delegates began to deride the simple man, and soon all withdrew to the city leaving Brother Juniper at his play. As soon as the citizens had departed, the humble Brother resumed his journey, and arrived at the Franciscan convent in Rome unaccompanied and unannounced. This childlike simplicity and remarkable humility of the Brother caused St. Francis to exclaim, "Verily, he is a perfect Friar Minor who has conquered the world and its vanity as our dear Brother Juniper."—*Annals of the Order*.



## **ST. BERNARDINE'S CONTEMPT OF HONORS**

Like the Apostle St. Paul, St. Bernardine of Siena regarded all things as loss, that he might gain Christ and beget sons to Him by his holy preaching. Hence, he steadfastly refused the various bishoprics and other ecclesiastical dignities that were offered him from time to time, lest he should be forced to give up the practice of going about from city to city and converting countless souls from the ways of sin. The reasons he gave his friends for refusing the honors tendered him, are characteristic of his wonted playfulness.

Once he said, "They do me an injury to press on me the bishopric of a single city, when I am received wherever I go with as much respect as if I were a great dignitary of the Church. Surely, it is better to be considered Bishop of every Italian city than of a single one."

In the same cheerful manner, he answered a friend who had asked him why he had refused the bishopric of Siena, "Because a man who is already Pope acts foolishly to come down from that eminence and become a mere bishop."

Of special interest, however, is the conversation he held on this subject with one of his confrères, the saintly Brother Angelo della Pesche, whom the great preacher loved very much on account of his humble simplicity. "I have good news for you, my dear Brother," Bernardine said one day to Angelo, "which should afford us both great joy."

"What may it be, my dear Father?" questioned the brother humbly. "Why, the citizens of my birthplace have unanimously chosen me Bishop of Siena. Now, don't you think, my Brother, that I should do well to accept their election?"

"No, Father, no!" replied Angelo earnestly. "Do not in a moment give up your labor of teaching the people and lose all fruits which you have gathered during these past years for a good of so little weight—indeed, a false good."

"Well, then what should I do," rejoined Bernardine, "if the people of Milan, who honor and love me more than any others, should wish me for their Archbishop? Do you think that this, too, should be refused?"

"Yes, this too," answered the lay brother. "Indeed, as it is a greater honor, I think it should be rejected with greater courage, unless you wish to bring everlasting dishonor on yourself and on all others who may come to preach after you."

"But, my dear Angelo," expostulated the Saint, "if the Pope should name me Patriarch,—think you I should not gladly consent to the nomination?" The brother was much grieved at this, and said, "I see that your mind is inclined to these vain goods of the world, for which you will lose the love of the people that you have gained by such efforts, and, what is more, the grace of God."

"And if I am then made Cardinal?" pursued the Saint, with pretended earnestness. "Certainly, I should not dare to refuse that honor!"

The simple man bethought himself for a moment at the mention of so exalted a dignity. At last he said, "Father, you have no time to lose; for, who would refuse so high an honor? Do as you please."

Bernardine now saw it was time to disabuse the artless lay brother. "Angelo, my dear Brother," he said, "the greater the dignity, the more subject it is to evils and dangers. Hence, I would not only refuse the see of Siena, but any other higher office, whether archbishop, patriarch, cardinal, or pope; and I esteem myself richer and happier in the humble and poor life of St. Francis than in any great and sublime dignity."—*Life of St. Bernardine.*



### PIETY REWARDED

Lucy Sanzia, Tertiary, was the wife of a prosperous physician in Camona, Spain. Educated in the school of the saints by her pious parents, she beheld with dismay the sinful life of her worldly-minded husband, who looked with an evil eye on her pious practices and often maltreated her. The poor woman sought relief in her sorrow, and grace for the erring one at the feet of her Crucified Savior in a distant quiet church, where she could weep and pray undisturbed. One Sunday afternoon, while she was thus engaged in her devotions, a violent storm arose and the rain fell in such torrents that the streets were flooded and the good woman was compelled to spend the entire night in the church. By morning, the water had subsided enough to permit her to return home. It was with a heavy heart, that she made her way homeward, for she greatly feared her husband's wrath, thinking that he might even use violence toward her. Recommending herself fervently to the Mother of God, she entered the house. Great was her surprise to find her husband in the best of spirits and to learn that he had taken no notice at all of her absence. With tears of joy and gratitude, she related her mishap. The physician saw in the incident the evident intervention of Providence, and from that moment he mended his evil ways, and vied with his holy wife in the exercise of piety and good works.—*Franciscan Martyrology.*



## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### GROWING IN POPULARITY

Those of our readers that are interested in "Franciscan News", will have observed that the growth of the Third Order in this country has been steady as well as rapid. Almost every issue of the *Herald* brings reports from here and thereof periodic receptions of large numbers into the Order. Wherever, in the cities at least, a determined effort is made to gain recruits for the Order, there the results at once are visible. It has happened that after a single lecture one hundred and more applications for admission have been received. This is no less gratifying than striking. For, while it gladdens our heart to see the children of St. Francis grow and multiply, we can not help marveling at the eagerness with which so large numbers flock to the banner of the Seraphic Patriarch.

That it is not merely the charm of novelty that attracts them, is evidenced by the fact that most of these applicants remain loyal to the Franciscan cause even after the novelty has long worn off. The reason is to be sought rather in the opportuneness of the Order to our age and country. The fact that the Third Order appeals to so many, proves beyond all cavil that in the seven centuries of its existence it has lost none of its influence and attractiveness with the masses of the Catholic people, and that even nowadays to be loved, it needs only to be made known. In spite of asseverations to the contrary, we have always held that an institution so thoroughly democratic as the Third Order could not fail sooner or later to win the affections of the American people. Unless all signs fail, the time has come when our Catholic people sickened by the gross materialism of the age are beginning to turn to higher things, and in the Third Order they are finding what they have vainly sought elsewhere—an ideal, a spirit, a mode of life, a school of Christian perfection, in fine, something that will raise them above themselves and make them conscious of their true dignity and vocation as Catholic Christians.



### IMITATION VERSUS ADMIRATION

At the recent solemn proclamation of the heroic virtues of the Ven. John Baptist of Burgundy, Friar Minor, the Holy Father took occasion to point out a very salutary lesson that the faithful may draw from the peculiar character of the holiness of this obscure friar. While to some, he says, it may seem strange that so much care and research should be spent on the life of a poor friar (*fraticello*) who lived little more than twenty-five years, and who without the cloister and within did not set his hand to great enterprises nor perform works of study or apostleship other than those common to all religious, others still will be found to lament that the saints must be admired but can not be imitated.

To correct a prejudice so fatal, the Holy Father believes "that nothing is better fitted than to show that sanctity properly consists merely in conformity to the divine will, expressed in a constant and exact fulfill-

ment of the duties of one's state." This truth he sees strikingly illustrated in the life of John Baptist of Burgundy "who practiced the Christian virtues in an heroic degree, who at all times and in every place conformed himself to the divine will, without, however, performing works which all the faithful may imitate." The sight of such a model, the Holy Father thinks, will be sufficient to refute the pretext which many, because of the supposed difficulty of the enterprise, are wont to oppose to the invitation to become saints, and he expresses the hope that hereafter it may never be said again, "the saints are objects of mere admiration."

God grant that the ardent wish of the Sovereign Pontiff may be fulfilled, especially in regard to all those who, as sons or daughters of St. Francis, may claim a spiritual kinship with the Venerable Servant of God. Once they have grasped the simple truth that sanctity consists in conformity of the human will to the divine, and that this conformity is attained by the constant and faithful discharge of one's duties, they will come to understand that holiness is quite within the compass of every one. Far be it from the children of St. Francis, therefore, to say that the saints should be admired rather than imitated. Such an utterance would be equivalent to a confession of cowardice—and Heaven, says St. Philip Neri, is not for cowards.



### "THE ROMANTICISM OF ST. FRANCIS."

By Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., Longmans, Green and Company.  
\$2.00 net.

The author of this work needs no introduction to readers of Franciscan literature. He has long been known, at least to the English-speaking world, as an authority on things Franciscan. Since the appearance, some four years ago, of his classical biography of St. Francis, his claim to international fame has been established. This fame has been increased by the publication of his latest work, *The Romanticism of St. Francis*.

"The present volume," as the author informs us, "consists of four distinct 'studies', in each of which an attempt has been made to present the inner thought of some aspect of Franciscan life." The first of these studies treats of the romanticism of St. Francis. Of this the author says: "It is of the essence of the Franciscan spirit. It is that which gives to the story of Francis and his fraternity its penetrating idealism, its lyrical and dramatic situations, its comedy and tragedy, its spirit of adventure, and its unconventionalism, its wide human sympathies, and the mystical note in its religious devotion." So conceived the theme, of course, opens many lines of thought, and thus it happens that the first study is not so much a presentation of a single aspect of Franciscan life as an expression of the whole Franciscan spirit. The second essay of the series presents to us St. Clare as the most faithful exponent of Franciscanism, the embodiment of Franciscan romanticism. Her relation to St. Francis and her devotion to his ideal is clearly set forth. This relation is described as "indeed a friendship—and more than a friendship in the common use of the word—such as the world can seldom see, but should never forget: a glimpse surely of the heavenly life of which the world's life at its best is



but a type."—"The Story of the Friars" is an account of the formative period of the fraternity's development. In this paper, the author shows the influence of the Franciscan ideal on the first friars and of their influence on "the unheroic multitude." Regarding the fidelity of the friars to their original ideal, Father Cuthbert thinks "that Franciscan history shows a remarkable continuity of mind and purpose threading its way through many vicissitudes and changes." The influence of the friars on the world at large he characterizes as a "humanizing" power.—"A Modern Friar" is a character-sketch of the late Father Alphonsus, a Capuchin teacher and preacher, "of whom," to use the author's words, "it may be said that in him lived the spirit which made the Franciscan friars revered by the English people in the far-off thirteenth century." In him we see this spirit at work trying to exert its humanizing influence on our own age.

Father Cuthbert has done well to bring these studies before the public in a substantial form; for, they are of more than ephemeral interest and deserve to be classed with the best essays that have been written on these subjects. Presenting the "inner thoughts" of men and movements is not an easy task, particularly when these "thoughts" are so spontaneous and elusive as in St. Francis's case. Yet, Father Cuthbert has succeeded remarkably well in accomplishing the purpose set for himself. The reader may not concur with him on every point, yet he can not fail to be impressed by the author's firm grasp and comprehensive view of the subject, by his copiousness and perspicuity of treatment, by his erudition and singleness of purpose. The book is just such as one would expect from the pen of a writer of Father Cuthbert's reputation, such, in fact, as could be written only by one who has delved deep into Franciscan sources. As a supplementary volume to the author's life of St. Francis it should be found in every Franciscan library, and we heartily commend it to our more serious readers.



## MAC'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was Mac's birthday, and Mac was much loved of young Miss Lillian McEntee. She, therefore, arranged a birthday party for him. The invited guests, to the number of five, all of them school friends of Lillian's and admirers of Mac's, took great delight in feeding him ice cream and patting him on the back. In honor of St. Patrick, the decorations were in green.

No, gentle reader, Mac is not the little freckled boy that sells newspapers on the street corner and sometimes runs errands for Lillian's mother. Mac is—a dog, and Lillian is his mistress. Not all dogs are born on St. Patrick's day, and that may be the reason why not all dogs have birthday parties with decorations in green. At all events, Lillian thought it would be "just grand" to have such a celebration, and that is how she and Mac got their picture into print on the society page of a metropolitan newspaper. And where was Lillian's mother while all this was transpiring? Probably, attending a meeting of the Humane Society. Or is it possible that she was smilingly looking on and fondly dreaming



of the day when Lillian should make her debut at Palm Beach, where, it is said, fashionable women have their pet dogs pushed in wheel chairs by negro boys? Shades of Cerberus!



### BISHOP GARRIGAN ON PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

In the course of his Lenten pastoral letter, Bishop Garrigan of Sioux City urges the building of parochial schools throughout his diocese. The following paragraph from the pastoral is especially pungent and pertinent.

"A parochial school, if properly directed, is a strong factor, a most powerful influence, in teaching and training the children of the people. Experience and observation confirm the oft repeated statement that the future of our American republic depends largely on that proscribed institution, the parochial school. Ere long we shall be a godless nation; a nation of divorcees and the relict of suicides and plutocrats. One of the fatal delusions of our age is that secular education of itself is sufficient for all our wants; that it will make a man moral by giving him refined tastes, elevated views, and by excluding from his knowledge what is coarse and vulgar. A sad experience, alas, teaches quite the contrary. Education can and does refine vice, and makes the smartest rascal in the penitentiary if emasculated of its life-giving element—religion."

If we may believe Dr. George R. Grose, President of De Pauw University, education is the dominant issue of America, more so than in any other nation in the world. We spend annually \$500,000,000, use 500,000 teachers, and send 20,000,000 children to school in our educational life. Besides this we are building immense fortunes as the endowments of schools. Surely, as a nation we can not be accused of a lack of interest in matters educational. Yet, do the results in any way correspond to the money and labor expended? Far from it. Much of the education imparted in our schools is valueless, and worse than valueless, because it is wholly misdirected and pernicious in tendency. It can not be too often repeated that purely intellectual developement is a mistake. Any educational system that excludes or neglects moral training, is not only defective but positively injurious, because it develops one faculty at the expense of another, and thus forms intellectual monstrosities instead of harmoniously developed men and women. The will of man deserves at least just as much consideration as his intellect, while his soul is of infinitely greater value than his body. Without moral and religious training, man becomes a menace to himself and to society.

Franciscan Herald Wishes All Its Readers

**A Bright and Joyous Easter**



## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XVII

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

**W**HILE recuperating at San Antonio de Béjar from the hardships of the expedition to Eastern Texas and back, Aguáyo and his troops strengthened the fortifications against the warlike and treacherous Apaches. At the same time, March 1722, he established a mission for an aggregation of Indians from various tribes, who acknowledged one Juan Rodríguez, of the *Ranchería Grande*, near the Brázos, as their chief. This establishment, called San Francisco Xavier de Náxera (Nájera,) was founded on the site of the present Mission Purísima Concepcion, on the outskirts of the present city of San Antonio. Fr. José González was given charge, and probably attended these Indians from Mission San Antonio de Valéro (Álamo), now in the heart of the city. The mission was kept up only till 1726, when it was merged into that of San Antonio.

Aguáyo had one more task to per-

form. He had been instructed by Viceroy Baltasar de Zuñiga, Marqués de Valéro, to erect a fort or presidio on Espiritu Santo Bay. Leaving Béjar<sup>(1)</sup> on March 16, 1722, he arrived at his destination on the 24th, and placed the presidio on the site of LaSalle's old fort.<sup>(2)</sup> The name applied was Presidio de Santa Maria de Loreto de la Bahía del Espiritu Santo. It was usually spoken of as Bahía. Under its protection, and near the Rio de Guadalupe and the present city of Victoria, arose the Mission of Espiritu Santo de Zuñiga, (so called in honor of the viceroy) for the Karankawan Indians. Fr. Agustin Patrón of the College of Guadalupe, Zacatecas, took charge of the mission and of the spiritual needs of the soldiers left at the fort under the command of Captain José Ramón.

Aguáyo, now very much broken in health, returned to San Antonio de Béjar, which he reached by April 16. On May 15, he departed

(1) To avoid confusion, the reader will bear in mind that San Antonio de Valéro (later known as the Álamo) was the title of the mission; San Antonio de Béxar (Béjar) indicated the presidio near by; San Fernando de Béjar, founded in 1731, was the villa or town of Canary Islanders. All these are embraced in the present city of San Antonio. Béjar, for short, simply stood for Presidio of San Antonio.

(2) See *Franciscan Herald*, November and December, 1914



for Coahuila and resigned the governorship in favor of Fernando Pérez de Almazan. This act was confirmed by the viceroy. Thus terminated the expedition which had cost a sum exceeding \$250 000, but the benefits derived therefrom for the missions were even less satisfactory than those of previous expeditions. "The Province of Texas, as far as the missions are concerned," writes Fr. Espinosa, "continued in the same condition as before. Although the Fathers had insisted that the Indians should unite and settle down around the missions, no steps were taken by the military to bring this about. Nor can it be shown that oxen or any other live-stock, or implements and other supplies were furnished the missions, despite all the costly expenditures made from the royal treasury. According to Viceroy Valéro's letter, everything necessary for the missions was promised, but it all came to this that we had to maintain ourselves, as we had done before, by means of the annual allowance <sup>(3)</sup> assigned by his Majesty. This the *síndico* <sup>(4)</sup> collected, and the college converted this alms <sup>(5)</sup> into articles of apparel or other goods, and forwarded them to the missionaries." <sup>(6)</sup>

Notwithstanding the unfavorable prospects, the Fathers began their labors in the reestablished missions resignedly, if not hopefully. As the Indians lived in scattered *rancherías* or hamlets, and often changed their abode, their agricultural efforts for want of systematic irrigation, could not be prosperous, and even their spiritual progress was less satisfactory, as Fr. Espinosa reports. The missionaries, therefore, endeavored to have prospective converts make their homes in the shadow of the cross under the supervision of the Fathers, and thus form a kind of reduction, or regular mission, where they might be taught agriculture and the mechanical arts, while learning the doctrines of Christianity. This was the method that brought nearly one hundred thousand Indians to the bosom of Mother Church in California, and this method, to a certain degree, was adopted by the United States in the Indian reservations. This effective system, however, demands a certain degree of restraint which the wild Indian loathes. There was, too, a great difference between the character of the Indians of California and that of the savages of Texas, and between the conditions of both. The Texans were a warlike people,

(3) Called *sinodo* or stipend, which amounted to \$450 for each missionary. Unlike the stipend in California, which was \$400, and came from the revenues of a Fund established by pious benefactors, this allowance came from the royal treasury, but the money never reached Texas. Goods designated by the Fathers were purchased with it.

(4) A layman who received the money from the government, or from benefactors, and disbursed it for the needs of the friars

(5) The friars regarded the allowance as an alms, not as salary.

(6) The cost of transportation reduced the allowance considerably; in California as much as one-third.



roving hunters, whose hunting grounds extended over hundreds of miles, whereas the territory of each of the numerous tribes in California scarcely ever exceeded thirty miles, beyond which the individual savage would not venture. Thus the Indians of the missions on the California coast, enjoyed far more liberty than the wild savages. With a permit, readily granted for a two or three weeks vacation, the neophytes could make visits, and would be sure of hospitality, from San Diego to San Francisco, more than six hundred miles. Hence it was that, owing to the roving and warlike disposition of the natives, and the unwillingness of the military to lend their assistance, the missionaries never succeeded in persuading the savages of central and eastern Texas to settle down near a mission and adopt Christian and civilized manners.

Governor Aguáyo, Fr. Espinosa remarks, had shown himself very liberal with the goods donated by the viceroy for the natives. He had lavishly distributed presents, and flattered the chiefs generously; but these gifts were soon forgotten, and the Indians became troublesome as soon as his forces were withdrawn. The consequence was that the Fathers, having no gifts to bestow, could not attract the savages to take kindly to the main object of the Spanish invasion, at least from the missionaries' point of view.

The Fathers did not fail, in person and by the letters, to describe the wretched conditions under which they labored; but little heed was

given to their complaints. A few guards, generally not of exemplary conduct, were stationed at each mission, but nothing was done to aid in establishing the system of mission communities regarded indispensably necessary for the success of the missionary efforts, and therefore the Indians, in the mission group of central and eastern Texas, never became neophytes after the manner of those on the Rio San Antonio or in California. Aguáyo's successor himself was so disgusted at the lack of attention his remonstrances received from the viceregal government, that he resigned his office, in 1726. Melchor de Mediavilla y Ascona, who replaced him as governor, was even removed, in 1730, for favoring the views of the missionaries, if we may credit Bancroft.

In 1737, Brigadier General Pedro de Rivéra was sent to inspect the conditions in Texas. Fr. Guardian Gabriel de Vérgara of Santa Cruz College, Querétaro, seized this opportunity to make one more effort to induce the government to collect the savages in reductions, or reservations as we would call them, "because otherwise," Fr. Vérgara warned the official, "the vast expenditures made by his Majesty will remain without results." The impression Pedro de Rivéra obtained from this petition and from his inspection, Fr. Espinosa writes, was remarkable. On his return to Mexico, he recommended the suppression of the presidio near Mission Purisima Concepcion on the Angelina River. He also advised reduc-

ing the garrison of Espiritu Santo from ninety to forty men. Rivéra based his reasons for the changes on the ground that the Indians were peaceful, and that a large saving to the royal treasury would be made; but, says even Bancroft, Rivéra overlooked many important considerations, and therefore drew wrong conclusions. Because the French garrison at Natchitoches consisted of only twenty-five men, and the Indians dwelling near the fourth (Adaes) presidio were submissive, he was of the opinion that the force of one hundred men stationed there was too large, and that sixty men would be sufficient. He failed to see that it was the mere presence of a strong garrison that kept the Indians quiet. The total number of troops in the province was only 267, an insignificant force compared with the extent of the

territory; yet Rivéra advocated the withdrawal of nearly one-half. His plan not only retarded progress, but undid much that had been accomplished; but the saving of a large amount of money was argument enough for Viceroy Casafuerte. In April 1729, therefore, the governor was instructed to make the changes.

The missionaries protested and twice Fr. Miguel Sevillano de Parédes, guardian of the Santa Cruz College, addressed the viceroy, begging him to revoke a decree that was subversive of the best interests of the province. No answer was vouchsafed. Fr. Parédes then appealed to the king; but with no other result than that his Majesty issued an order, dated June 7, 1730, instructing the viceroy to report on the demands of the Fr. Guardian.

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## Easter Lilies

Though long in wintry sleep ye lay,  
The powers of darkness could not stay  
Your coming at the call of day,  
Proclaiming Spring.

Nay, like the faithful virgins wise  
With lamps replenished, ye arise  
Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes  
Of Christ the king.

—John Bannister Tabb.

## AN ADVENTUROUS SICK CALL

*By Fr. Vincent O.F.M.*

"What's the matter?"

"My mother is sick."

"Is she very sick?"

"Yes."

The messenger was an Indian lad, a former pupil of St. John's Mission School. As Fr. Justin, the superior of the mission, had gone to Prescott, I at once made arrangements to answer the call.

"Where do you come from?" I enquired.

"From Casa Blanca," was the reply.

Twenty-five miles beyond the river! That meant a long, dreary ride through the desert; but it was the call of a dying Christian and there was no time to waste. Accordingly, I sent one of the school boys to fetch a good saddle-horse from one of our neighbors, and in the meantime began to prepare for the journey. The boy soon returned with the laconic message, "Can't find any."

"Then fetch old Jerry," I directed. Now, Jerry is a good, faithful old horse that does service both as a saddle-horse and as a work-horse, and he has helped us out of many a difficulty. The Indian messenger promised to secure a good horse when we should arrive on the other side of the river. This was encouraging information; and within half an hour after the messenger had knocked on the mission door, we were on our way to bring the consolations of our holy faith to

the poor dying Indian far away in the desert.

Five miles to the river, and all was well. The Gila river is about three blocks wide at the crossing we had chosen, and although the water roared as it rushed down the stream and looked extremely dangerous, the Indian assured me that it was fordable at that point and that I need have no fear. I followed my guide closely, but fearing some mishap and having had some experience with the quicksands of the Gila, I determined to take no chances.

While I was thus preparing for the worst, the Indian suddenly turned and cautioned me saying, "Father, be careful when you come to a bad place!" Hardly had the words been spoken, when down went his horse. In a second, he was on his feet again. In the excitement, I threw caution to the winds, and spurred Jerry to the rescue. He reared, shied, splashed, sank, leaped into the air, turned, and fell back into the river, only his hoofs appearing above water. All this happened so quickly that I was immersed before I could as much as call for help.

The struggle that ensued can not be described. My brain was in a whirl. Great as was my fear for my own life, my anxiety for the Blessed Sacrament was still greater, and although pinned under the prostrate horse and half buried in



the sand, I managed to hold the pyx above water. But the current was too strong for us to remain in one place. Within a minute after falling into the water, horse and rider began to float down stream in no particularly agreeable fashion. I could not disengage my feet from the stirrups, for the half-drowned and thoroughly frightened horse

ed after me. I called out to him, however, to save the horse by all means, as I thought I was big enough to take care of myself. Casting off my overcoat, I soon gained a footing, thanks to my ability to swim.

After half an hour's struggling with the rushing waters, we at last reached the opposite bank in safety.



Catholic Indians at Komvoo, Arizona

was struggling too violently for me to obtain a hold.

In this extremity, my brave Indian guide came to the rescue, although it almost cost him his life. Seizing the reins of the frenzied animal, the Indian pulled my feet out of the stirrups. Once freed, I went aracing down the river faster than ever, unable to secure a footing. The guide saw my plight, and leaving the horse to its fate, plung-

My hat and overcoat were soon miles down the river, and my breviary and sick call outfit completely spoiled, but the Sacred Host was intact. Poor old Jerry was shaking like a leaf, but there was no time to lose. Drenched though I was, I jumped into the saddle and away we went. A few miles further on, I secured a fresh horse, and a new guide for the rest of the journey.

We arrived at our destination at half past five o'clock. Ejaculating a hearty *Deo gratias*, I dismounted and threw the reins to my guide. Then I entered, or rather crawled into, the house on all fours. My God, what a sight greeted my eyes! The miserable grass-and-mud hovel was about eight feet in diameter and five and a half in height, and was the home of seven persons. The only furniture they could boast of were two old boxes. In the one box, a hen was hatching, while the other box served as a roost for the chickens. In the middle of the wretched place, lay the dying Indian woman, aged about fifty years. A dirty piece of canvas was her only coverlet. For want of better accommodations, about six or eight little chickens were quietly roosting on her prostrate form. Close to her head was a smothering fire, the smoke of which soon brought copious tears to my burning eyes. At the fire's edge stood two dirty black pots half filled with beans, whose appearance was anything but appetizing.

After greeting the poor woman pleasantly, I told the bystanders to leave the place until I had heard her confession. They did so. Nevertheless, I had great difficulty in getting near enough to her to hear what she had to say, and at the same time in staying far enough away from the fire to keep from being scorched. After the confession, I prepared to administer the Holy Viaticum,—but where to place the Blessed Sacrament? The ground, the boxes, in fact, the whole room

was so filthy that a clean spot could not be found. I had cleaned a portion of the ground where I knelt by scraping away the dirt; and placing my muffler on the ground I unfolded the corporal on it. It was here, then, that He deigned to rest under the form of bread who, when He was on earth, had not whereon to lay his head.

My hardest task was to read the prayers while administering Extreme Unction, for the smoke was so thick that the feeble light of my poor wet candle could hardly penetrate it. When about to anoint the five senses, I chased the chickens off her body. Indeed, serious and solemn as the occasion was, I could not repress a smile when I came to anointing the feet, for there on each great toe sat a contented little chick, chirping in a half drowsy way, as if unwilling to be disturbed.

It took me about an hour to prepare the poor dying Indian for the great journey from her miserable hovel in the bleak desert to the mansions of eternal bliss above the clouds, so that it was about half past six when I had finished.

Supper? Well, no; for I did not fancy the dirty beans, and as nothing else was to be had, I started for home, expecting to reach it before midnight. The sun had just gone down when I mounted my pony. The Indian who had acted as my guide from the place where I had changed horses, accompanied me to the open desert, and then bidding me God-speed and a good night, he returned to his friends. Now I was alone, and the darkness soon made my



sense of loneliness all the more keen. I rode and rode and rode through the trackless desert endeavoring to keep in the direction of the river. At about eleven o'clock, I judged that I was near the crossing, but to my great consternation, I soon found that I had lost my way. Then for the first time I realized what it means to be alone and lost in the desert. My horse was completely

my unexpected bath in the river early that afternoon. Without hat or overcoat, and clothed as I still was in my wet garments, I felt the winter chill of the broad sandy wastes acutely. For the first time during this trip I was really frightened. Accordingly, I knelt down and fervently prayed the rosary that nothing untoward might befall me. Then with my hands I



Heavily Burdened

jaded and slipped at every step, so that I was forced to dismount, take the bridle in my hand, and shift for myself as best I could.

Coyotes could be heard howling on all sides. Sometimes they ventured as near as ten yards to me. At midnight, I decided to pitch camp, for I was literally dragging my horse after me. I had matches, but they were useless on account of

dug a hole in the sand, and wrapping myself in the saddlecloth and using the saddle for a pillow, I lay down in the hole and tried to fall asleep. But, for a long time I courted sleep in vain.

At about three o'clock, I awoke with a start and missed my feet. For the moment, I thought I was paralyzed. All bewildered, I felt about my body—but no feet! I



looked down to where I had put them before falling asleep, and thought I could descry something that looked like my pedal extremities, but, strive as I might, I could not rise,—no, I could not even sit upright. Then it dawned on me that the blood had stopped circulating. I began at once to chafe my hands, arms, legs, and feet as well as I was able. After some hard rubbing, the joints began to creak, then my knees bent like rusty hinges sorely in need of a lubricant.

Realizing the seriousness of my condition, I rose from my sandy bed and started for a hundred yard dash up and down "Broadway." This exercise I kept up for fully an hour, until I was myself again. When the sun rose, I found to my surprise that I was only about two blocks from the river crossing. I at once saddled my horse and rode to the place where I had left old Jerry the day before. He had had a good rest after his exciting adventure in the river and seemed pleased to see me again. My first guide, too, was there, and agreed to accompany me to the mission.

It was half past six o'clock when we reached the bank of the Gila. During the night, the river had swollen considerably and had washed away every vestige of the ford. The Indian stood in silent thought for a moment gazing intently at the rushing water; then turning to me he said, "You can't cross on horseback, Father; wait until it gets warmer, then the Indians will pull you over in a

wagon."

But, I could not follow his advice, as I wished to say holy Mass that morning, and besides, I was expected to hear confessions at half past ten o'clock at the mission. So I told him that I would wade through the stream and leave my horse in his charge. Seeing that I was determined to cross, the brave lad replied, "In that case, Father, I'll go with you." Then, hand in hand with my faithful guide I made for the other bank. Every step had to be picked and even then we floundered.

The ankle I had sprained some time before, now gave me occasion enough of practicing penance. Dear old Jerry had fallen on it in the river, and my night's rest in the open air had not been exactly the best treatment for it. Hence, all the way home, it gave me considerable trouble.

At half past ten o'clock, I reached home sweet home; at eleven, I said Mass, and after Mass, I ate my first bite of food within twenty-four hours. At noon, I went into the confessional and did not stir from that place until five o'clock in the evening.

For the next few days my limbs were naturally very stiff; yet, strange to say, far from contracting pneumonia as I had feared, I did not take as much as a cold. My Guardian Angel surely performed his kindly offices well for me during that perilous journey. Thank God, such sick calls do not come every day.

## KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED

*By N. Itram, Tertiary*

ALL in all, it had been a bad year. Reverses had come not "single spies but in battalions." First, the winter had been exceptionally severe, then came the strike, and finally the epidemic, which was the worst of all. Typhoid, the scourge of the poor, like a ravenous wolf, sought out with hungry maw its victims in the long rows of adobe huts along the byways and alleys of the populous city. The health department, it is true, had come to the scene of affliction, but with tardy steps, and had at last traced the disease to a frothy, polluted stream that ran slowly, stealthily through the district where the poor had taken up their humble abode. But it was too late for the widows, too late for the orphans, too late for the mothers who wept like Rachel for their children and "would not be comforted because they are not."

When, therefore, the fever entered the lowly adobe cottage of Señora Ramirez, she simply said, "It is the will of God; may it be done!" and at once set to work to nurse her son back to health.

She was a poor widow, but God had blessed and enriched her, as she was wont to say, in her two children. With the help of their modest earnings, she had by thrift and diligence kept her simple household together. But now, one of the wage earners lay helpless abed, and it was daily becoming more difficult

to make ends meet. Yet, the pious woman and her children never lost courage and continued to put their trust in God and the good San Francisco. And now morning after morning, one lone toiler, after eating her meager breakfast, consisting of a small pittance of frijoles and black coffee, went off to her work to earn a few cents. When she returned in the evening, tired and hungry, her supper consisted again of black coffee and frijoles, or if she was especially successful in earning a little more than usual, a few tortillas were added. But Carmelita, although hardly more than a child with her seventeen years, never complained of her hard lot, for she remembered that in some homes there was no longer anyone capable of earning even what she did; and besides, was she not working for her dear brother Juan, who had never spared himself as long as he was well, and for her beloved mother, who suffered so much, yet so patiently, for them both?

But, the days dragged on into weeks, and still Juan lay listless and wasted on his hard pallet, with hardly enough strength left even to think of getting better. Yet, the doctor said that the worst was over, and that the young man would soon get well if given the proper care and attention.

"We must have patience, madre mia," said Carmelita, as she re-



turned one day and found her mother softly weeping. "Didn't the doctor say yesterday that the worst is over and that Juan will soon be well and strong again?"

"Yes, it is true, Carmelita mia, the doctor said that; but this hard work is telling on you, and it is for you that I fear now."

"Oh, never mind me, madre querida," replied the girl with a cheerful laugh. "I am strong and like to work."

"Juan said the same thing, and look at him now," rejoined the sorrowing mother, "and now the roses have left your cheeks, and you always look so pale and worn out."

"Oh, madre buena, do not fret. I'm all right, and it is a blessing that I still have steady work when so many others have none."

Yet, in spite of her protestations to the contrary, Carmelita was far from being well, and, struggle as she would against the raging fever, she, too, finally succumbed, and the poor widow was then compelled to shift entirely for herself. One by one the household treasures and precious heirlooms, that had descended in the family from generation to generation, disappeared from their wonted places, leaving the little white-washed home cheerless and bare. "All must be sacrificed," she said to herself, "unless we wish to die of hunger and cold." At times, kind-hearted neighbors would bring her a small bowl of broth or a handful of frijoles, but the neighbors, too, were poor and could help but little, and the rich kept severely aloof from the plague-stricken poor.

"I can't work miracles," complained the physician one morning, on finding his patients growing weaker continually. "I can't cure the sick in the face of starvation. Your daughter, Señora Ramirez, is sick as she can be, and unless she gets proper nourishment she can't pull through. And Juan is almost as bad, dying no longer from typhoid, but from sheer weakness and starvation."

"Neither can I do wonders, Señor Medico," answered the widow, her voice choked with tears. "See, this is how I have lived the past weeks," and she reached down an old water gourd half filled with pawn tickets. "You have been very kind, Señor, and so has Padre José, but how can I buy food if I have no money?"

The physician looked troubled. He himself was not over-blessed with earthly goods and had already given more alms to his afflicted patients than prudence allowed.

"Well, I'll see whether I can't find anyone who will bring your children some hot broth," he said suddenly, and taking his hat left the house.

When he had gone, Señora Ramirez began to weep bitterly. Juan, who was sitting at the low-burning fire in the kitchen, seeing his mother burdened with sorrow, and aware of his own inability to help her, bowed his manly head and wept too.

"Madre! Juan!" cried Carmelita faintly from her pillow. She had heard part of what the physician had said at the door.

"What is it, querida?" asked the



Señora, rising.

"You and Juan come in here, and let us talk a bit."

The two did as she requested. But when they saw her pallid features and noticed how she suffered, they could not restrain their tears, and burst out weeping afresh. Carmelita could not understand how her mother and Juan, who till then had always been able to master their feelings, should become suddenly so inconsolable.

"Madre," she gasped after a little while, "Madre, did the Señor Medico say that I am dying?" and she twitched nervously at her scapular.

"We are both dying, Carmelita mia," exclaimed her brother sadly, "and it is well, for we will never be strong enough again to work, and God will provide for mother when we are gone. As it is now, we are only a burden to her."

"Oh, my children, my children," sobbed the heart-broken mother, "that I should have lived to see this day!"

"Be consoled, madre querida," Juan continued seating himself beside his mother on the bed and taking her trembling hand in his. "Think how happy you will be when you meet us again in heaven. There we shall not have to work, nor suffer, nor starve, and God will dry all our tears."

"Oh, God in heaven, have pity, have pity!" she cried and slipping on her knees buried her face in the coverlets.

"Poor mother, poor mother!" said Carmelita, stretching out her

hand and tenderly caressing her dear mother's gray head, "as God wills!"

Then turning to her brother she said:

"Juanito, what else did the doctor say about me? I did not quite understand all he said."

"He said that you also have pneumonia, *hermanita mia*," replied the young man, "many of the fever patients have it."

"That must be the sharp pain in my side, and oh, this burning thirst."

The Señora rose at once on hearing this, and gave her daughter a cooling drink.

"Thank you, madre mia, I feel better now," Carmelita said, as she laid herself wearily again on her pillow. "So there is no hope for me! Well, God's will be done. May Jesus, Mary, and Joseph be with me in my last hour," and then closing her tired eyes, she lay there so quietly that she scarcely seemed to breathe.

"Madre mia," exclaimed the young man, dropping on his knees beside the bed, "let us say the rosary. We must not give up to despair. God is good and he will not desert us as long as we put our trust in him."

Mother and son prayed softly and fervently, hoping against hope that God would hear their supplication. Of a sudden, Carmelita opened her eyes with a sunny smile and interrupted their prayer saying:

"I was just thinking, madre querida, how nice it would be if we were only in Nazareth now."

"In Nazareth, my child? Strange

thoughts you have!" replied the Señora, gazing wonderingly at her daughter.

"Yes, madre mia; for then we could go to the Holy House where Jesus, Mary, and Joseph dwell, and ask them to please help us poor sick people. I'm sure we should not have to knock twice."

The mother rose and bending over her sick child, placed a cooling wet cloth on her burning brow. "The fever," she said to herself, "is rising, and she does not know what she is saying."

"Knock, and it shall be opened," Carmelita went on, all unconscious, as it were, of what her mother was doing. "Madre, why don't you go and knock?" she asked presently, staring reproachfully at her mother.

"But where, my child, shall I knock?"

"In the church, of course, madre querida. For they are there, — Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and also good Francisco," and she pointed to a cheap print of the Saint of Assisi, the Father of the Poor, that was pinned to the wall above her bed. "And are we not all three his children, and will he not beg Jesus and Mary to help us?"

"My child, you are delirious; you do not know what you are saying.

Did not the Señor Medico say that you are dying, and that there is no hope for you?"

"No, madre mia, I am not dying. See, Juanito and I are both young yet, and we both want to get well and strong again, so you won't be left alone in your old age. Go quickly, therefore, madre, go to the church and Jesus will listen to your knock."

"My child, I have been to the church time and again, and prayed much, yes very much for you. If God wants to make you well, he will listen to my prayer here just as well as in the church. No, I can't leave you now; I dare not leave you now that you are so sick," and the poor widow burst again into tears.

"Oh, madre buena, dry your tears, and hurry to the church. See, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and Francisco are standing at the door waiting for you. They want you to come and they will cure both me and Juan," pleaded Carmelita, her eyes filled with a strange light, which her distracted mother considered the harbinger of death.

"You had better go," Juan suggested softly to his mother, "it will distress her if you don't."

"Yes, madre mia; Juanito will take care of me while you are gone."

*(To be continued)*

## Easter Morning

Behold the night of sorrow gone,  
Like Magdalen the tearful Dawn  
Goes forth, with love's anointing sweet,  
To kiss again the Master's feet!

—John Bannister Tabb.





## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—According to the latest figures available, the number of Franciscan missionaries working in the field afar is as follows: 1578 priests, 119 clerics, and 656 lay brothers. They are distributed among 63 convents and 543 residences, and administer to approximately two million and a half of the faithful. During the past year, 69,986 children and 11,991 adults were baptized in the Franciscan missions. In the American missions, 750 baptisms of adults were recorded. —

News was received a short time ago from Rome of the death of Father Louis Guanella, Tertiary, who for many years has occupied a distinguished place among workers and organizers of work for the mentally and physically afflicted poor in Italy. A contemporary writer calls him a new Dom Bosco or another St. Vincent de Paul. In his early life he was profoundly impressed by the unhappy condition of imbecile or crippled children, often neglected by their parents or sent out to beg in the streets, sometimes utterly homeless. He devoted his life to the care of these maimed lambs of Christ's fold, collected alms for them, and provided them with food and shelter. His work prospered exceedingly, and as it grew he enlisted the aid of certain charitable ladies who later on were formed into a religious congregation. At present, they have charge of no fewer than twenty-five charitable establishments in different parts of Italy, flourishing and doing splendid work without endowments other than Divine Providence. We honor the memory of our departed

brother in St. Francis and—as he richly deserves—may he rest in peace. —*Franciscan Monthly*.

**China.**—Fr. Caesar Stern, O.F.M., a missionary in China, referring to education in the Far East, writes, "Thanks to the relative peace which reigns in China, conversions are multiplying in all parts of the country. The greatest aid to this movement is the schools. In their growing desire for knowledge the Chinese are following the example set by the Japanese, whose methods of teaching they also wish to imitate." Recognizing this state of affairs, the Franciscan Fathers of Shantung have opened a new school in Chotsuen, one of the busiest centers along the new Shantung railroad. It is under the direction of Fr. Wolfgang Wand, O.F.M., who three years since toured the United States in the interest of his missions. Fr. Wolfgang is a popular figure with the older residents of Shantung; and judging from the first day of enrollment, when forty pupils reported, the project bids fair to open new avenues for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in the Celestial Empire.

**South America.**—*Revista Serafica de Chile* views with satisfaction the far-reaching and many-sided activity of the Third Order fraternities in South America. In the Argentine Republic, the Third Order has notably widened the sphere of its influence, especially since the two national congresses that were recently held. Thus the Tertiaries of Cordue, numbering 1350, have undertaken to found and to maintain two large colleges, one for the



young men and the other for the young ladies of the city. At present, they are founding outside the city limits a hospital for needy tubercular patients. The fraternity of Buenos Aires comprises 5080 members, of whom 2000 are men. They have organized a society for the support of schools where poor children are educated and boarded free of charge. Then, they conduct an orphanage, a poor house, and a number of free libraries. At Santa Fe the Tertiaries are conducting Sunday schools over the entire province. In Chile, they are likewise founding elementary and industrial schools and protectorates, besides conducting a house of retreat.

**Victoria, B. C.**—On the feast of St. Angela Merici, Tertiary, February 21, two young ladies, Miss Mary Carroll, of Omaha, Neb., and Miss Elizabeth Ries, of New Orleans, La., were admitted to the habit of the Poor Clares in the Poor Clare chapel of this city. On the same day, Sister M. Victoria, the first novice admitted to this community, pronounced her first vows. The occasion was graced by the presence of the Rt. Rev. A. MacDonald, and the city clergy. The singing for the ceremony was rendered by the cathedral choir. During the five years of their stay in Victoria, the Poor Clares have endeared themselves to the Catholics of this city, as is evidenced by their eager attendance at solemn functions of this sort.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—According to a custom prevailing in the Province of the Sacred Heart for some years, the cause of the "Holy Childhood" is brought to the attention of the faithful of our parishes about the beginning of each year, in behalf of the children of our Indian missions. The result of this year's appeal was a contribution of over \$1500. The needs of these Indian missions can

be ascertained from the fact that during the year 1915, our Province alone disbursed \$13,836.07 on them. Most of these funds are used for the maintenance of Catholic Indian schools.

**Washington, D. C.**—Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., Professor of Medieval History at the Catholic University, has been appointed to look after the spiritual interests of all the Sisters pursuing special courses at the University. There are at present sixty-two Sisters there, representing thirty Orders and Congregations.—

On March 1, the same Fr. Paschal lectured before the students of the University of Pennsylvania on "Some Medieval Peace Movements and Organizations." Owing to the efforts of the Holy See to bring about the cessation of hostilities, the lecture had a very timely interest. According to Fr. Paschal, the medieval period in history was, probably, the greatest era of war the civilized world has ever seen. Medieval warfare, was not war as we understand it nowadays, where, with some large purpose in view, one great cohesive state directs its entire military powers against another state, but rather private war of an essentially local character. This lawless custom of waging private war without legitimate cause was the chief cause of the instability of life in medieval times. In the midst of this deplorable condition of affairs, as Fr. Robinson pointed out, the Church stepped in and sought to protect the oppressed by imposing measures suited to enforce respect for the public peace. These measures were at first local and took the form of the institutions known as the "Peace of God" and "The Truce of God." Nothing redounds more to the credit of the medieval ecclesiastics than their unwearied striving during that turbulent period to protect the poor and

defenceless, and to lessen the violence, oppression, and outrage which marked the progress of feudal warfare.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Church.**—The local Tertiary fraternity held a meeting on March 19, and elected the following officers: Prefect, John L. Runde; Assistant, Mrs. Jos. Thoele; Infirmarian, Miss Dora Helmbacher; Councilors, Prof. Louis Rieg and Dr. E. A. Weisenhorn. Rev. Fr. Bonaventure, O.F.M., is the Director of the fraternity.

**Lawrence, Kan.**—Serious charges of bigoted discrimination made against the authorities of Haskell Institute by Rev. Philip Gordon, himself a Chippewa and chaplain on the Catholic Indian Mission Board, brought speedy results when the charges were made public in the Catholic press a few weeks ago. Cardinals Gibbons and Farley, and Archbishop Prendergast, members of the Catholic Indian Mission Board, referred the alleged discrimination to Secretary Lane. One of the charges made by Father Gordon is that a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who is not an employee of the Government and who has no official status whatever, lives on the school grounds in quarters free of charge and is also supplied with light and heat and all kinds of privileges gratis, while the Catholic pupils are not even given an opportunity of properly attending to their religious duties. Through the prompt and courteous action of the Department of the Interior, the abuses were speedily corrected and an agreement was drawn up between Father Gordon and the authorities of the Institute which will in the future govern things Catholic there. It is sincerely to be hoped that this agreement will become the standard for all Government Indian schools.

**Kansas City, Mo.**—The Hospital and Health Board of Kansas City has enlisted the clergy in behalf of

the public hospitals. Six Protestant clergymen, one Jewish rabbi, and one Catholic priest are now on the regular staff of the Board. Besides this, the Franciscan Fathers have been appointed to look after the interests of all the Catholic patients under municipal care.

**Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.**—As the result of a series of conferences given to the parish at large on the nature and aim of the Third Order, the Reverend Director, Fr. Eugene, O.F.M., had the happiness of receiving seventy-six applications for admission. Ten of the applicants were men. The solemn ceremony of investment took place on Sunday afternoon, March 12, during the hour usually devoted to the Sunday afternoon services. Besides the Tertiaries, a large number of the faithful gathered to witness this first public function of the Third Order in this parish. The chief credit for the excellent showing of the local fraternity, apart from the untiring zeal of its Reverend Director, is due to the rector of the parish, Rev. Fr. Bernard, O.F.M., who succeeded in awakening the interest of many non-Tertiaries in the Third Order. If present plans mature, the Tertiaries of Joliet will soon be in possession of an excellent library for their special use.

**San Juan Bautista, Cal.**—With the death of Rev. Valentine Closa at Mission San Juan Bautista, there has passed one of the most venerable Spanish missionaries of the secular clergy in California. Father Closa was born in Spain, in 1841, of poor parents. Although their poverty made it impossible for him to attend school, he was, nevertheless, seized with a most ardent desire of becoming a priest, and asked a friend to buy him an ABC book. His parents frowned on this attempt of his to educate himself, but he managed to secure the coveted



ed book, and spent many an hour and many a day, while watching his father's sheep, in learning his self-imposed lessons. Finally, he ran away from home to attend college, and when thirty years of age, came to this country, where he was ordained priest three years later at Los Angeles, Cal. The first charge of the zealous priest was Mission San Luis Obispo; but, in 1874, he was transferred to Mission San Juan Bautista, where he labored indefatigably for the remaining forty-two years of his life. His treasure and his pride was the venerable Old Mission, and the thousands of tourists to this old Franciscan landmark will remember with pleasure the good priest who was always so solicitous about the welfare and convenience of his visitors. It was through his efforts that San Juan can boast to-day of the largest and most valuable collection of relics to be found in any mission of the United States. Father Closa was a warm friend of the Franciscan friars who, in turn, cherished him for his many good qualities of heart and mind. R.I.P.

**New York City.**—In the Tertiary fraternity established in the Bronx, the custom obtains of reciting at the monthly gathering the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin; whereupon one of the Tertiary brothers addresses the members on some subject relative to the Third Order. This practice is certain to have very salutary effects on the Tertiaries of the Bronx, and can well be recommended to other fraternities for imitation.

**Oak Forest, Ill.**—Since the Fathers of our Province were called, in 1912, by the late Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, to take charge of the Catholic inmates of the Cook County Infirmary and Tuberculosis Hospital, the spiritual condition of these unhappy people has been greatly improved. Besides

erecting a residence for the Fathers on a site near the infirmary, the Archbishop built a splendid chapel, with a seating capacity of about seven hundred persons, for the use of the patients. The vastness of the work entrusted to the Fathers can best be judged from the fact that over half of the 4000 and more inmates of this mammoth hospital are Catholics. To the great joy of the patients and of the Catholic physicians and nurses stationed at Oak Forest, Rev. Fr. Titus, O.F.M., preached a mission in the hospital chapel, from February 27—March 5. The services were so zealously attended, that the capacity of the chapel was overtaxed by the crowds seeking admission.

**Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church.**—A very successful Tertiary retreat was conducted here during the week beginning with February 6, by Rev. Fr. Matthew, O.F.M. rector of St. Augustine's Church, Chicago. On the evening of the 13th, forty-five postulants were invested with the Tertiary scapular and cord, and ninety-three novices were professed. The fraternity now numbers 450 members, a large percentage of whom are from the suburban districts.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—At the regular meeting of the English fraternity at St. Peter's, seventy-three new members were received into the Third Order. Owing to the mild weather, an unusually large number of Tertiaries assembled for the impressive ceremony.—

For the accommodation of Catholics that are employed in the "Loop", the Stations of the Cross are recited every day in Lent in St. Peter's Church, at 12.30 o'clock.

**Portland, Ore.**—The Franciscan Fathers of this city have earned well of the Catholics of Portland by establishing a Free Catholic Library. The first step toward this



worthy cause was a donation of some eighty volumes of the best Catholic authors. As the number of books is constantly increasing and the library will be absolutely free, there is no doubt that excellent results will be forthcoming in due time. The main object in view, besides supplying the faithful with interesting and profitable reading matter, is to offset the dangers to faith and morals attending the indiscriminate use of the public libraries.

**New Orleans, La.**—On Sunday, March 19, the Third Order fraternity of this city, of which Rev. Leander M. Roth, rector of St. Teresa's Church, is the Director, held its quarterly meeting at the

Poor Clare Monastery. The meeting was presided over by Rev. Fr. Solanus, O.F.M., who also received the fifteen new members into the Order. He was assisted during the ceremony by Rev. John Stritch, S. J., chaplain of the Monastery. The chapel was well filled with Tertiaries and other devout worshippers. Since the reestablishment of the Third Order in New Orleans a few months ago, about one hundred and fifty new members have been received and a great many isolated Tertiaries have been affiliated to Father Roth's fraternity. The meetings are well attended and all the Tertiaries seem to be very happy in their vocation and also very much in earnest.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

February 22 saw the customary gathering in St. Michael's Hall to do honor to the memory of Washington. When the orchestra had played Paul Henneberg's "Boy Scouts' March," the curtain rose revealing, amid profuse decorations in the center of the stage, a large picture of Washington, which was greeted with prolonged applause. Two prose declamations then followed: "The Faith of Washington" by Henry Aretz; and "The Birthday of Washington" by Antony Kriech. Thereupon the college choir sang F. Pannell's "The Birthday of Washington," and then the members of the St. Bernardine's Literary Circle presented a little play entitled "Vacation." Like the average real vacation of college boys, the play "Vacation" was of a serio-comic character: full of fun and

adventure, but with a touch of seriousness now and then; a trifle dull sometimes, but too short to become tedious; gressomely near to being tragic for one or the other; moving rather leisurely for the most part, but hastening rapidly towards the end, and leaving all the actors in it heartily glad that it was over. The acting of all the players was quite satisfactory; but that of Antony Glauber and Edward Voss, who impersonated the two Obadiahs—Siggins Sr. and Jr.—, was undoubtedly the most amusing. In an interval between the acts, the orchestra rendered "Mercedes," a fandango by C. P. Laurendeau, and the celebration closed with the singing of our national song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

On the feast of the Blessed Roger (March 13), Rev. Father Rector's patron saint, the students presented the following program, in which each class was represented:

Washington Post March.....J. P. Sousa  
 College Orchestra  
 Congratulatory Address.....Robert Limacher  
 Kaernthner Volkslied (Song).....Thos. Koshat  
 College Choir  
 The Encounter (Recitation).....J. T. Trowbridge  
 Joseph A. Schmitt  
 The Organist (Poem).....England  
 Joseph Schmidt  
 Life's Dream (Song).....J. A. Parks  
 College Choir  
 The Treasures of the Church (Recitation)....Anon.  
 John Dittmann  
 The Inchcape Rock (Ballad).....Robert Southey  
 Justin Diederich  
 Maritana (Selection) { (Trombone { W. V. Wallace  
 Kathleen Mavourneen } (Solos) { F. N. Couch  
 Charles Koerber  
 Address of the Reverend Rector  
 Aide-de-Camp March.....L. P. Laurendeau  
 College Orchestra

In the afternoon it was so warm and so delightful outdoors that the Academics could not refrain from playing a game of base-ball. Being the first game of the season, it drew a large crowd of interested lookers-on, who enjoyed the exhibition quite as much as the players themselves. The score?—Well,—14-10. Those who had too readily believed that spring had come, were soon undeceived; on the evening of the next day the ground was covered with snow.

The feast of St. Joseph, the patron saint of our college, was celebrated this year on March 20. In the morning there was a solemn High Mass; and in the afternoon the following novices were admitted to profession in the Third Order: R. Adam, Wm. Gatzemeier, S. Kozlowski, F. Osborne, Jos. Pietruszewicz, F. Steffes, Fred. Welker.

## ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

A well attended and enthusiastic meeting was held here Sunday night, March 12, for the purpose of forming a German Literary Society. The object of the organization is to promote German speaking and singing. Regular meetings will be held every two weeks. Rev. Fr. Liberatus, O.F.M., who was chosen moderator, gave the members a very interesting talk at the initial meeting, and assured them that he would do

all in his power to make the society a success.

The Commercial Club, organized, in 1910, to foster mutual interest in commercial work among the students of this department, held its sixth annual social meeting on Friday, March 17. Many of the former members were present at the reunion.

The fine weather of Sunday, March 12, caused the base-ball enthusiasts of the College to turn out for the first time this season, and a lively exhibition of the national game ensued between students of the collegiate and academic departments. The Collegiates won by a score of 11 to 10.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**  
 English Branch of Third Order:

William Tobin, Bro. Joseph,  
 Margaret Fitzgerald, Sr. Mary,  
 Catherine Scanlon, Sr. Frances,  
 Anne Victory, Sr. Mary,  
 Sarah Howard, Sr. Dolores,  
 Johanna Cahill, Sr. Anne.

**German Branch of Third Order:**

Joseph Radtke, Bro. Francis,  
 Teresa Heinz, Sr. Elizabeth,  
 Irene Van Haagen, Sr. Veronica,  
 Anne Bashold, Sr. Frances.

**St. Augustine's Church:**

Frances Masson, Sr. Clare.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:**

Thomas Cuyler, Bro. Francis,  
 Bridget O'Grady, Sr. Elizabeth,  
 Amelia Triber, Sr. Clare,  
 Catherine Mennick, Sr. Colette,  
 Mary Redinger, Sr. Agnes,  
 Catherine Lieblein, Sr. Clare,  
 Catherine Graham, Sr. Anne.

**Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:**

John Burcher, Bro. Louis,  
 Sarah Berard, Sr. Clare,  
 Catherine O'Mea, Sr. Frances.

**Sacramento, Cal.:**

Cafida Gonnet, Sr. Frances.

**Baltimore, Md.:**

Maria A. Kelly, Sr. Elizabeth.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO  
THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

APRIL, 1916.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Sat.	St. Martina, Virgin, Martyr.
2	Sun.	<b>Fourth Sunday of Lent.</b> —St. Francis of Paula, Confessor.
3	Mon.	St. Benedict the Moor, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
4	Tues.	St. Isidore, Bishop, Doctor of the Church.
5	Wed.	St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor.
9	Thur.	Bl. Thomas of Tolentino, Martyr of the 1st Order —Bl. Bentivolius, Confessor of the 1st Order.
7	Fri.	Bl. Crescentia, Virgin of the 3rd Order.—Bl. Antonia, Widow of the 2nd Order.
8	Sat.	Bl. Julian, Confessor of the 1st Order.
9	Sun.	<b>Passion Sunday.</b> —Bl. Archangel, Confessor of the 1st Order.
10	Mon.	Bl. Charles of Sezze, Confessor of the 1st Order.
11	Tues.	St. Leo The Great, Pope, Doctor of the Church. <i>The devotion of the Nine Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony begins to-day.</i>
12	Wed.	Bl. Angelus, Confessor of the 1st Order.
13	Thur.	St. Hermenegild, Martyr.
14	Fri.	The Seven Dolours of Our Lady.—St. Justin, Martyr.—SS. Tiburtius and Companions, Martyrs.
15	Sat.	St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop, Doctor of the Church.
16	Sun.	<b>Palm Sunday.</b> —St. Raphael, Archangel.— <i>Anniversary of the profession of our holy Father Francis. Plenary Indulgence for all members of the Three Orders of St. Francis who renew their profession. General Absolution.</i>
17	Mon.	St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bishop, Doctor of the Church.—St. Anicetus, Martyr. <i>General Absolution.</i>
18	Tues.	Bl. Andrew, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>General Absolution.</i>
19	Wed.	Bl. Conrad, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>General Absolution.</i>
20	Thur.	<b>Maunday Thursday.</b> —Bl. Leopold, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>General Absolution.</i>
21	Fri.	<b>Good Friday.</b> —St. Anselm, Bishop, Doctor of the Church. <i>General Absolution.</i>
22	Sat.	<b>Holy Saturday.</b> —SS. Soter and Cajus, Martyrs. <i>General Absolution.</i>
23	Sun.	<b>Easter Sunday.</b> —Bl. Giles of Assisi, Confessor of the 1st Order.—St. George, Martyr. <i>General Absolution and Plenary Indulgence.</i>
24	Mon.	St. Fidelis of Sigmaringa, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
25	Tues.	St. Mark, Evangelist.
26	Wed.	Our Lady of Good Counsel.—SS. Cleto and Marceline, Popes, Martyrs.
27	Thur.	Bl. James, Confessor of the 1st Order.—Bl. Jane Mary, Widow of the 3rd Order.
28	Fri.	Bl. Luchesius, Confessor of the 3rd Order.—St. Vital's, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
29	Sat.	St. Peter, Martyr.
30	Sun.	<b>Low Sunday</b> —St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin.

**Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:** 1) Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Orders, or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and there pray for the intentions of the Pope.

2) Once every month, on any suitable day. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3) On the day of the monthly meeting. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intentions of the Pope.

4) On the first Saturday of every month. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intentions of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.







The Queen of May

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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NO. 5

## Mother of Christ

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
What shall I ask of thee?  
I do not sigh for the wealth of earth,  
For the joys that fade and flee;  
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This do I long to see,  
The Bliss untold which thine arms unfold,  
The Treasure upon thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
He was all-in-all to thee—  
In the winter's cave, in Nazareth's home,  
In the hamlets of Galilee.  
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
He will not say nay to thee;  
When He lifts His face to thy sweet embrace,  
Speak to Him, Mother, of me.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
What shall I do for thee?  
I will love thy Son with the whole of my strength,  
My only King shall He be.  
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This will I do for thee,  
Of all that are dear or cherished here,  
None shall be dear as He.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
I toss on a stormy sea,  
O lift thy Child as a beacon-light  
To the Port where I fain would be.  
And, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This do I ask of thee—  
When the voyage is o'er, O stand on the shore,  
And show Him at last to me.



## ST. FELIX OF CANTALICE

OF THE FIRST ORDER

MAY 18

**T**HIS great saint was born at Cantalice, a small town of the former duchy of Spoleto, Italy, about the year 1515. His parents were peasants, poor, indeed, in the things of this world, but rich in virtue and the grace of God. By instructions and kind exhortations, but especially by their virtuous example, they strove to instil into the tender heart of their child the fear of God and to lead him to the faithful practice of piety and the observance of the commandments of God, and they had the joy of seeing their efforts bear abundant fruit. The child, from his earliest years, was remarkable for the modesty of his bearing and for the zeal with which he applied himself to exercises of piety and of self-denial. While tending cattle, a duty entrusted to him when he was less than ten years of age, he would seek quiet places in order to converse undisturbed with God.

He was often seen to kneel for a long time under a tree in whose bark he had cut a cross with his knife, pouring forth pious ejaculations of adoration and love. As soon as he had reached his twelfth year, Felix was placed in the service of a rich and virtuous citizen of Citta Ducale, first as a shepherd and afterwards as a farm laborer. Here he continued with increasing fervor to sanctify his labors by the spirit of prayer and mortification.

Practicing the greatest spiritual recollection, he saw God in everything, and so fervently did he ponder on the greatness and bounty of God as manifested in the beauty and wonders of nature that, though he had not learned to read and write, he soon attained a high degree of contemplation. At dawn of day, he was to be seen in the church, where he assisted at Mass with the greatest devotion. Although he was severe toward himself and practiced many austerities, he was always cheerful, kind, and charitable in his dealings with others. Nothing could disturb his calm of mind, and to those who insulted and wronged him, he was wont to say quietly, "I pray God you may become a saint."

Felix had thus made great progress on the way of perfection amid the labors of his humble state. But, he was to serve God still more perfectly in the religious life. A friend read to him the lives of the Fathers of the Desert, and the Saint at once felt the desire of retiring to a hermitage in order to give himself entirely to God. Pondering, however, on the advantages of a life of obedience in a religious community, he determined to adopt this latter mode of life. An accident hastened the fulfillment of his pious resolve.

The Saint was one day ordered to break two young oxen to the yoke.

The animals became frightened, and when he tried to stop them, they knocked him down, trampled on him and dragged the plow over his body. Though his clothing was torn, the Saint remained unhurt. Full of gratitude for the manifest protection of Divine Providence, he resolved to delay no longer but to leave the world and consecrate himself to God in the Order of St. Francis.

He at once set his affairs in order, took leave of his kind master, who grieved much to lose so faithful a laborer, and betook himself to the convent of the Capuchins at Citta Ducale, where he humbly asked to be received as a lay brother. When the austerities of the life which he wished to embrace were pointed out to him, he firmly declared, "The austerities of the Order do not frighten me. I hope, with God's help, to overcome all the difficulties which will arise from my own weakness. I will hide my soul in the Wound of the Side of my crucified Jesus, and then I shall no longer fear hell, whatever be its efforts to bring about my ruin." He was at length sent to Anticoli,

where he received the habit, in 1543. He was then about thirty years of age.

During his novitiate, Felix aroused the admiration of all by the fervor with which he applied himself to the practice of every religious virtue, especially of humility, poverty, and mortification. To

shake the constancy of the servant of God, the devil assailed him with various temptations so severe as to impair his health. But all the attacks of the evil one were powerless against the fearless soul of the Saint, fortified by humility, patience, and a childlike confidence in God.

Three years after his profession, Felix was sent to Rome, where he was to spend the rest of his life and to exercise a great influence on numerous souls. Ap-



St. Felix of Cantalice

pointed to collect the alms for the sustenance of the community, he was daily seen passing through the streets of the city with his sack on his shoulders, barefoot, his eyes modestly cast down, and his heart raised to God in prayer. He was accustomed to thank for any alms with a fervent *Deo gratias*, and he

encouraged others to make frequent use of this ejaculation. By the example of his holy life he gained the love and esteem of the people of Rome, and effected much for the conversion of sinners, the reformation of morals, and the spiritual progress of pious souls.

Felix, however, far from giving way to vanity, was greatly pained when marks of consideration and reverence were shown him, but he rejoiced exceedingly when he met with humiliations and insults. Indeed, an ambitious man could not be more greedy of honors than Felix appeared to be of contempt, which he looked upon as his due.

Being a true son of St. Francis, he was most exact in the observance of holy poverty. God showed in a wonderful manner how pleasing to him was his dislike of money. One morning Felix met some students of the Roman college, and according to his custom he stopped to sing *Deo gratias* with them. One of the students, out of innocent fun, slipped a piece of money into his sack. The Saint at once felt so heavy a weight on his shoulders that in astonishment he opened his sack, and finding the coin, he cast it with disdain into the mud of the street. Mortification is the companion of poverty, and hence we see Felix practicing austerities, the mere enumeration of which causes human nature to shudder.

The Saint was almost continually united with God in prayer. The Passion of Christ and the glories of

the Blessed Virgin were the favorite subjects of his meditations. "As for me," he once declared, "as far as knowledge goes, I care to know only six letters, five red and one white. The five red letters are the wounds of our Savior, and the white letter is his Blessed Mother."

When on the quest, he was wont to say the rosary as attentively and piously as he could have done in perfect solitude. He never passed the statue of the Blessed Virgin without greeting her with great fervor and asking her blessing. The Mother of God vouchsafed to reward the love of her faithful servant by signal favors. She appeared to him several times, and particularly on one Christmas night, when she placed her Divine Son in his arms.

In his old age, the Saint was afflicted with many painful infirmities, but he continued to perform his daily duties. At length, the time arrived when he was to receive his eternal reward. Seized with a violent fever, he received the last Sacraments with the greatest devotion, and after being consoled by a vision of the Mother of God, accompanied by many holy angels, he calmly expired on May 18, 1587. The people at once began to venerate him as a Saint of God. Many miracles were wrought at his intercession. He was beatified by Pope Urban VIII, in 1625, and canonized by Pope Clement XI, on May 22, 1712, though the Bull of canonization was published by Pope Benedict XIII, in 1724.



## CROSS AND CROWN

*By Fr. Maximus, O.F.M.*

IT was on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, 1594, that a stranger, meanly clad, entered the harbor of Kiu Tshiu. He was none other than the illustrious St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies and of Japan. While the shores of the New World were holding out to others prospects of wealth and conquest, his keen eye had seen at a glance that here was a whole empire that might be conquered for Christ.

When three years later, on December 2, the mild rays of the setting sun cast a halo of light about his wasting form, and the Saint was on the point of leaving the scene of his earthly labors to receive the reward exceeding great, Christianity had taken deep root in the Flowery Kingdom. New laborers kept pouring in from the east and south, so that after half a century the faithful in Japan were counted by the hundreds of thousands, many of them belonging to the best families.

The country gave fairest promise of becoming wholly Christian, when a storm of persecution arose that would have brought ruin to the infant Church but for the timely aid of a new Apostle, St. Peter Baptist, of the Franciscan Order.

### A Peace Embassy

Hideyoshi, who in the missionary history of Japan goes under the name of Taikosama, during the first years of his reign favored the Chris-

tian religion. Jealous of his usurped power, he may have taken this stand more in deference to his generals, many of whom professed the new faith, than from a regard for its teaching. For, as soon as it appeared that Christianity stood in his way, he changed front, and proscribed all the missionaries. The Jesuits were the only priests in the land at the time. These received a brief respite of only six months to quit the country for India. All those who chose to remain did so at the peril of their lives.

It was some time after the publication of this decree that a representative of Taikosama's, Faranda by name, made his appearance in Manila Bay. He bore papers to the viceroy of the Philippines, Gomez Perez de las Marinas, demanding the surrender of the Islands. The news of this occurrence struck terror into the inhabitants of the Philippine capital, for the cruelty of Taikosama and his lust for power were well known to them.

In this extremity, all eyes turned to a Franciscan friar, who at the time was the most popular figure in Manila—Fr. Peter Baptist, the provincial of the Philippine Franciscan province of St. Gregory. His learning, his delicate tact in his dealings with the natives and the Spaniards, and above all, his fame for solid virtue, had induced the governor on more occasions than one to advise with



ST. PETER BAPTIST, MARTYR OF JAPAN

him; and moved him in this instance to select the friar as the man best qualified to represent the interests of the Islands at the court of Japan. The viceroy thought that the manner of life led by the friars, notably their contempt of riches, would go far toward setting the Emperor's mind at ease about a Spanish invasion.

Accordingly, on May 26, 1593, the ambassadors including Friars Bartholomew Ruiz, Francis of St. Michael, and a lay brother, Garcia Gonzalez, with St. Peter Baptist as their superior, set sail for Japan. On their voyage, they encountered a violent storm. The vessel was on the point of sinking, when Peter Baptist trusting in the powerful arm of God, made the sign of the Cross over the raging waves, and they immediately subsided and the sky became serene. After a voyage of thirty days, the peace party landed in the bay of Owari.

When summoned before the Emperor, they were saluted in royal fashion and escorted in state to the Court. With their coarse brown garb, their shorn heads and bare feet, these envoys presented a strange appearance indeed, as compared to the splendid retinue of the Emperor. However, they were well received. With firmness and prudence Fr. Gonzalez, their spokesman, addressed himself to settling the questions at issue, and succeeded in inducing Taikosama to conclude a favorable treaty of peace.

### Another Mission of Peace

While the little flotilla, under

command of Captain Gonzalez of Carvajal, was returning to Manila to convey the Emperor's answer, Fr. Peter and his fellow religious at the solicitation of Taikosama himself, remained in Meako, the Tokio of modern Japan. The friendliness with which the friars were received at Court emboldened Peter Baptist to approach the Emperor anew, this time, in the cause of a higher sovereign than the King of Spain. He interceded on behalf of the Jesuit missionaries who had risked the danger of proscription by continuing to exercise their ministry in secret, and asked leave to build a chapel in Meako for his brethren in religion. Taikosama met his wishes so far as even to give over to the Christian "bonze" a so-called Varela or Buddhist pagoda.

On the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, Fr. Peter had the great happiness of saying holy Mass for the first time in St. Mary's of the Angels, as the first Franciscan church in Japan was called. We can imagine the sentiments of gratitude toward God that filled the heart of the apostolic friar as he stood at the altar on that day. What a torrent of blessings must not his fervent prayers have brought down upon the suffering Church of Japan, since she yielded such an abundant harvest of souls, and in the event came so well prepared and fortified to her supreme trial.

### New Missionaries

Having negotiated a favorable treaty and fulfilled the primary object of his mission, Fr. Peter Bap-



tist with his three companions now bent all his energies toward the advancement of God's Kingdom among the benighted pagans. It was about the time of the dedication of "St. Mary's of the Angels" that a second embassy, bearing rich presents for the Emperor, landed in Japan; the envoys were again sons of St. Francis from the Philippine province: Friars Augustine Rodriguez, Andrew of St. Antony, Jerome of Jesus, and Marceline Ribadeneira. The meeting of the friars on the foreign shores was pathetic; notably, Fr. Peter, now appointed Commissary of Japan, was filled with joy at receiving such timely and unexpected aid for the arduous task before them.

With the exception of Brother Garcia, who had served under the Jesuit Fathers as catechist, the friars had first to learn the native tongue before they could reach the heathen through the ordinary channels of the Gospel. In the meantime, Peter Baptist and his brethren found a straighter way to the hearts of a people so selfish, nay, so cruel as even to put to death their aged and infirm parents to be spared the trouble of waiting on them in their helpless state. To this end, he erected two hospitals in Meako, one for men, the other for women, which became a haven for the aged and the lepers.

Nor were the natives slow to read this lesson of disinterested charity practiced daily before their eyes. Before long, the friars learned the language and customs of the people, and endeared themselves even more

to their pagan neighbors. In this way they were assured of a hearing when they would begin to announce to them the glad tidings. The Fr. Commissary detailed some of the brethren to Osaka, others to Nagasaki for the purpose of establishing similar institutions. In both places their efforts met with the same good results.

### The First Japanese Tertiary

Amid these labors of practical charity in the Japanese capital, Fr. Peter had the consolation of enlisting in his cause a man whose services proved very valuable, and who, by espousing the cause of religion and of the friars, obtained with them the martyr's crown.

Before his conversion from paganism, Leo Garazuma was a Buddhist bonze. Like another Saul, his zeal for the doctrines of Confucius had led him to persecute the new religion with all his might. His friendship, however, with a Christian nobleman, Cosmas Yoya, helped much to dispel his prejudices. The sterling virtue of his friend induced this thoughtful man to investigate the claims of the alien faith, and with his conversion he became a second Paul, throwing all his former zeal into the practice and spread of the Christian religion.

When the friars came to Meako, it was but natural that this intelligent convert should closely observe the new missionaries and their habits of life. The result of his observations was, that he one day called on the Fr. Commissary, and begged admission into his Order. He assured the Saint that he had al-

ready settled the matter of perpetual chastity with his wife. Fr. Peter was astonished at this singular request, and, much as he admired the man's good intentions, he urged every possible argument against his plan. Finally, as a sort of compromise, the Saint informed Garazuma of the splendid opportunities for doing good afforded by the Third Order of St. Francis, in which he might copy the life of the friars while remaining with his wife and family. This news came to him as a revelation, and on that very day, the first Tertiary novice of Japan was admitted into the Third Order. With his admission into the Seraphic family, Leo Garazuma became the constant friend and adviser of the friars and a zealous lay apostle. It may not be out of place here to introduce two converts of his, who subsequently shared his martyrdom under the leadership of the valiant St. Peter Baptist.

#### First Fruits

Michael Cosaqui, an armorer of Meako, after his conversion continued to ply his trade in that city, where he enjoyed great popularity with his Christian and heathen neighbors. Cosaqui was doubly favored of heaven in that his conversion brought a double crown of martyrdom to his God-fearing family.

Thomas, his son, aged about fifteen years, together with his father professed the Rule of the Third Order. The boy was the joy and pride of his father, especially when in the garb of an acolyte he served the priests at divine services. Often

father and son would arise at midnight and go to church, where the friars chanted the divine office; and it was here, most likely, that the boy learned the psalms and canticles which later brought rays of sunshine to his elders in their imprisonment and on their triumphal march to the "Mount of Martyrs."

Thomas, in turn, gained his youthful comrade, Louis, for the Faith; and both little Tertiaries spent themselves in the service of the friars and the sanctuary, assisting at the altar and imparting instruction to the smaller children, until the martyr's crown called for the sacrifice of their tender lives.

Thus the good seed continued to take root in the hearts of the natives, so that the growth of the Church became more apparent from day to day. The number and kinds of charitable institutions increased remarkably, and a corps of able catechists formed to carry on the spread of religion. Aside from these works of mercy, the friars in time engaged in the preaching of the word of God, particularly in the more populous centers of Meako, Osaka, and Nagasaki. The heathen drawn by curiosity and by the report of their kindness to the abandoned poor, came from all sides to hear the word of God from the lips of these quaint "bonzes," and to receive Baptism at their hands. As in the apostolic days, their word was oftentimes confirmed by astounding miracles.

#### The Friars' Allies

In order to be more at liberty to discharge their apostolic duties, the

friars confided the charitable institutions to their brethren of the Third Order. For, it must be remembered that, during the brief sojourn of the Franciscan Fathers in Japan, the Third Order not alone in point of numbers, but in the fervor of the members and in organization as well, rivaled the fraternities of Catholic Europe, and developed a most vigorous activity. The hospitals and schools afforded the Tertiaries opportunities for the exercise of their zeal.

There is no doubting that these fraternities and the splendid organization bequeathed to them by the friars contributed in no small measure toward keeping alive the faith in that far-away country for over two hundred years without the ministrations of the priesthood. And as the story of our Martyrs will show, it is from the ranks of

these Japanese Tertiaries that the majority of the twenty-six valiant champions of the faith were recruited. Nothing, in fact, points more clearly to the thoroughness with which these neophytes grasped the spirit of the Gospel, than the popularity of the Third Order in their midst, and their eagerness for martyrdom. For, the Third Order of St. Francis aims at nothing more nor less than personal holiness and the apostleship of charity; while the Cross and martyrdom are the supreme test of the love of God and supernatural heroism as compared to the virtue of the every day saint.

For three years, the work of the Franciscan missionaries grew and prospered, and gave even fairer promises than when the light of the Faith was first brought to Japan. Then a new persecution broke out.

*(To be continued)*

### IS IT NOT SO?

The devil, says an exchange, always hurries us in our prayers. We can always find a pretext to put them off. A young lady will stand before her mirror by the hour, but it is a great trial for her to spend five minutes on her knees. Sedate matrons spend hours in tittle-tattle, but they are easily fatigued when it is a question of talking humbly to God in prayer. God knows them as they are and prayer is a self-humiliating process. Men will spend hours on the newspaper or discussing politics and things in general, but it is a trial for them to spend a few minutes in the one important exercise of the day, prayer. It is certainly passing strange, this relative importance given to unimportant things while we hurry through or put off the most important of all acts as far as real eternal welfare is concerned.



## FR. ROCH'S PENITENT

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

THE great clock in the church tower was just striking the hour of five one cold winter morning, when the convent door bell received a vigorous push, and the Brother porter hastened to admit the early caller. Within a few minutes he returned to the sacristy, where Fr. Roch was quietly making his morning meditation.

"Fr. Roch, there's a man at the door who says you're wanted by a dying woman in the east end—Miss Bridget Hinds. Here's the address," the porter concluded, giving the priest a slip of paper.

"But that's far beyond the limits of the parish," Fr. Roch remonstrated, glancing at the card.

"I know; but he declares the woman will have no other priest than you."

"Very well, then; I'll telephone to Father Brown for permission to administer the last sacraments to her."

Saying this, the priest left the sacristy. Father Brown readily gave the desired permission, and before long, Fr. Roch was at the convent door bearing on his bosom the Divine Physician, who, unlike our earthly physicians, cures the ills of both soul and body, and who is ever willing and ready to visit and console his suffering children.

"Good morning, Father," spoke the stranger softly, taking off his cap and displaying a great bald head encircled with a fringe of

white curls. "It's rather chilly, and it'll be a long drive, but the cutter is pretty warm and the streets are fine."

"Don't bother about me, my good man," rejoined Fr. Roch cheerfully, "just so we get there in time to help the poor dying woman."

The two were soon comfortably seated in the sleigh, and then they started on their long silent drive through the snow-covered streets of the sleeping city to the east end. The cutter was old and the horse appeared older still, yet he cantered along quite briskly. After an hour's ride, they drew up at a small frame cottage on the outskirts of the city.

"I'll be through in twenty or thirty minutes," Fr. Roch informed his driver, as he sprang from the sleigh. "I suppose you'll take me back, won't you?"

"Yes, Father, I'll be here when you come out," the man replied as he drove round the house to the barn.

When the priest pushed aside the creaking little gate, the cottage door opened and he saw one of his Tertiaries, Mrs. Woodbury, standing in the doorway holding a lighted candle. At first, he was quite surprised to find the Doctor's wife so far from home, but then he recalled that she was one of the Tertiaries appointed for that month to visit and nurse the sick. Following her

to the sick room, he found everything in exquisite order for the administration of the last sacraments.

"Thank God, Father, you've come at last!" whispered the dying woman faintly, and her eyes reflected the joy of her heart at the priest's coming.

After placing his sacred Burden on the spotless linen cloth before the crucifix, Fr. Roch approached the bed and then recognized in the wasted form before him a dear little woman, one of his Tertiaries, who regularly sat in the front pew at the meetings, but with whom he had never had occasion to speak. After the customary greetings, he spoke encouragingly for a few minutes, and admonished her to put all her trust in God and in her Seraphic Father St. Francis. Then he proceeded to hear her Confession and to administer the holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. After imparting the indulgenced blessing for the hour of death and praying with the patient for some time, Fr. Roch made ready to depart.

"Oh, Father, don't go yet," pleaded the thin voice from the pillow depths. "I want to tell you something."

Mrs. Woodbury quietly left the room, supposing that her presence was not desired, and Fr. Roch sat down beside the bed.

"Father, I want to tell you about my brother Tom. He's the man that got you in the cutter." Here the woman paused for a moment, and a spasm of pain swept across her pallid features. "And oh,

Father, I'd not be so sick if it weren't for him. You see, he's my baby brother, even if he is past sixty. And to think," she went on, while her voice trembled and great drops of sweat gathered on her bloodless brow, "Tom don't go to church, and hasn't gone these forty years. Another thing, Father," she whispered huskily, "he drinks terribly at times, and as he's getting old, I'm so afraid he'll die suddenly some day and be lost forever."

The exertion was almost too much for the frail little body, which shook with pain and anguish, while tears streamed down the hollow cheeks. The priest consoled as only a Catholic priest can do in the hour of trial and affliction.

"Yes, Father, I know God is good and merciful," she replied as he spoke of the goodness and mercy of the Savior, "and I've been praying all these years and offering up all the good works I've done as a Tertiary for Tom's conversion."

"And rest assured, my good woman," broke in Fr. Roch, "these prayers and good works have not been in vain. I will speak to your brother, and, perhaps, with the grace of God I'll be able to bring him to a sense of his duty."

"Oh, thank you, Father, thank you," cried the little woman, her eyes brightening with the hope that filled her soul. "And I will pray to the Blessed Mother Mary and to our dear Father Francis to help you bring him back."

At about half past six, Fr. Roch left the patient much relieved and

comforted by his visit. Her heart was very weak, and the constant anxiety over the eternal welfare of her brother, whom she continued to love in spite of his worthlessness, was most certainly hastening her end. Whispering a fervent *Veni Sancte Spiritus* for light and guidance from above, the priest got into the cutter, and, while arranging the lap robes, scrutinized his companion with a view of forming his plan of attack. The "baby brother" did look sixty years and more. His red and bloated face with livid blotches here and there, bore unmistakable evidence of intemperance, and his breath was redolent of all the foul odor of the inveterate drunkard. Like most friends of the cup that cheers, Tom Hinds was a jolly good fellow, and had a heart as big as himself, but not a penny's worth of will power. He loved his sister, too, in his way, and was now greatly concerned regarding her health, knowing full well that were she to die, he would be homeless. Giving the horse the reins, Tom opened the conversation with the thought then uppermost in his mind.

"How is she, Father?" he asked eagerly.

"Very low, I'm sorry to say," replied the priest in a tone of deep regret.

"Is that so? I thought it was just one of her usual weak spells," Tom answered, evidently much disquieted by the information.

"No, the attack is very serious this time, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if she were to die to-

day or to-morrow. Her condition wouldn't be so bad if she weren't worried so much over a brother of hers, whom she seems to love dearly, but who is causing her no end of trouble."

The priest noticed that Tom winced under these words, but he continued speaking as if he had observed nothing.

"It seems that he has not been to church and to the sacraments since he was twenty years old, and, as he drinks heavily, the good woman fears that he will die during one of his sprees, and be lost forever."

"Why, Father, that's me!" Tom blurted out, as he turned full face toward the priest and gave the lines such a sudden jerk that the old horse stopped short.

"You!" ejaculated the priest.

"Yes, Father, that's me. I know I've been leading a dog's life of it all these years; but you see, when a fellow like me gets into a bunch, it don't take much to spoil him, just like a good apple in a basket of rotten ones," he added in a tone of self-vindication, giving the horse a touch with the whip that sent him forward at a quick trot down the glassy street.

"I know that very well, my dear Tom," assented Fr. Roch with cordial familiarity, that went straight to the man's heart, "but a man has this advantage over a rotten apple that he can make himself good again."

"Not so easy," Tom opposed with a significant gesture of his left hand.



"Oh, I don't see why it should be so hard," the priest urged. "All you have to do is to make a good Confession and the firm resolution to give up your evil ways, and then you're as good an apple as you ever were."

"But that Confession, Father,—that's the hitch. Golly,—beg your pardon, Father, I didn't mean to cuss—but how can I ever tell all the sins I did the past forty years? Why, it'd take me three years to find 'em all out, and then I wouldn't know half of 'em?" and Tom shook his head woefully.

Fr. Roch smiled to himself at this bull, but managed to continue in an earnest tone:

"Now, Tom, don't talk such nonsense! Confession won't be near so hard as you think. Your main weakness was getting drunk, wasn't it?" he asked coaxingly and in his most winning manner.

"Yes, Father, I've been getting drunk two or three times every week for the past forty years, and sometimes I'd go on a spree for a week at a time."

"I see, Tom, you certainly were a fast horse," the priest commented in mock admiration,

"Oh yes, Father, I used to be a great sport. In fact when I had money, the boys used to say that I was a regular prince!"

"And I suppose you cursed some, too, didn't you, Tom?" the priest went on quietly.

"Oh yes, Father, I'm an awful cusser. Fact, I was known to be the biggest cusser in the gang," Tom confessed again with a show

of braggadocio.

"How about getting angry and fighting?"

"Well, I used to fight lots, too, Father, up to a few months ago; but the boss down in the yards, old Jerry Cahill, put his foot on it since he joined some kind of society, that he's always talking about,—Third Order, or something like that; he says he'll fire the first fellow that starts a fight again in the yards."

"Why, do you work for Mr. Cahill?"

"Yes, Father; and a better man never lived than Jerry," Tom replied, but he did not add that Cahill had dismissed him the preceding week for going on a spree again after being warned repeatedly to give up drink.

"Oh, I know Jerry well," Fr. Roch rejoined, "and I'm glad you work for him."

After putting a few more questions to Hinds regarding the probable sins of his past life, and always receiving a satisfactory answer, Fr. Roch at length exclaimed:

"Now, look here, Tom! Talk about taking three years for you to examine your conscience. Why, we've done it now in less than fifteen minutes. Don't you see how easy it is? Now, here's a proposition: as soon as we get to the church, you tie up your horse and come into the confessional, and tell me all this over again, and then I'll give you the absolution, and the Confession you so much dreaded is over. That's a go, isn't it?"

"No—no, Father, I—I can't do

that. I've got to go to work at seven. Fact, I'll be late the way it is," Tom replied shuffling his feet and moving about uneasily in his seat.

This was a deliberate lie; for Tom, after losing his job in the railroad yards, was again living on the charity of his sister.

"Sure, Father, I'd like to go, but you see—" he went on excusing himself.

"Tom Hinds"—and the priest's face and voice assumed a gravity and an authority that they had not shown before—"there's no getting out of this. You're an old man, and may drop dead any moment like so many other drunkards; and if you die without making your peace with God, where will your soul be when your body is lying in some dirty gutter? You have a holy sister who has been praying and working for you for forty years. When she dies, I'm sure she will go straight to heaven. But you'll never get to heaven unless you go to the sacraments. Now, see here, I'm not the man to let you go to hell when you can just as well go to heaven; and if you haven't time to go to Confession in the church, you're going to Confession right here in this cutter."

Saying this, Fr. Roch drew a stole from his pocket and began placing it about his neck under his great fur coat. Tom gasped! This was the strangest experience of his life. He had often wished in his heart to go to Confession, but the fear of entering a church after so long an absence had always deterred

him from carrying out his purpose. And now, here was a chance to go to Confession without entering a church, and he longed to take advantage of it. Still he demurred.

"Sure, Father, you don't mean that," he said, looking rather sheepishly at the priest.

"Of course I do!" returned Fr. Roch emphatically. "You won't have to stop driving. Keep right on. I'll question you, and all you'll have to do is to answer as you did before; and by the time we get to the church, the Confession will be over. So start out."

"All right, Father, here goes," Tom exclaimed, and jerked his cap from his head with a hearty "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned!" seemingly quite forgetful of the icy temperature.

"Put on your cap, Tom," Fr. Roch said, not wishing to attract undue attention from the passersby and fearing for his penitent's health. "I'll give you a nudge with my elbow when we get to the absolution, and then you may raise your cap."

"Sure, Father, I'll do that," came the ready answer.

For a short time, priest and penitent engaged in a subdued conversation, and then, as the sacred words of absolution fell from the priestly lips, Tom Hinds took off his cap and held it reverently before him, while the winter wind played freely with his spare white locks; but he took no notice of this, for his heart and soul were aflame with the love and gratitude of the prodigal son for his allmerciful Father in heaven.

"All right, Tom, put on your cap," said the priest cheerily, as he finished the holy rite. "We will now say a few Our Fathers until we get to the church, and you can then say the remainder of your penance some other time. Tomorrow is Sunday and I want you to go to Holy Communion. I'll have the seven o'clock Mass and you can come to that."

"Yes, Father, trust me, I'll be there!" Tom answered fervently.

\* \* \*

Shortly after the early Mass on the following morning, Fr. Roch was called to the convent parlor.

"Fr. Roch, I want to thank you for making a man of me!" ejaculated Tom Hinds in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude, as he grasped the priest's hand and shook it warmly.

"This is very nice of you, Tom; but I think you have more reason to thank your sister. She's a saint, and it's due to her prayers that you've come back to the church."

"You're right there, Fr. Roch," assented Tom gravely, "Biddy is a saint."

"And it's the Third Order that's made a saint of her, Tom. She told me yesterday that she was induced to join the Third Order in order to bring you to your senses, and all the good works she's performed as a Tertiary, have been offered up for you."

"Father, I know it, I know it," answered Hinds greatly moved, "and here's where I want to tell you something that'll make you wonder all the more at Biddy.

You see, Father, when I was a lad, she got me to promise to say ten Hail Marys every day in honor of our Blessed Mother; and, Father, would you believe it, although I haven't been to the sacraments for forty years, I didn't let a single day pass without saying those ten Hail Marys. I always did love the Blessed Virgin, and I was so glad that you preached on her this morning

"Well, Tom, you have every reason to be thankful to the Blessed Mother and to your holy sister that you are back in the Church, and you surely have come back to stay, haven't you?"

"To be sure, Father, and I'll take the pledge right off for life," exclaimed the prodigal falling on his knees and raising his right hand solemnly.

"But the pledge alone will not help you, Tom. You need something more, something that will give you the necessary grace and strength to keep your pledge. Now, what I want you to do is to join the Third Order. Your boss down in the yards has joined and has also induced several of his men to do the same; and I'm sure Jerry will help you to keep straight if you become a member."

"That's a go, Father; take me up in that Third Order society right away," Tom begged, fearing that his ardor might cool before he could be received.

"Not so quick. I'm going to put you on probation for a while, and if you keep your word, I'll invest you."

And Tom Hinds kept his word.



# -:- Franciscan Anecdotes -:-

## BROTHER GILES AND THE CARDINAL

A certain Cardinal invited Brother Giles to stay with him, and to receive from him the food he needed. The Brother consented to stay, but constantly refused to accept food from the prelate's table, because he was determined to live by the labor of his hands. Thus he always appeared at table with the loaves he had earned in the sweat of his brow. One day it happened to rain in such torrents, that the Brother could not leave the house to earn his daily bread, and the Cardinal, rejoicing over his evident discomfiture, said gaily to him, "To-day, Brother Giles, thou must perforce eat of my food." But the humble man was not to be outwitted. Going to the kitchen of the palace, he said to the cook, "Why dost thou keep thy kitchen so dirty?" "Because I have no one to clean it," was the reply. Thereupon, the Brother, having agreed for two loaves, swept the kitchen, and at dinner-time brought the bread he had thus earned to the Cardinal's table, much to the astonishment of his noble friend. — *Analecta Franciscana*.



## THE THREE GOLDEN COINS OF ST. FRANCIS

Brother Leo, the intimate friend of St. Francis and the sharer of all his secrets, not finding his Seraphic Father in his cell one night, went to the neighboring woods to seek him. The moon was shining bright, and the Brother had not gone far when he noticed Francis kneeling on the ground absorbed in the prayer: "O Lord, my God! who art thou and who am I, a worm of the earth and thy poor servant!" This prayer the Saint repeated over and over again with increasing fervor and animation. Of a sudden, Brother Leo saw a most beautiful flame of fire descending from the heavens and resting above the head of Francis, while a voice proceeded from the flame and conversed with him. Filled with awe and not wishing to intrude on the Saint's privacy, Leo withdrew to some distance, so that he was unable to distinguish what was said.

He saw, however, that St. Francis extended his hand thrice from his bosom toward the heavenly light, whereupon the vision disappeared. Afraid of being detected as eavesdropper, the Brother made haste to leave, but Francis heard his footsteps and commanded him in the name of Christ to halt and to tell him who he was.

"It is I, Father," exclaimed Leo, thoroughly frightened, because he thought he had grievously offended his holy Father and would now lose his friendship in consequence.

When St. Francis learned who it was, he said with a slight tone of reproach, "Brother, thou little lamb, why didst thou come? Have I not often told thee not to seek me thus? Tell me now in holy obedience, what thou hast seen."

Leo revealed all he had seen and heard, and then perceiving a marvelous sweetness in his father, he took courage and begged him earnestly to explain the mysterious words which he had, indeed, heard but had not understood. The holy man, who loved Leo dearly and who now learned that God had already vouchsafed to reveal to him part of the wonderful

vision, deemed it not contrary to the Divine Will to explain the remainder.

"Know then, O Brother, thou little lamb of Jesus Christ," began St. Francis, "that in those things thou hast seen and heard, two lights were shown me; the one filled me with a knowledge of the Creator; the other with the knowledge of myself. . . . And the Lord spoke to me from the flame of fire and requested me to give him three offerings. When I began to excuse myself saying that I had nothing but my body, my soul, and this poor habit, he spoke to me and said, 'Put thy hand into thy bosom and what thou findest there give me.' I did so, and drew forth a gold coin of such size and splendor and beauty, as I had never before seen. When I had offered it to the Lord, I put my hand a second and then a third time into my bosom, and each time drew forth a similar coin. Falling on my knees before the Lord, I thanked him for having given me wherewith to make him a suitable offering. At once he gave me to understand that the three coins signified golden obedience, the highest poverty, and unsullied chastity, all of which God in his mercy has granted me to preserve inviolate."—*Analecta Franciscana*.



### A VICTIM OF HIS LOVE FOR THE POOR

The Venerable James of Castelpieve, in Italy, a Tertiary secular priest, sought to imitate his Seraphic Father in his great love for holy poverty and for the poor. This love won for him the palm of martyrdom. It occurred in this wise. Near the gate of the city, there stood a dilapidated hospital and chapel. James, who had inherited considerable wealth from his parents, bought the buildings, had them repaired and refurnished as a free hospital for the poor. It was here that he then took up his abode, welcoming the sick and the maimed with open arms and nursing them tenderly with his own hands. One day, while examining the deeds of the hospital estate, he discovered that there were still several pieces of valuable property belonging to the estate, which, however, a certain rich man of the city had illegally taken possession of and still retained. James went to him privately and humbly begged him to restore the ill-gotten property. He met with a flat refusal. Nothing daunted, the priest had recourse to the courts and there staunchly defended the cause of the poor. Great was the joy of the priest when the court decided in his favor, for now he would be able to take care of a larger number of sick than heretofore. The rich man, too, seemed satisfied with the outcome of the trial and even invited Father James to dine with him one evening. The priest did so gladly; but, as he was returning home, he was cruelly murdered by one of the servants of the rich man, at the instigation of his master. This happened on January 15, 1305. The bleeding body was then thrown into a deep ravine and covered with brambles and dry brushwood. A few days later, passersby noticed that the thorns and brushwood were blooming profusely, although it was then midwinter. They naturally examined the place, and, to their great astonishment and sorrow, found the corpse of the murdered priest. The authorities were at once notified, and the body was carried in solemn procession to the hospital chapel and there interred. One hundred and seventy-four years later, the tomb was opened, and the body was found still entirely incorrupt.—*Franciscan Martyrology*.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### PLEBEIAN VIRTUE

She was a poor old woman of whom the great world knew and recked little. Her best years were spent in laboring and caring for her five children during their last lingering illness, until she herself was stricken with the same dread malady. For eight years she was confined to her bed, and in all this time, she was never heard to utter a word of complaint. She never tired of telling her beads and of repeating to those who came to commiserate her, "God is good." Her constancy in prayer and patience in suffering excited the admiration of those near her. Her pastor spoke of her as a blessing to the parish. She was a charter member of the Third Order fraternity, and was happy to live and die a child of St. Francis.

This obituary was recently sent us by a correspondent. We give it prominence on this page not because the facts therein recorded are in any way uncommon, but because they are so very common that they are apt to be dismissed without a further thought. Yet, the lesson contained in the life of this good woman, which is typical of thousands of others, is one that we would do well to take to heart. Judged by the standards of the world, indeed, her life was a failure, and worse than a failure; for, she contributed nothing to the world's happiness but rather added to its misery. Viewed from a Christian point of view, however, her life was a success, and a decided success; for, it was dedicated wholly to God, the end of our existence, which we must attain if we would not be accounted hopeless failures for time and for eternity. Hers was a life of conformity to the will of God, and therein consists sanctity.

By studying lives such as this we are reminded of the principle that holiness is not the prerogative of a few, but the calling of all; not a profession, but a duty; not a privilege, but an obligation; not dependent on particular acts or functions, but attainable through most ordinary means. We are admonished that one may be as well a saint at the counter or in the workshop as at the altar, at home as in the monastery, in the metropolis as in the desert. We are impressed with the fact that one may be a saint by the practice of the meanest duties as much as by the performance of the more striking acts of virtue; by modest prayer as easily as by ecstatic contemplation; by laboring at the humble employments as much as by discharging the sublimest functions of the ecclesiastical state. How much better for the world it would be if men, instead of being deluded into the belief that to succeed in life means to gain money or prominence, were taught that a successful life and a virtuous life are identical; that all men, high and low, are appointed to go and bear fruit, that is to practice thoroughly and whole-heartedly what Blessed Thomas More calls the simple "plebeian virtues—the lowly humble things which are common to the whole Christian people."



### PASS THEM ON

It is a known fact that thousands of Catholic families in this country for one reason or other are never reached by any Catholic organ, and are



thus deprived of one of the best and most potent factors in fostering their holy Faith, and guarding it against the baneful influence of the evil press. Every Director of the Third Order and every Tertiary will at once recognize the importance of supplying these families with Catholic newspapers and periodicals, and we suggest that they follow herein the excellent method outlined for this purpose by the Central Verein.

In the first place, the Rev. Director should secure a list of names and addresses of all the Catholic families in his district that do not subscribe to any Catholic publication. This list can easily be obtained through the co-operation of the Tertiaries. All the Tertiaries should then save their Catholic newspapers and periodicals, after they have read them, and bring them at stated times to the church or to their Tertiary hall. The publications received should then be sorted and remailed. Care must naturally be taken that the various families receive publications printed in their respective language. The cost of remailing these publications (wrappers and postage) will be small and can be easily borne by the fraternity. To avoid useless loss in the mails, the wrappers should bear the name of the Rev. Director or of the respective fraternity.

It is earnestly to be hoped that this suggestion will find favor with many fraternities throughout the country. It is a noble apostolate, that is sure to bring forth fruit a hundredfold.



## A GREAT SACRAMENT

There are many outside the Catholic Church who look on matrimony mainly as a contract between man and woman or, at most, as a solemn engagement and interesting religious rite. They forget altogether its divine origin, its deep significance, the copious graces that accompany its reception. Every well instructed Catholic knows, of course, that, as Pope Leo XIII says, "matrimony was not instituted by the will of man, but, from the very beginning, by the authority and command of God;" that the union of husband and wife is a holy union, reflecting the union of Christ with his Church, and conferring God's special assistance for fulfilling the duties of the married state. It is in the words of St. Paul, "a great sacrament in Christ and in the Church."

A natural consequence of the sacramental character of matrimony is its indissolubility. For, if the union of husband and wife is to typify the union of Christ with his Spouse, then it must be indissoluble, because the latter is inseparable, eternal. Hence, the divine law of indissolubility. The existence of this law has been either openly denied or tacitly ignored by most of the Protestant sects. Yet, there is hardly a law, whether human or divine, that has proved so great a boon to Christian society. This law safeguards the love of the married couple. It makes their attachment total and absolute. It protects the best interests of home, of children, of society. Without it there would be constant danger of suspicion and disagreement between husband and wife; the children would be liable to lose a mother's tender care or a father's wise guidance, and the family, which is the basis of society, would soon disintegrate. Hence, before denouncing this law as too rigorous, our Protestant friends would do well to call to mind the beneficial consequences of indissolubility to society. Surely, the divorce mills of the country would not be work-

ing overtime, to the scandal of the whole Christian world, turning out decrees, if our youth were instructed to regard matrimony as a sacred and inseparable union, "a great sacrament;" and the advocates of free love would have little success in propagating their pernicious doctrines, if the Protestant sects would stand shoulder to shoulder with the Catholic Church in defence of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage.



## A NEW CULT

The ceaseless activities of the times have evoked a new cult. It concerns itself not with God, with eternity, with the higher life, but only with the day that is. It is "of earth earthy," and knows neither charity nor mercy nor courtesy. Its object is to teach its devotees to live the greatest amount of life in the shortest possible time. Its name is "strenuous life."

This is the life led by the average up-to-date American citizen. He seeks his pleasure with the same energy that he conducts his business with. Rest, leisure, the quiet evening at home are unknown in the "strenuous life." The day is devoted to work and to making money; the evening to pleasure and to spending it. This is the eternal round. When the day's work is done the night's revel begins. The theater, the club, the gambling house, the cabaret, the restaurant are the haunts; amusement, excitement the object of the hour. The "strenuous life" aims to make, not to save money. It is ever on the watch for investments that promise quick returns. It will take chances, and not squirm if it loses. It has no ethics save success, and the only sin it recognizes is failure. Nor must it be thought for a moment that the "strenuous livers" are all confined to the upper strata of society so-called. The new cult has its devotees also in the lower orders. It is only the difference between beer and champagne that distinguishes the two classes. Your average American has no equal as a money-maker; soon he will be without a peer as a pleasure-seeker. It is a question of ideals and of the influence of the prevailing ideals on our national life. As a nation we are money-mad and pleasure-mad, and the reason is because, instead of seeking first the kingdom of God and his justice, we hanker after those other things as the only goods worth treasuring.



## THE FRANCISCAN CROWN

The devotion of St. Francis and of all his followers to the Blessed Mother of Jesus, is so well known to our readers that we need not expatiate on it. Nevertheless, we can not refrain from admonishing Tertiaries to emulate, above all during the month of Mary, the example of St. Bernardine of Siena in his endeavor to honor Mary by the recitation of her chaplet of joys, known as the Franciscan Crown. The Saint was especially partial to this devotion, and he was wont to say that every grace he had received had come to him by means of the pious commemoration of the joys of the Blessed Virgin, which he made every day in reciting his rosary.



## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XVIII

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

**B**RIGADIER Pedro de Rivéra not only advocated the suppression of the garrison near Mission Purisima Concepcion, but imputed sinister motives to the missionaries for wanting to retain this military protection. On learning the drift of the report, Fr. Espinosa at once replied in language which might well have been more forceful. He writes: "Rivéra insinuates that the missionaries had intimated that the conversion of the savages must be effected by force of arms. He labors under a manifest misapprehension. It is one thing for the missionaries to have an armed guard in order to insure the respect of the savages, and another thing to impart the Faith by force of arms. This latter no one has even dreamed of. He adduces instances of troubles on the part of some religious, who were maltreated by Indians. We may add that those Indians would have never been so bold and insolent, had they feared a castigation from some neighboring garrison. The very fact, that the missionaries were seen to lack protection, made the savages fearless and impudent.

"In the very beginning of the conquest of New Spain (Mexico), Indians were wont to take the lives of missionaries who came without guards. All writers on this subject agree that in those missions which were undertaken in an apostolic manner without guards" (which was the right way, indeed, with civilized or half civilized people), "the missionaries usually perished without achieving adequate results; whereas, on the other hand, those missions showed good results and progressed happily that were established under the protection of sufficient guards to bridle the audacity of treacherous barbarians."

Fr. Espinosa might have pointed out the necessity of protecting the converts themselves. For the latter, by abandoning the medicine men, exposed themselves to the ridicule and chicanery, at least, of the pagans, and to the deadly hatred of the vicious sorcerers. We find a counterpart of this feature of early missionary obstacles in the hatred encountered even nowadays by converts to Catholicity from the ranks of certain sects, especially from liberalism and libertinism. It is,



indeed, one thing to make war on savages in order to convert them,—a most unchristian and uncatholic method,—and quite another thing to have sufficient military protection to carry on the work of spreading the Gospel without uselessly endangering the life of the missionary and the lives of his converts as well.

"The friars in Texas," Fr. Espinosa continues, "did not ask for a garrison out of fear that their lives might be taken, for they wandered alone from hamlet to hamlet in search of the dying; but rather that by the mere sight of firearms the natives might be persuaded that punishment would follow any outrages they might commit; then, they might be induced, on seeing themselves protected, to settle down permanently about the mission church; and, furthermore, that the Indians might learn from the good example of the soldiers and colonists how to cultivate the soil, take water from streams for irrigation, and live together in well constructed houses. This manner of military protection does not oppose the Laws of the Indies, but in reality is in conformity with such Laws as may be seen under the heads *Missions*, *Reductions*. If that which is described in said Laws had been practiced in Texas, doubtless, these Indians of the interior would have united, and the poor Fathers would not have found themselves obliged to change the scene of their activity.

"As it was, seeing that they had

made every effort, which their holy zeal suggested, for collecting the savages into missions, and that all was frustrated, the Fathers from the College of Querétaro petitioned that their three missions of San Francisco de los Tejas, Santa Maria, and San José might be transplanted to the vicinity of the Rio San Antonio, where, owing to the multitude of pagans, it would be easier to collect them and induce them to devote themselves to agriculture and community life under the shadow of the Cross."

Viceroy Casa-Fuerte approved this plan, and gave the requisite orders for the transfer of the missions from what are now Houston and Cherokee counties to more suitable localities. Governor Melchor de Media-Villa y Ascona was directed to effect the change, but *without cost to the royal treasury*. Fortunately, Don Melchor entertained kind feelings for the poor friars. He, therefore, went over prospective sites in company with Fr. Gabriel de Vérgara,\* and had the establishments placed as the Father desired.

Although the religious most reluctantly submitted to the necessary withdrawal from the interior, where their labors, owing to the causes indicated, had proved almost fruitless, they were consoled by the prospect of a rich harvest of souls, inasmuch as their new field lay in the midst of three pagan tribes, the Pacaos, Paalat, and Pitaalque. These num-

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\*In the March issue, page 115, first column, fourth line, read "Gabriel de Vérgara" instead of "Gabriel Vérgo."

bered together more than one thousand souls, and were far more docile than the small tribe which they had to abandon after fourteen years of cheerless efforts in the heart of Texas. The new missions were established in 1730, and toward the end of the year, the Fathers commenced to gather Indians about the three new missions, two of which were dedicated to the same heavenly patronage—San Francisco and Purísima Concepcion. The third originally called San José, was placed under the protection of San Juan Capistrano, because a Mission San José existed in that region near San Antonio. At each of these three centers two Fathers from the College of Santa Cruz took up the work according to the system found so effective elsewhere, which will be described later.

Meanwhile, the missions farther to the east in charge of the Fathers from Guadalupe College, Zacatecas, founded by the Ven. Fr. Antonio Margil, continued under the protection of a garrison. These were Guadalupe, (now city of Nacogdoches), Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, (now city of St. Augustine, Texas), and San Miguel (now the village of Robeline, Louisiana), at a short distance from the garrison. At Mission Guadalupe, one Father maintained himself as well as he might. At times, he would set out on apostolic journeys into the interior visiting the savages of the same tongue. Inasmuch as these Indians were scattered over a wide district, the poor Father could do little more than prepare the dying for a Chris-

tian death. He ran no risk in his lonely tours, because the Indians thereabouts were not hostile.

Fr. Espinosa writing in his cell at Querétaro, closes his narrative regretfully, and expresses the feelings of every true missionary when he says: "God knows that if my strength had not given out, I should have deemed it a singular favor to serve as a companion to that missionary; for, though I should have had no other occupation than to wander from ranch to ranch the whole year round, I should, at the end of the year, have reaped a great harvest of dying children, and of many adults, too, who being well instructed, since I know their language, could be despatched to heaven. May I be pardoned this little unbosoming of the affection which I always bore toward these poor people, and of the love which still remains alive in me; for I hope to die with the desire that all may know God and be converted to him.

"The Mission of Dolores among the Ayis was likewise kept up. Though these Indians speak a different tongue, they are naturally docile, wherefore a rich harvest of souls is hoped for from among them. The last missionary establishment of the Zacatecan Fathers, San Miguel de los Adays, is situated near the Spanish garrison. This serves as a frontier post for checking the encroachments of the French. The Father in charge of the mission also acts as chaplain to the fort. He, therefore, needs a double zeal, as he must care for numerous Indians and the Spaniards as well."

## A VISIT TO THE ARIZONA MISSIONS

ON our request, the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke, O. F. M., has sent us the following account of his recent visit to the Pima and Papago Indian Missions in Arizona. The letter, we think, will be of interest to our readers.

Dear Fathers,

Most willingly do I comply with your request to send you an account of my visit to the Arizona missions. I should have done so without being asked; but I have been quite busy with other affairs, and I did not find time to write before this.

Yes, I visited all our Indian missions in Arizona, at least all the larger places, and I must say that I was greatly pleased and highly edified with all I heard and saw. Why, if I were some twenty years younger, I would ask to be sent there at once! Just think of it: 80,000 Indians entrusted to our care! 80,000

immortal souls for us to save! Almost all of them are very favorably disposed toward the Church, and they love the brown habit of our Fathers. It is comparatively easy to make Catholics of them, and good Catholics at that. Would I had a dozen or more missionaries to send them at once, and—and—several thousand dollars to meet their cry-

ing needs!

Yes, that is what is needed—missionaries and money.

Great things, even wonderful things have already been accomplished by our Fathers, especially when we consider their small

number and their scanty means. God alone knows what sacrifices they have made and are still making—but they do all of this gladly and cheerfully; they are ever so content with their lot, and they would not exchange it for anything. All this edified me exceedingly. God will,—he must,—bless them and their labors.



Fr. Nicholas  
Fr. Bonaventure, Fr. Ferdinand, Fr. Tiburtius, Bro. Wendelin  
V. R. Fr. Samuel, V. R. Fr. Hugolinus,



If Catholics knew how laudable a work they are performing when they support these poor missions; what blessings their charity will bring them; to what noble and meritorious a work every cent is used, I am sure that alms would come in generously from all sides.

The first missions I visited were those that are in charge of Fathers Lucius and Joseph, who have their headquarters at Phoenix. It took us an entire day to make the tour, although we made use of an automobile, and it was a hard day's work. What must it not be for the missionaries who have no automobile at their disposal.

From Phoenix we went to the missions in the desert, making our first stop at Mission San Xavier del Bac, where our Fathers have a residence—or rather a meeting place, where they can rest from their long missionary trips through the desert. San Xavier is one of the largest and best equipped of the missions. The old church, which underwent a renovation some years

since, must have been a very beautiful edifice in its day. It is a large building, and the altars and decorations are quite rich, but they have suffered greatly in the course of time from neglect and from sacrilegious hands. This mission boasts of a large school, which is attended by several hundred Indian children. The Sisters of St. Joseph are in charge, and they are having great success. The superior of the mission, Fr. Nicholas, looks after the spiritual wants of the children and of their parents, and attends several smaller missions, besides assisting the other missionaries, Fathers Bonaventure and Tiburtius, in their strenuous labors.

Leaving San Xavier on the morning of March 16, at ten o'clock, we started on a tour of the mountain and desert missions, which lasted three days and two nights, and which I would not have missed for anything. We deemed this trip necessary to gain a thorough understanding of the needs of the Papago Indian missions. I may remark in-

cidentally, that this was the longest automobile trip of my life, as we covered in three days something over three hundred miles.

Our party consisted of Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, Fathers Nicholas, Bonaventure,



Fathers Samuel and Hugolinus at San Miguel

Ferdinand, Tiburtius, and me. At two o'clock, we reached the nearest mission—sixty miles distant!—Our Lady of Lourdes, where the Fathers conduct a day school, that has an enrollment of thirty-five.



Aali Hiyain, Pagan Indian Shrine

This school as well as several others in the desert are visited weekly by the missionaries for the purpose of teaching catechism and supervising the work of the native teachers. There are seven of these Indian teachers, married men and women, who receive a salary of \$30 a month. This salary is paid by our Fathers from the alms received for the Indian missions.

We halted for an hour at Our Lady of Lourdes, and took dinner at the home of the teacher, Mrs. Margaret Norris. After inspecting the church and the school, we hurried on to visit the missions at Topawa and San Miguel, where sixty-seven children attend the school. San Miguel is only four miles from the Mexican boundary. Leaving this place, we turned northwest, arriving at Cowlik mission school at sunset. But, as there were no accommodations there for so many persons, we were forced to continue our journey after dark.

Tired, hungry, and thirsty we reached San Solano mission, Cababi,

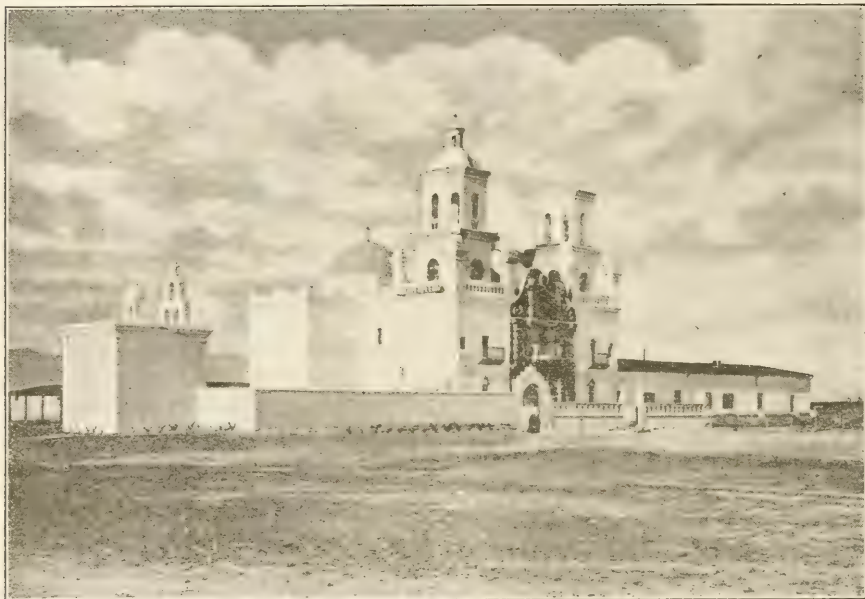
at nine o'clock, after traveling one hundred and fifty miles, with the thermometer registering one hundred degrees or more. We all set to work at once to prepare supper: one boiled water for the coffee, another laid the table, and others again brought the provisions from the well stocked lunch baskets the good Sisters at San Xavier had given us at our departure. Great slices of bread served as plates, and we were amused to discover that there were only two knives on hand, and they were pocket knives. Exhausted from the day's trip, immediately after supper each one took his blanket, and seeking out a corner of the mission, we were soon sound asleep.

The following morning, we arose quite refreshed, for the night had been pleasantly cool. After all had said holy Mass, we made a hearty breakfast on the remains of the supper of the previous evening, and at nine o'clock began the second stage of our tour. The territory we traversed on this day, is prac-

tically unattended by the missionaries, owing to the scarcity of laborers. In the morning, we crossed the Quijotoa Mountains into the Pišinemo valley. The people of this locality are very religiously inclined, and have repeatedly requested the missionaries to come to them. They have even gone so far as to erect out of their own means a neat adobe chapel at Kom Va.

dian shrine near Santa Rosa. This spot is guarded with superstitious care by the pagan Indians, and commemorates the only instance on record that the Papagos offered human sacrifice to appease their gods.

As the story goes, long before the coming of the missionaries to Arizona, a great stream of water gushed forth from this spot, and



Old Mission San Xavier del Bac

The noon hour of the second day we spent in the shade of a large palo verde tree, and for the third time helped ourselves to the contents of our lunch baskets. During the afternoon, we had very rough riding through the rugged pass of Covered Wells into the Santa Rosa valley. At about four o'clock, we came to the famous Aali Hiyain (Children's Grave), a heathen In-

after the Indians had vainly striven to check its flow, the medicine men declared that, unless two children were buried alive in the mud of the spring, the whole country would be flooded. The people agreed to follow the execrable advice, and actually succeeded in stopping the flow of the spring. Since that time—over two centuries ago—the medicine men have kept the shrine in the



same condition we find it today. A heap of loose stones marks the location of the dreaded spring, and four small paths lead from it to the four points of the compass. Each year a new fence of cactus is built about the spot, and the pagans are loath to have the white man visit the shrine, the more so if they know that he intends to take a photograph of it. We were fortunate enough to do both.

That evening, we arrived at Wahewa Va at six o'clock, having traveled one hundred and twenty miles that day. Fr. Tiburtius has built a beautiful little church at this place, dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Supper and breakfast were served at Wahewa Va *a la Papago*, that is, the menu consisted of tortillas and beans at one of the Indian homes. That night, one of our party slept in the sacristy, two others outdoors, while the rest of us found sleeping quarters in the church; for, these buildings, as a rule, serve the purpose of both church and school, and, in many cases, of rectory for the missionary.

On the morning of the third day, we completed our tour by visiting St. Augustine's mission, which is only ten miles distant from Wahewa Va. After inspecting the place, we rode to the railroad station at Casa Grande, where we took the

train for Phoenix. We remained there with our Fathers until Sunday afternoon, when we set out for St. John's in the Desert, which is by far the largest and most prosperous of our Arizona missions. It has a large beautiful church, spacious school buildings for boys and girls, a residence for the missionaries, and a number of other buildings. All these have been, for the most part, erected by the Fathers and Brothers themselves, assisted by the larger school boys. Fr. Justin, the superior, and Fr. Vincent minister to the spiritual needs of the entire mission. The school has at present an enrollment of 254 boarders, and all the expenses of board, lodging, and clothing are borne by the Fathers.

A number of smaller missions lying in various directions and quite distant from St. John's are in charge of Fathers Ferdinand and Gerard, who make their headquarters at St. John's. One of Fr. Ferdinand's missions is among the Mescalero Apaches, in New Mexico, four hundred miles away.

As I mentioned before, I was highly pleased with my tour of the missions, with the work carried on so cheerfully by our Fathers, and with the good disposition of the Indians, who greeted us with smiles wherever we went. I shall always remember my visit with pleasure.



## KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED

*By N. Itram, Tertiary*

*(Concluded)*

Throwing a mantilla over her head, Señora Ramirez hurried up the street to the old stone church that stood on a hill overlooking their section of the city. Her heart was filled with a strange mixture of fear and hope as she stood on the steps leading to the church, and it was with trembling hand and bated breath that she took hold of the knob and opened the door. For Carmelita had spoken with such assurance that Jesús, Mary, and Joseph, and the good San Francisco were awaiting her at the church door, that the poor mother half expected to see them as she entered.

But the church was deserted. Only the little red lamp burning before the tabernacle told that He was there. With a half audible sigh of relief at finding herself alone, Señora Ramirez walked slowly toward the sanctuary, her footfalls resounding strangely loud in the sacred silence of the place. She was now in the Holy House of Nazareth—Jesus was there within the tabernacle, and, surely, Mary and Joseph were not far distant, for their statues adorned the side-altars, and the Blessed Father Francisco looked down so kindly on her from his niche above the tabernacle, his hands outstretched as if in blessing. Yes, here would she kneel and knock.

"Oh Jesus, oh Mary and Joseph," she cried aloud, falling on her knees before the communion rail and gaz-

ing intently on the tabernacle, "see, I have come hither to ask you to help us, for we are poor, and my two children are dying, and I can do nothing for them. Oh Blessed Father Francisco, see, we are thy children, oh pray for us and help us in our affliction."

Then, burying her face in the folds of her mantilla, she gave vent to her pent-up emotions in a flood of tears.

The sorrow-stricken widow thought that she was alone, but she was mistaken; for another besides her had found entrance into the Holy House of Nazareth. It was a stranger, a well dressed and apparently wealthy gentleman, who having missed railroad connections, was spending his enforced leisure in viewing the sights of the city. As Señora Ramirez entered the church, he was engaged in examining a beautiful painting of the Holy Family which had been brought from Spain by the early settlers, and which was considered a masterpiece of religious art. The devout artist had represented the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph seated before their humble cottage in Nazareth, while the Boy Jesus was busy doling out bread to the poor and healing the sick that crowded about him. In the foreground of the picture, St. Francis, the Patriarch of the poor, could be seen inviting the sick and the poor to go to Jesus to be relieved of their misery

and afflictions.

So absorbed was the stranger in contemplating the exquisite picture, that he was not aware of the presence of the widow until she fell on her knees and prayed aloud for help and pity.

"Poor mother," he said to himself, turning about, "she must surely have a heavy cross to bear."

Thinking that he might be able to assist her to some extent, at least, he went over to where she knelt.

"Excuse me, my good Señora," he began sympathetically, "you seem to be in great affliction. Can I perhaps be of some assistance to you?"

Señora Ramirez looked at him as he spoke, but her heart was too full to answer. The stranger saw now that she must be very poor, for her clothing, though neat, was old and threadbare and mended in many places. At the sight of this, his heart went out all the more to her, for he remembered that he, too, had long been poor.

"Take this," he said, offering her a gold coin. But since she made no attempt to take it, he dropped it into her lap as she knelt there in a half-sitting posture on the steps. He turned to continue his devout inspection of the Old Mission church, while the poor widow arose to go home. As she did so, the gold coin rolled to the floor. The stranger stooped to pick it up and handing it to her, said:

"Here, you dropped this."

"No, Señor, it is not mine," she replied calmly.

"Indeed it is, for I have just given it to you."

"Then I didn't notice it; I am very grateful to you."

"As I said before, you seem to be sorely afflicted," he went on kindly, endeavoring to learn more of her condition.

"Yes, kind Señor, I am very miserable. I came hither to pray, but I could only weep and lament."

"But the tears of the poor, my good Señora, are powerful prayers before God. Come, let us go outside, where you can tell me your trouble and, perhaps, I can help you, for I am wealthy."

In a few simple words, broken here and there by sobs and sighs, she told him her story of sickness and poverty.

"Very well, Señora, I will speak to your pastor, Señor Cura, and send you help through him. You see, I am only passing through this city, and will leave by the next train. May I know your name?"

"Ramirez," she replied, "Carmen Ramirez."

"Ramirez," he repeated with a slight start, and then took her name and address down in his note book. "It is a queer coincidence, for I am on my way to San Benito to seek a Carmen Ramirez."

"San Benito?" she questioned. "That is my native place. But, of course, Ramirez is a common name and so is Carmen among us. My maiden name was Melendrez."

"Mi Dios! Then you are the Carmen I am seeking. Carmen, hermanita mia, don't you know your own brother?" exclaimed the



stranger with great emotion.

"You, — you my brother? Are you Pablo Melendrez?"

"Yes, indeed, Carmen, I am your little Pablo who ran off to sea and caused you all so much sorrow and anguish," and he embraced her tenderly.

"Oh, Pablo, Carmelita was right; for the good God has seen my tears and heard my prayers, and it is in this holy place where He himself dwells continually, that He wanted to bring you back to me to help us in our misery. Oh, how can we ever thank him for his goodness and mercy? But, Pablo mio, why did you never write?"

"I did write, Carmen, but always to your old address, for I was not aware of the fact that you had removed hither."

"Yes, we left San Benito soon after father died, because my husband was offered a better position here in the city. But he, too, died shortly after, leaving me alone with two little children to get on as well as I could. Oh, Pablo mio, it has been a long, long struggle, and today I felt that I could bear no more. And now the good God sends you back to me, and you say you can help me?" she questioned.

"Yes, hermanita mia, you need not suffer want any longer, for I am immensely rich. For many years I roamed about from place to place, and at last invested my savings in a rich diamond field in Brazil. This investment proved so profitable that I gradually bought out other shareholders, and I am now the owner of more than two-

thirds of all the shares of the company."

While the happy brother and sister were thus conversing together, they gradually drew near to the poor widow's adobe cottage.

"It is a poor place, Pablo dear," she apologized, as she opened the kitchen door, "but for many a year it has been our beloved home."

"Hush!" whispered Juan, tiptoeing into the room with his finger to his lips. "Carmelita is sleeping quietly now, madre mia, and I think it is a turn for the better. Señor Medico, I presume?" he queried smilingly, as he perceived the strange gentleman accompanying his mother.

"No, Juanito mio," replied his mother, her face aglow with pleasure, "this is not a doctor, but your own dear uncle Pablo, of whom I have so often spoken to you. He has just returned from Brazil, sent, no doubt, by the good God to help us in our dire need. May God forgive me for doubting his loving providence!"

"But, madre querida, Carmelita and I did not doubt it, did we?" exclaimed Juan with childlike simplicity.

"No, my boy," replied his uncle, "I'm sure you didn't, nor did you either, Carmen mia querida," he continued, embracing his sister affectionately and smoothing back the gray hair from her wrinkled forehead. "Now, Juan, start a good warm fire, while your mother and I go to make some purchases. For, I assure you that before the day is over we shall have every-

thing necessary for you all that money can buy, or my name is not Pablo Melendrez!"

When Carmelita awoke towards evening after a refreshing sleep of several hours, she imagined she was in a dream. Instead of the cold cheerless room she was accustomed to see, she found herself in a warm cozy chamber, a bright fire glowing on the hearth, a spotless white cloth on the table near her bed, a large beautiful lamp that shed its soft rays about the room, and a gorgeous bouquet of roses that filled the house with their sweet perfume.

"Madre mía!" she called faintly, as she heard her mother speaking in the other room.

In a moment, the Señora was at her side.

"What is it, querida mía?"

"You knocked madre? You went to the Holy House of Nazareth and spoke to Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph

and to our good Father Francisco?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, darling, I did, and may the good Jesus bless your innocent soul for sending me thither. I will tell you all presently. Drink this now," she went on, holding a glass to her lips, "it will make you stronger."

"How refreshing," exclaimed the sick child, as she sipped the strengthening potion, "and who is that?" she asked, as her uncle appeared in the doorway.

"That is your uncle Pablo, from Brazil, Carmelita. I met him in the Holy House of Nazareth."

"And just in the nick of time, it appears," said Pablo cheerily, bending over his niece and kissing her pallid cheek.

"Indeed, in the nick of time," reiterated Señora Ramirez.

But Carmelita only smiled as she softly said:

"God's time is always in time!"

The End

## STEER STRAIGHT

A gentleman crossing the Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass, "You are a half point off the course!" he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected and the officer returned to his post. "You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of." "Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said. So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of kindred vices. The beginnings are always small.—*Catholic News*.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER

Among the Tertiaries of St. Francis who have died for their country during the present war, a young Italian, Josue Borsi, is worthy of special notice. He was born June 10, 1888, at Livorno, Italy. The celebrated Josue Carducci was his godfather. In 1902, little Josue received his first Holy Communion. But, sad to say, he soon followed in the footsteps of his father, an anticlerical fanatic, and spent his youthful years in religious indifferentism. In 1910, his father died and he became manager of the anticlerical journal of Florence, the *Nuovo Giornale*, in which he had to keep up a lively campaign against the Church in order to eke out a living. All this while, however, the grace of God was working in his erring soul. Sorely distressed by the death of his sister, in 1912, Josue fell in with a Franciscan friar, and in a short time returned to the true fold of the Catholic Church. The friar recommended to him the celebrated Father Alfani as spiritual director, at the same time helping him with wise counsels and providing him with books of devotion. Of the latter, the youthful literateur always showed a predilection for the writings of St. Francis and for the Fioretti. In the summer of 1914,

Josue made his confession, which he had neglected for so many years, and at the side of his mother received Holy Communion in the Franciscan church of Monte de Croce in Florence. On November 25, he wrote his spiritual testament, an edifying testimony of his faith. At the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Maffi, the young convert, on April 20, received the Sacrament of Confirmation. Soon after, on June 20, he took the Tertiary habit of St. Francis in the presence of his happy mother and many friends, among whom were a number of soldiers. On the evening of the same day, he was to leave for the battle field. But news came that he had been appointed sub-lieutenant, and this delayed his departure till August 30, 1915. During an engagement on the Oslawa River in Galicia, on November 10, the youthful hero met his death. A bullet pierced his heart and his tried soul returned to its Maker. From the trenches he wrote many edifying letters to his mother and friends. These letters and his "Colloquies with God", which he began to write on the day of his conversion and continued in the trenches, will soon be ready for publication. — *Communicated.*







## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—On February 26, the Holy Father again honored the Order of Friars Minor in a special manner by appointing His Eminence Cardinal Diomedo Falconio, O.F.M., Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. On March 1, His Eminence took formal charge of his new office. For some years the late Capuchin Cardinal Vives y Tuto was prefect of this Congregation. No European prelate perhaps is better remembered or more beloved in the United States than His Eminence, Cardinal Falconio, Father Kelly, editor of *Rome*, writes from the Holy City: "Even in the Cardinalate there are promotions, and Cardinal Falconio's friends in Italy, Canada, and the United States will feel that this is an occasion for renewing the congratulations they sent him a few weeks ago on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood. So it is in a sense, for it implies that the Holy Father places special reliance on him, but it also means that His Eminence has taken on his shoulders the care of one of the most exacting and important organs of the Holy See..... Fortunately for the Church and for Benedict XV, Cardinal Falconio is younger at seventy-five than most men are at sixty." *Ad multos annos!*

This year it will be twenty-five years that Pope Leo XIII, of blessed memory, issued his famous encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*. The Catholic Union of Italy, in accordance with a resolution drawn up by the directors at their last meeting, in-

tends to commemorate the event in a becoming manner. Every year, the members of this federation will hold a social gathering. And, since His Holiness has deigned to name St. Francis of Assisi protector of the Union, the annual congress will take place in the month of October with religious ceremonies.

On March 7, the various preachers for the Lenten season in Rome were received in private audience by the Holy Father. This year, special Lenten sermons were preached in twenty-nine churches of the Eternal City. Of these, six have been entrusted to the Friars Minor.

From February 24 to 27, the Franciscan church of Ara Coeli in Rome, was the scene of imposing festivities. The occasion was the first centenary of the Franciscan Martyr of China, Blessed John of Triora. He suffered a cruel martyrdom for the faith in the year 1816. The celebrations of the triduum were magnificent and inspiring. Every day, a Cardinal officiated at a pontifical High Mass and at benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the first day, His Eminence Cardinal Falconio; on the second day, His Eminence Cardinal Serafini Dominique, Prefect of the Propaganda; on the third day, His Eminence Cardinal Giustini, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments and Protector of the Order of Friars Minor. On the feast itself, His Eminence Cardinal Pompili, Titular of the Church of Ara Coeli, celebrated pontifical High Mass; in the afternoon, our Most Reverend Father

General presided at solemn vespers, after which His Eminence Cardinal Cajetan De Lai, Secretary of the Sacred Consistory and Bishop of Sabina, gave benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. The sermons during the triduum were preached by Rev. Fr. Angelus Marconi, O. F. M., while Rev. Fr. Roch Maestrucci, O. F. M., of St. Antony's College, Rome, delivered the panegyric on the Saint. Every day, the faithful flocked to the tomb of the Blessed Martyr and implored his intercession for peace among the warring nations.

Bishop Bernard Doebling, O. F. M., of the diocese of Nepi and Sutri, in Italy, died at Rome on March 16, at the age of sixty years. The deceased prelate was formerly a member of our Province of the Sacred Heart, having come to this country from Germany as a Franciscan novice during the Kulturkampf in company with Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O. F. M. After his ordination, Fr. Bernard was connected for some time with the diocesan seminary in Cleveland. From 1881-1883, he was associated with the editors of Franciscan literature at Quaracchi, Italy, and subsequently was appointed superior of the Irish Franciscan College of St. Isidore in Rome. When in the year 1900, the ancient see of Nepi and Sutri became vacant, the Holy Father, well aware of the piety and indefatigable energy of Fr. Bernard, made him bishop of that impoverished diocese, that he might restore it to its former flourishing condition. In 1905, Bishop Doebling visited the United States to solicit alms for the support of his diocesan seminaries, and renewed many old friendships of his youthful years. The last days of the venerable prelate were embittered by malicious attacks that were made on him by some undutiful members of his own flock and by some anticlerical journals, espe-

cially the *Messaggero* of Rome, in connection with the present great European conflict. We pray that our departed brother in religion may enjoy eternal rest.

**Madrid, Spain.**—Recently there passed away in this city one of the most distinguished Tertiaries of Spain, Señor D. Juan Menendez y Pidal. His death was as edifying as was his long and useful life. The press of Spain mourns his loss. Besides being a member of the Royal Academy of Spain, he was editor-in-chief of the *Archivo Historico Nacional*. Both as historian and poet, he made his mark chiefly in the field of folklore. Though for many years a public figure, he was in his private life a humble son of St. Francis. On all occasions, he was known to champion the Catholic cause and to conform his own life to his faith.

**Dortmund, Germany.**—Since the Tertiary Congress held in Cologne in 1913 (see *Franciscan Herald* Vol. I, page 335 and 371), the Third Order has made rapid strides in the northern part of the Empire in matters of Tertiary activity and organization. Dortmund is one of the twenty-six Tertiary centers under the jurisdiction of the Province of the Holy Cross; and the report for the year 1915 of this fraternity will serve to illustrate the methods used by the brethren in those parts.

The total membership of the Dortmund fraternity comprises 1989 members. It is made up of 40 groups, called conferences, with a prefect at the head of each, who is at the same time the delegate to the central conference at Dortmund. Aside from the regular meetings and functions of the Order, 40 other meetings were held by the various locals and 13 meetings of the prefects under the presidency of the Director. The minutes of the proceedings and the annual report show that the fraternity has engaged



along the following lines. In the pilgrimage of peace to Neviges, 1114 members took part. The Tertiary library of 1040 volumes had a circulation of 4814 works and the local Tertiary publications circulated in 2544 copies. The charitable works undertaken by the members are as follows: ten indigent families were regularly maintained at a cost of 422 marks; provisions and clothing supplied to 317; tuition paid for two students preparing for the foreign missions.

A Sister of Charity working under the auspices and with the aid of funds furnished by the Director, nursed 80 patients in their homes, supplying medicines to the amount of 215 marks. Under the supervision of this same Sister, a free dispensary and soup kitchen were maintained at an expenditure of 963 marks, and a sewing guild of seven ladies met on 36 days to sew for the sick and poor. In the past year, settlements were opened in eight districts for the care of children whose mothers are forced to work for a livelihood. Nine Tertiaries cared in these places for 758 children. In view of the special needs created by the war, the Dortmund fraternity sent to the front in the year 1915: 100 marks for a motor chapel, 130 marks for literature, 23,223 magazines and papers, 1382 tracts, 1453 prayer leaflets, and 112 prayer books, and 112,000 marks worth of provisions. A special committee was entrusted with forwarding these articles to the front.

**Rotterdam, Holland.**—An admirable work of seraphic charity that shows the power of organized effort backed by good will, is that of the Tertiaries of Rotterdam. The hospital of St. Francis, an elegant structure four stories high, was built and equipped by voluntary contributions of the Tertiaries under the direction of the indefatigable director, Fr. Dalmatius Van Heel,

O. F. M. The work thus begun, is maintained by a system of monthly assessments of 10c for each of the members. The undertaking speaks well for the good Tertiaries of Rotterdam, and shows the working of the spirit of St. Francis, which consists not alone in personal sanctification but also in contributing according to one's power to the spiritual and corporal welfare of one's neighbor.

**Joliet, Ill.**—On March 26, Rev. Fr. Dominic Florian, O.F.M., the oldest priest of the Sacred Heart Province, passed away at the age of seventy-nine years. When thirty-three years old, he entered the Franciscan Order in Westphalia, and came to this country in 1870. Since his ordination to the priesthood, in 1874, Fr. Dominic was active in various missions of our Province, particularly in the middle West. R.I.P.

**St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Ill.**—The English-speaking Fraternity of the Third Order at St. Peter's has of late increased in number to such an extent, that the church is entirely too small to accommodate the Tertiaries that crowd to the monthly meetings. It has, therefore, been decided to establish two fraternities, under separate management, to be known as the St. Francis Fraternity, which will comprise all the Tertiaries living north of 12th street, and St. Louis Fraternity, which will comprise those Tertiaries living south of 12th street. The division will take place on May 1.

**Gallup, New Mex.**—The Franciscan Fathers of the Province of St. John (Cincinnati Province) have sustained a heavy loss in the collapse of their mission church at Gallup. While draping the altar for a funeral, the Sisters noticed that the west wall of the church had receded about six inches from the flooring. Measures were at once taken to prevent the total collapse of the building. However,



on February 19, the high rock foundation laid in adobe mortar and not properly bound, split asunder lengthwise for fully forty feet, leaving the west wall a heap of ruins and the floor and window sashes completely shattered. The large school room, temporarily fitted out for divine services, is inadequate on Sundays, even with three holy Masses. The condition of the church is such that the idea of rebuilding the damaged wall had to be abandoned. The Fathers are maintaining a school for 375 pupils at a great sacrifice, and this new loss leaves them in a sore predicament.

**San Fernando, Cal.**—The ancient mission of San Fernando in California will take on once more the aspect it wore in the days of Fray Junipero Serra, if the plans of Archbishop Gillow of Oxaca, Mexico, are carried out. His Grace says that he hopes to restore the old building, provided the official approval of the successor to Bishop Conaty is obtained. Archbishop Gillow is a Franciscan, and consequently the old missions hold an especial appeal for him. Many visits to the ruined cloisters and arches of San Fernando aroused intense interest, and he had esti-

mates of the work made. The entire cost will be borne by the Archbishop. There are two buildings, the living quarters of the Fathers and the mission church. The former is in a fair state of repair. The church has little left but the walls and a part of the roof. The famous fountain in the plaza in front of the main building has figured in many pictures and is well known to tourists.

**San Francisco, Cal.**—On March 23, the Hon. Joseph Scott lectured in San Francisco in the presence of Archbishop Hanna and a large concourse of people in aid of the work for preserving the Old Missions of California. This movement was inaugurated two years ago by the State Council of the Knights of Columbus at their convention in Monterey, Cal. The Council has enlisted the members to secure a fund for restoring the mission house at Carmelo. On this spot the founder of the California missions, Fray Junipero Serra, breathed his last. The place was until now marked with a rude little cross of laths, of a commercial value of about a nickel. The walls that stood around the little cell wherein Fray Junipero died were almost level with the ground.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

No local event in recent years aroused so much interest among the students as the late contest in elocution. For weeks the members of the different classes were practicing; and after the number of contestants had been reduced in the preliminary contest, in which they

had to qualify to appear before the judges, the work of rehearsing was continued with increased interest. Not only every class room and the dramatic hall, even the music rooms were pressed into service by the emulous contenders for elocutionary fame.

The final contest, both in elocution and in oratory, took place on the morning of March 31; and

Laetare Sunday, the Sunday of the Golden Rose, was fittingly chosen as the day for awarding the prizes. The winners of the first prize in the various classes declaimed their pieces in the presence of the Fathers and students and a goodly representation from the local monastery, and thereupon Rev. Fr. Rector announced the complete results of the contests. In Second Academic, first honors went to Jos. A. Schmitt with an average of 98.33; second, to Ralph Patterson (97.66); and third, to Francis Powers (97.58). In Third Academic, the first prize was captured by Francis Osborne with the highest average attained in the whole contest—99.33; Louis Savidge ranking second (98.33), and Oscar Schuberth, third (97.75). Wm. Wernsing and Henry Aretz divided first honors between them in Fourth Academic with an average of 95.16; Antony Glauber being a close second with 94.50, and Edward Farrel, third (93.65.) The closest race of all was in First Collegiate, where the three leaders were almost neck and neck, Antony Kriech receiving 98.92; Ambrose Bricks, 98.75; Paul Eberle, 98.50. The fractions are due to the fact that the average was taken of the predicates given by three judges.

The winners of the oratorical contests were as follows: Henry Pinger (94.66), Frank Kiefer (94.22), and Robert Zwiesler (92.66) in Second Collegiate; John Schmitt (95), Jos. Martin (93.44), and Robert Limacher (93) in Third Collegiate. The theme of the former was: "Knowledge is power"; of the latter, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."—The contest must certainly be pronounced a success; but as it cost the students a great deal of their recreation time and much labor, they are glad it is over. Convinced that "knowledge is power," and soothed by the "pleasures of hope," they are now

mainly occupied again with their ordinary studies, perfectly content the while that "Maclaine's Child" is dead and buried; that the silvery voice of "Mona's Waters" has ceased, and that "Marco Bozzaris" is at rest with the storied brave. May this brief record of the contest stand "In Memoriam."

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

With the coming of spring, the boys have reorganized their tennis and baseball teams, and are daily playing interesting games. An extensive schedule of games with outside teams has been drawn up by the baseball managers. In the first game of the season, April 9, the College Regulars defeated St. John's parish team by a score of 6—1.

A number of the Reverend Professors have recently had considerable work besides their classes, in as much as they were called on by the neighboring clergy to assist them at the devotion of the Forty Hours. Many of them will again be similarly engaged during Holy Week and the Easter holidays.

### OBITUARY

**Joliet, Ill.**—Rev. Fr. Dominic Florian O. F. M.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**  
English branch of the Third Order:  
William McGrath, Bro. Paschal,  
Mary McBride, Sr. Anne.

German branch of the Third Order:  
Maria Schaefer, Sr. Josepha,  
Catherine Pieroth, Sr. Veronica.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:**  
John Britton, Bro. Francis,  
Maria Diebber, Sr. Agnes,  
Rosalia Allaire, Sr. Elizabeth.

**Superior, Wis.**

Helen Nelan, Sr. Mary.

**Dubuque, Ia.:**

Mary Hackenmueller, Sr. Margaret,  
Martin Schuster, Bro. Luchesius.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO  
THE BLESSED VIRGIN

MAY, 1916.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Mon.	SS. Philip and James, Apostles.
2	Tues.	St. Athanasius, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.
3	Wed.	Finding of the Holy Cross.—SS. Alexander and Companions, Martyrs.
4	Thur.	St. Monica, Widow.—Bl. Christopher, Confessor of the 1st Order.
5	Fri.	St. Pius V, Confessor, Pope.
6	Sat.	St. John before the Latin Gate.
7	Sun.	<b>Second Sunday after Easter.</b> —St. Stanislaus, Bishop, Martyr.
8	Mon.	Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel.
9	Tues.	St. Gregory of Nazianzen, Bishop, Doctor of the Church
10	Wed.	Commemoration of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.—St. Antonine, Confessor, Bishop. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
11	Thur.	St. George, Martyr.—Bl. Benedict of Urbino, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
12	Fri.	SS. Nereus and Companions, Martyrs.
13	Sat.	St. Peter Regalado Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
14	Sun.	<b>Third Sunday after Easter.</b> Bl. Francis of Fabriano, Confessor of the 1st Order.—St. Boniface, Martyr.
15	Mon.	St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.—Bl. Benvenute, Confessor of the 1st Order.
16	Tues.	St. John Nepomucene, Martyr.—St. Ubald, Bishop, Confessor.
17	Wed.	St. Paschal, Confessor of the 1st Order.— <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
18	Thur.	St. Felix, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
19	Fri.	St. Ives, Confessor of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
20	Sat.	St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor of the 1st Order <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
21	Sun.	<b>Fourth Sunday after Easter.</b> St. Venantius, Martyr.
22	Mon.	Bl. John Forest, Martyr of the 1st Order.—Bl. Humiliana, Widow of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
23	Tues.	St. Peter Celestine, Confessor, Pope.—Bl. Crispin of Viterbo, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
24	Wed.	Our Lady, Help of Christians.
25	Thur.	Dedication of the Patriarchal Basilica at Assisi.—Translation of the body of our Blessed Father St. Francis.—St. Urban, Pope, Martyr.
26	Fri.	St. Philip Neri, Confessor.—St. Eleutherius, Pope, Martyr.
27	Sat.	St. Bede the Venerable, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.
28	Sun.	<b>Fifth Sunday after Easter.</b> —St. Gregory VII, Pope, Confessor.
29	Mon.	<i>Rogation Day.</i> —Bl. John of Prado, Martyr of the 1st Order.
30	Tues.	<i>Rogation Day.</i> —St. Ferdinand, King, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
31	Wed.	<i>Rogation Day.</i> —Vigil of Ascension.—Bl. Gerard, Confessor of the 3rd Order.—Bl. Felix of Nicosia, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i> <i>General Absolution may be given on June 1, the feast of Ascension</i>

**Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:** 1) Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Orders, or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and there pray for the intentions of the Pope.

2) Once every month, on any suitable day. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3) On the day of the monthly meeting. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4) On the first Saturday of every month. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.







The Descent of the Holy Ghost

# Franciscan Herald

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NO. 6

## The Priest

A Priest of God! O world, with all you hold  
Of life and love and plaudits ringing high,  
To nothingness your glamors sink away  
Before the august splendors of that name.  
A Priest of God! daily upon the heights  
He stands, the clean of hands, the pure of heart,  
Envied of angels, he who at a word  
From Heaven's highest throne his God calls down,  
And leans upon his breast like John of old.  
Another Christ is he, dwelling on earth,  
But from earth's ways apart. 'Mid paths sin-soiled  
He walks to raise and bless, to heal and save,  
Going about and doing good to all.  
Hungry his soul, not for the worthless husks,  
But hungering ever for immortal souls,  
Yearning to lead them to the feet of Him,  
Whose Blood outpoured that men might live for aye.  
And up the thorn-strewn way his steps must press,  
This sweetest hope sustains and cheers him on:  
The night will pass, and with the dawn will come  
The Master loved, his Elder Brother Christ,  
With tender smile and welcome words: "Well done!"  
And in the priestly heart another hope—  
That 'mid the sanctus of the heavenly choir,  
Round him at last may press a white-robed throng  
Through many tribulations safely come,  
The precious souls for whom his life was spent,  
The souls he sought and warred for night and day,  
Now sheltered in the everlasting arms.  
Ah! this his crown exceeding great shall be,  
Throughout the cycles of eternity.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary



# BL. BAPTISTA VARANI

OF THE SECOND ORDER

JUNE 2

**T**HIS saint of God was born at Camerino, in the Papal States, about the year 1458, and received in Baptism the name Camilla. Her father, Julius Caesar Varani, Duke of Camerino and commander of the Papal army, took great interest in her education, and as she was endowed with brilliant qualities of mind and heart, she greatly profited by the instructions imparted to her, so that she afterwards proved herself well versed in literature and especially in the Latin language. But she was also attracted by the pleasures and vanities of the world, though her heart remained pure, and it was only after severe struggles that she was able to consecrate herself entirely to God.

When she was about ten years of age, she one day heard Bl. Mark of Montegallo, O.F.M. preach a sermon on the Passion of our Lord. Deeply moved, she resolved to follow the counsel of the holy preacher to meditate frequently on the sufferings of our Savior. But the fruit of this pious practice was in part destroyed by her unrecollected and wordly life. Though she persevered in her devotion and also began to practice works of penance, such as fasts, watchings, and disciplines, her heart was not yet detached from the world and its frivolities. "With the exception of the time I gave to the meditation of the Pas-

sion," she writes in an account of her spiritual life, "all the rest was spent in music, dancing, driving, dress, and other worldly amusements. I felt a great repugnance to piety, and my aversion to monks and nuns was such that I could not bear the sight of them." Thus Camilla spent three years with a heart divided between God and his creatures, without the courage to break the bonds which held her a slave to the world and its vanities. But God took pity on her and enabled her to free herself from those ties which, though not sinful, were in the way of his designs regarding her soul.

It was again the words of a saintly preacher that called Camilla to a more perfect life. In 1477, Fr. Francis of Urbino, of the Order of Friars Minor, a man full of the Spirit of God, in a Lenten sermon, preached at Camerino, spoke of the greatness of God and of his terrible judgments with such eloquence and fervor that his hearers were filled with a holy fear. Enlightened by grace, Camilla fully realized the danger into which her affection for the vanities of the world might lead her. She wept day and night over her ingratitude and many infidelities to the call of grace, and redoubled her fasts, watchings, and prayers. While humbly communing with God, she heard a voice calling on her to forsake the

world and to embrace a religious life. "These heavenly inspiration," she writes, "were more bitter than gall, because they were contrary to all my natural inclinations and my attachment to the world." Indeed, it is not surprising that it seemed hard for the youthful princess, endowed with many natural gifts, to abandon the world which held out to her every promise of honor, wealth, and pleasure, and to shut herself up in a cloister, there to lead a poor, austere, and despised life. The sacrifice seemed too great for her, and long did she struggle against the call of God, clinging to any pretext that human nature could offer her. One day, the conflict in her soul was so violent that she was bathed in perspiration.

But at length, Camilla, with the help of God, gained the victory over self, and her determination to serve the Lord according to his good will was so strong that, as she writes, she would have suffered martyrdom, if necessary, rather than change her resolution. "A few days later the floodgates of Divine Mercy were opened, and my soul was inundated with a deluge of graces." The servant of God mentions three special graces with which God rewarded her courageous sacrifice: a hatred of the world and its pleasures and honors; a sincere humility; and an ardent desire for suffering. In her humility, she could not understand why her soul, which had been so long rebellious, and so full of miseries, was now the object of so many favors.

Christ vouchsafed to answer her that he took delight in her on account of the innocence which she had preserved amid the dangers of the world. And he added, "When I take delight in thy innocence, it is in myself and not in thee that I take delight. This innocence is my work and my property. Hence, when I love thee, it is myself that I love."

Camilla now determined to carry out at once her resolve of consecrating herself to God, and asked her father's consent to join the daughters of St. Clare in the convent at Urbino. But her father, looking only to the power and influence of his family, wished his daughter to marry a nobleman of her own rank, and violently opposed her pious resolve to become a religious. For two years he spared neither promises nor threats nor even petty persecution to shake her determination; but all in vain. Camilla, in the midst of this severe trial, unceasingly called on God and his Blessed Mother for help, and she was so manifestly consoled and strengthened by divine grace that her father, fearing to draw down on himself the anger of God by resisting his will, at length owned himself vanquished and allowed her to do as she wished.

Camilla, thereupon, with the greatest spiritual joy, received the habit of the Poor Clares in the convent at Urbino, in 1481, and took the name of Baptista. She was now happier than if she had obtained a royal crown, so that she afterwards often said, "Oh, what

wonderful consolations did I experience in the convent of Urbino!" By the constant meditation on the Passion of our Divine Savior, she made rapid progress in perfection and was raised to the heights of contemplation.

In 1484, Baptista was sent with several Sisters to found a convent of Poor Clares in her native city. Appointed vicaress to the abbess, she strove to fulfill the duties of her office especially by an example of humility, poverty, obedience, and constant prayer. The sufferings of our Savior continued to be the subject of her daily meditation, and from it she drew that longing to become like her Heavenly Spouse by sharing in his sorrows and pains. Her longing was to be satisfied. She was afflicted with long and painful sicknesses, and these were aggravated by persecutions and severe spiritual trials. She bore all afflictions with wonderful patience, and never wearied of thanking God for sending her so many proofs of his love. In 1502,

her father and three brothers were murdered in a revolt of the people of Camerino. The Saint, though overwhelmed with grief, prayed for the murderers with the words of St. Stephen: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." God rewarded her heroic patience with most extraordinary graces, inspirations, and revelations, an account of which she left behind in several writings.

In 1505, Baptista, at that time governing her community as abbess, was commissioned by Pope Julius II to found a convent of Poor Clares at Fermo. She remained with the new community for one year, confirming its members in the exact observance of the Rule, and then returned to Camerino, where she continued her life of prayer and contemplation until her happy death, on May 31, 1527. Her body was buried in the choir of the convent, but it now rests in the church. Pope Gregory XVI, in 1843, approved the devotion paid to her from times immemorial.

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## Patience

I waited for the Lord a little space.

So little! in whose sight as yesterday  
Passes a thousand years:—I cried for grace  
Impatient of delay.

He waited for me—ah so long! For He  
Sees in one single day a loss or gain  
That bears a fruit through all eternity:—  
My soul, did He complain?

—Robert Hugh Benson



## CROSS AND CROWN

*By Fr. Maximus, O.F.M.**(Continued)*

THREE years had elapsed since the arrival of the Franciscan envoys under the leadership of St. Peter Baptist. The same success with which they had pleaded the cause of their sovereign in the foreign land, now attended their labors for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. Notably through the agency of an able corps of lay-workers from among the Franciscan Tertiaries, the friars were enabled to gain an ever wider sphere of activity. The inroads made on heathenism were certain sooner or later to arouse the jealousy and fury of the bonzes. As in former times, so in this instance it was the pagan priesthood that fanned the flames of persecution. By all manners of calumnies, the neophytes were represented as unpatriotic and the missionaries stamped as emissaries of Spain.

#### The Enemies of the Friars

Prominent among the pagan bonzes was one Jacuin, the Emperor's court physician. His repeated suggestions of the menace to the country from the alien religion at length worked on the suspicious nature of Taikosama. By degrees, he changed his attitude of tolerance toward the friars and their religion, until an incident occurred that sealed their doom.

A Spanish war-vessel, the "St. Philip," about the middle of the year 1596, foundered off the coast of Uranda. The governor of the prov-

ince notified the Emperor that the ship carried a valuable cargo and that it was equipped with artillery. There was another circumstance connected with the ill-fated ship that made it an object of grave concern to the governor. It had on board two Franciscan friars, Philip of Jesus, a cleric, and the lay-brother, John of Zamora. The equipment of the ship and the presence of the friars were sufficient reason to believe that it had come to Japan with hostile intent. "For it is well known" added the governor, "that when the King of Spain wishes to take possession of an enemy's country, he first sends out religious men; and these, under pretence of preaching their religion, facilitate the conquest of that country. It was thus with Peru, New Spain, and the Philippines." The report did not fail of the desired effect, and that above all on account of an unguarded statement of one of the crew. This man was asked whether it was true that the King of Spain, when he intended to take possession of a country, always sent out missionaries. He replied in the affirmative, perhaps with a view to intimidating his captors. This answer settled the case. The governor put the crew of the "St. Philip" in chains, permitting the friars, however, to join their brethren at Osaka. The fact of the matter was, that the ship was bound, not for Japan but for Mexico.

### The Workings of Providence

When Philip of Jesus took ship in Manila Bay, it was the vision of home and his parents that stood before his mind, and least of all did he dream that he was bound for martyrdom.

Philip, a native of Mexico City, was as a boy of a quick, petulant, and almost ungovernable temper. The pranks of this daring and adventurous boy and his heedlessness caused his parents to live in a constant dread. Yet, his heart was sound and this made him capable of great sacrifices when called upon to bring them. To the great surprise of his acquaintances, this wild lad one day, in the year 1589, knocked on the gate of the

Franciscan convent in Mexico City, and begged admission into the Order and, to the still greater surprise of all, was accepted. But the young novice soon wearied of a life of seriousness, and after some time he left the convent and returned to his former habits of life.

Deeply mortified at the shame brought on them by this action, his parents sent him to Manila in the hope that he would take to trading. But, the young man became even more frivolous than before, without, however, taking a vicious course. After some time thus spent,

his savings gave out, and his friends forsook him one by one. Cut to the heart by the falseness of his friends, he entered into himself begging pardon of God for his worldly life. He then went to the Franciscans at Manila and once more prayed to be admitted into their ranks. His prayer was granted. This was in the year 1590, when Philip was nineteen years of age. His parents overjoyed at the report of the life of penance he was lead-

ing, longed to see their dear son once more and asked this favor of the Commissary of the missions.

The Commissary advised the Provincial at Manila to send the young man to the convent of Mexico City for the consolation of his parents and at the same time



St. Louis, Japanese Boy-Martyr



for the reception of Holy Orders, as the episcopal see of Manila was just then vacant. On July 12, 1596, Philip of Jesus, accompanied by John of Zamora, embarked on the man of war.

Thus the youthful Saint became a means in the hands of Providence of bringing St. Peter and his associates nearer to the martyr's crown, while he himself was as by a miracle led into their blessed company.

### The Outburst of the Storm

Not very long after the incident of the "St. Philip," on December 8, we find Fr. Peter Baptist in his dear little chapel of St. Mary of the Angels at Meako solemnly commemorating the prerogative of Mary's Immaculate Conception. While the pious strains of the Japanese neophytes were mingling with the fragrant clouds of incense that filled the little sanctuary, the peace of the holy place was suddenly disturbed by the heavy tread of soldiers' feet. Orders had gone out from the court to the governor of Nagasaki to hold the friars and certain of their helpmates prisoners in their convents of Meako and Osaka.

On hearing the commotion in the sacred place, Fr. Peter in an instant grasped the situation. Turning to his brethren, with a wave of his hand he commanded the attention of even the rough intruders, and exclaimed, "My brothers, now is the time to show our fortitude and constancy in the sufferings God has prepared for us. Courage and patience, the hour of trial is at

hand!"

The convent was now surrounded by the soldiery, and the religious were forbidden to leave its precincts under penalty of death. Fr. Peter had with him at the time the friars Francis Blanco, Francis of St. Michael, Gonzalez Garcia, the lay-brother, and the last arrival, Philip of Jesus. The names of these and of a number of Tertiaries were read aloud from the warrant of arrest. Among those whose names were in the warrant and who were arrested along with the friars, were the two recent converts to the faith mentioned above, Leo Garazuma and Michael Cosaqui, and the two boys, Thomas and Antony.

When the name of one Matthew, Tertiary, was called, the man in question happened to be absent. Another Christian of the same name seeing his opportunity, reported present and stepped forward from among the congregation to take the place of his namesake. But for the promptness suggested by his zeal to confess Christ before men, he would not have been joined to the band of holy martyrs. The little incident speaks volumes for the heroic faith displayed by the average Christian of those Franciscan congregations; while it at the same time shows how Almighty God attached a great grace to this trifling exhibition of natural cleverness.

### Disappointed

While this scene was enacting at Meako, a similar one took place at Osaka. The mission at Osaka was then attended by Fr. Martin of the



Ascension. He was apprehended along with a Tertiary catechist, Joachim. As to the Fathers Ruiz, Ribadeneira and Rodriguez in the convent of Nagasaki, the Emperor disposed differently. They were evicted from their peaceful abode and put on board a Portuguese vessel that lay at anchor in the harbor of Nagasaki. There they had to endure every kind of hardship for two months, until at length they were brought to Manila. However, they had the consolation of being witnesses of the glorious martyrdom of their brethren, and it is from their pens that we have the story of the sufferings and the ultimate triumph of the first Japanese Martyrs. There is nothing in the ancient annals of the Order to account for the motive that actuated Taikosama to pursue so different a course in the case of these two friars.

In like manner, the edict of the Emperor directed against the missionaries was not carried into effect with regard to the Jesuits at Meako. At Osaka, however, the officer put down on his list the names of Father Paul Miki, S. J., and his two servants. They were all three Japanese by birth, and the latter were received into the Society of Jesus only on the eve of their martyrdom.

Father Paul Miki was a convert of the early Jesuit missionaries. Subsequently he entered the Society, wherein he acquired great renown as a preacher and controversialist. He was singled out as an especial object of hatred and fear by the pagan bonzes for the eloquence and the conclusiveness with

which he refuted their false teachings before the people. Shortly after, at the solicitation of an officer at court, the Emperor mitigated the sentence and restricted it to the sons of St. Francis. Nevertheless, the name of Paul Miki, S. J., and his two companions remained in the warrant, and in this way they were aggregated to the friar-martyrs.

#### Loss and Gain

Fr. Jerome of Jesus, had, while the arrests were being made at Osaka and Meako, received instructions to go to the convent of Meako, and had already set out, when he heard of what had transpired. He went on, however, but on his way received word from Fr. Peter Baptist to hide and hold himself in readiness to help the poor deserted flock, when the other shepherds should have been stricken. Disappointed of his ardent hopes to share with his brethren the martyr's crown, Fr. Jerome wrote several letters to his superior, entreating him not to insist on his commands. But the Commissary was inexorable, and he informed him that if Fr. Rodriguez, to whom he had given his faculties of Commissary, were to die or leave Japan, Jerome should be invested with his powers.

It happened, too, that Bro. John of Zamora, Fr. Martin's companion at Osaka, was absent from the convent, when the governor's orders were executed. On learning of the arrest of his associate, he was seized with a longing to share the same fate, and with this intent he approached the officer. But the officer repulsed him, and to put an end to

his importunities had him put on board the Portuguese vessel along with the friars of Nagasaki.

Instead, the community of Osaka gave another member to the valiant twenty-six confessors of the Faith in the person of little Louis Ibarchi. This boy, eleven years of age, was even younger than the two boy Tertiaries before mentioned, but the grace of Baptism seemed to supply with heavenly wisdom and manliness his defect in years. With the consent of his parents, the boy made his home with the friars, spending the strength of his tender years in the ministrations of the sanctuary. When the officer saw the extreme youth of the lad, he refused at first to write down his name, but the generous child begged leave to remain with his benefactors even in their adversity. The fearlessness and constancy which this little champion of the Faith displayed to the very last moved even the pagan soldiers themselves.

#### Prisoners of Christ Jesus

The Confessors of the Faith now numbering twenty-four were kept prisoners in their convents from December 8 to the end of the year. During this time, they still had the consolation of celebrating the holy mysteries, of preaching and ad-

ministering the sacraments to a number of Christians who obtained leave to enter the church. In a letter to Fr. Martin of the Ascension, Fr. Peter Baptist expresses himself thus: "Thanks be to God, we have celebrated the holy Nativity of Mary's Divine Son with a joy that can not be conceived. We had solemn Vespers and midnight Mass; nothing was omitted. The Christians were present in crowds, and as they were not permitted to enter, they remained outside in the yard, though the cold was intense."

Even the guards were moved at the sight of the unalterable patience exhibited by the friars and their holy associates, and of the serenity with which they looked death in the face. They gradually became more lenient toward their captives, and left the Christians at liberty to bring them alms, pretending not to notice it. Fr. Peter was ever attentive to his surroundings. As he was no longer able to visit his dear lepers and the poor, he entrusted a portion of the alms of the faithful to trusty Tertiaries to be applied toward the relief of the poor. The new year at length led them on their bitter way of the cross, and on January 2, the martyrs passed to the first stage of their sufferings.

*(To be continued)*



## TIM FLANNIGAN, TERTIARY

*By Fr. Giles, O. F. M.*

"And how are you this fine spring morning?" asked Fr. Roch, as he turned a corner of the street, and met Tim Flannigan on his way to work.

"Why, Fr. Roch, I never felt better in me life. An' how's yer reverence?" Tim said, reaching out his horny hand and giving the priest a hearty shake.

"Very well, thank you, Tim. But where are you working now?" he questioned, as the two started down the street together. "You seem to have a different place every day."

"Indeed, yer reverence, an' it's mighty glad a poor man like me is to find work at all, at all, in these hard times. An' besides, don't this make me like St. Francis who wint about from place to place doing good?—only to be sure, I ain't doing so much good; but thin, I do be doing what I can, an' angels can do no more."

"You're right, Tim, and I'm glad to know that you are trying hard to imitate your holy Father Francis."

"By the way, Father, didn't you say at the last meetin' of the Third Order, that all those Tertiaries who are in the Order twenty-five years will celebrate their silver wedding—oh, I mean, I mean their silver jubilee?" Tim corrected himself, as Fr. Roch broke into a good-natured laugh over this lapse of the tongue.

"Yes, Tim, that's exactly what I said, and if I'm not badly mistaken, you belong to the fortunate class."

"Bedad, if I don't, yer reverence, and well do I remember the day I joined. It was twinty-five years in April. At that time, half the city was down with the scarlet fever, an' we lost our three youngest children in one week. To make matters worse, Jimmy, our oldest boy, a lad of sixteen, ran away from home, an' we never heard or seen nothin' of him since,—the little rascal, God be good to him!" Tim interjected, wiping a tear from his eye.

"Those must have been hard days, Tim, and I'm sure you suffered much," rejoined the priest sympathetically.

"To be sure, we did, Father, an' thin I took to bed with pneumonia, an' all the savings I had wint to the doctors and druggists. Whin I got well agin, we had to move out of our little home, and wint down to the river where we rented two ugly rooms in an old tinement. We weren't there two weeks, whin the last child, a sweet little girrl of tin, got sick and died afore we knew what ailed her. An' Father Roch, ye'll niver believe it, but thin I actually began to curse God for all the bad luck we were having. But Moira,—God rest her soul!—says to me, 'Timothy Flannigan,' says she, and her eyes spit fire, 'Timothy Flannigan, don't ye know that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh, and that he don't have to ask ye if he wants to do something? Ye, rra, yer a purty Christian, if ye don't believe that the Lord



knows what's best for us,—ghlore y be to his holy Name!' An' with that, Father, she took her beads an' knelt down aside of that dead child, and didn't cry a tear, but prayed like an angel."

"Tim, Moira was an angel!" commented the priest solemnly.

"Sure she was, yer reverence, an' I felt so ashamed o' meself that I wint over to her an' said, 'Moira, dear, forgive me. But, how can ye be so cool in all our throuble?' 'An' Tim,' says she, 'Tim Flannigan, do ye think that I've been a mimber o' the Third Order for the last tin years fer nothin'? An' haven't we been hearing all the time as how none of us has to suffer as much as the dear St. Elizabeth, who was a queen an' a saint, an' she had to sleep with her babes in a pig sty, an' instid of complainin' an' scoldin', she wint to the church an' thanked the Lord fer it? Sure, Tim, I'd be ashamed to call meself a Tertiary, if I couldn't bear the crosses the good Lord sends me!'"

"Tim, Moira was not only an angel, she was a second St. Elizabeth," said the priest, much moved and edified by Flannigan's story.

"Av coorse, yer reverence; an' whin she got finished talking like that, says I to her, says I, 'Moira, if that Third Order o' yers makes ye so good and sthrong a Christian, bedad, I'm going to join it meself.'"

"And you were as good as your word, eh Tim?"

"By the grace o' God, I was, Father. We, Moira an' me, wint to the church the very next Sunday an' told Father Francis all about

our throuble, as how the children died, an' Jimmy run away, an' as how I wanted to join the Third Order to become sthrong in faith an' to bear up under the cross. Well, Father Francis gave me the scafular and cord thin and there, an' whin I got up from me knees, he says to me, says he, 'Tim, from now on, yer name in the Third Order will be Francis, Brother Francis, after me own name.' Maybe, yer reverence, I wasn't the proud man that day! An' Father Roch, I've been trying these twinty-five years to be a good mimber of the Third Order, and niver a day has passed that I didn't say me twelve Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glories, an' thin I always added one extra Our Father to keep Jimmy from going to the devil."

"That's right, Tim," assented Fr. Roch, "keep it up. Who knows but that Jimmy is a fine gentleman by this time, and in God's own good time will turn up again and console you for all you've suffered these many years. But here we are at the convent."

"Well, good morning, Father Roch, and many thanks fer yer kind words to a poor man, an' please don't forget to say a prayer for Jimmy!"

"Indeed, I won't forget, Tim. Good bye, and God bless you!"

The day which had begun so bright soon changed, and before noon a cold drizzling rain began to fall that continued without intermission until night. Toward seven o'clock, Tim Flannigan, clad in an old ragged coat and overalls, that

offered little protection against the wind and rain, was seen picking his way carefully along the slippery sidewalk, and shivering to the very marrow of his bones from the damp chill. As he trudged along, he recalled the story he had once heard Fr. Roch tell of St. Francis and Brother Leo walking joyfully toward Assisi through the rain and sleet, and he, too, rejoiced that he had this opportunity of imitating his Seraphic Father. On nearing his shanty, he noticed a poor man some distance ahead, evidently a tramp, whose unsteady gait seemed to be caused more by liquor than by the wet pavement.

"Now, there's a poor divil that's got a dhrop too much," Tim soliloquized, watching the zigzag movements of the drunkard.

Just then the stranger's foot slipped and he fell like a log to the ground, striking his head on the curbstone. Tim hastened to offer assistance.

"Are you badly hurted?" he inquired kindly, kneeling beside the man and trying to staunch the blood that flowed from a wound in his head. But the only answer he received was an unintelligible grunt.

"Now, now, my good man, try to get up, an' I'll help ye to yer home," Tim continued coaxingly, raising the man to a sitting posture.

"Ain't got no home," came the growling reply.

"Ain't got no home?" echoed Tim. "An' sure, yer to be pitied, indeed! Well, as me own home ain't very far from here, an I live all alone, ye can go along with me.

I ain't got much, but ye can at least warm up, an' get a bite o' supper an' a cup o' hot tea."

With a little effort and some more coaxing, Tim finally succeeded in getting the man on his feet, and the two started slowly for Tim's one room home near the river, where he had lived ever since his wife had died five years before. But for a little scalp wound, the tramp was uninjured, and he soon made himself at home beside the stove, while Tim busied himself with preparing supper. After they had both eaten heartily of the simple meal, Tim gave the stranger one of the two blankets of his bed and the only pillow he possessed, and told him to make himself comfortable on the floor near the fire. He then proceeded to wash the dishes and to put the room in order, after which he knelt beside his bed for his usual evening devotions.

Finally, after what seemed an age to the tramp, who was merely feigning sleep, Tim arose from his knees and made ready to retire. As he laid his well-worn trousers over the chair near the bed, the clink of money could be distinctly heard, and the ears of the stranger tingled with joy at the sound. But, Tim, all unconcerned and without the least suspicion of evil, crossed himself with holy water, and then laid himself to rest. Within a few minutes he was sleeping soundly.

The tramp waited breathlessly for about a half an hour, and then throwing aside the blanket, he tiptoed stealthily across the room to the bed of his sleeping host. There

was no difficulty in securing the few silver coins from the pockets of the overalls.

"Surely, the old miser has more money about the room," the thief whispered to himself, picking up the coat, and searching its pockets.

"Ah, here's his wallet!" he exclaimed in an undertone, as he drew something from the inside breast pocket. Then taking a small flashlight from his pocket, he began to examine his find.

"Curse it! It's only a book," he muttered between his teeth, when the rays of the bull's-eye disclosed the object he held in his hand. But, thinking that there might possibly be some greenbacks concealed between the leaves, he opened the book and turned the pages. An inscription on the fly leaf caught his eye.

"To Timothy Flannigan from his wife Moira on the day of his investment in the Third Order of St. Francis, April 14, 1889."

The purple-red features of the thief suddenly turned ashen-gray.

"Timothy Flannigan from his wife Moira!" he repeated hoarsely. Then stepping nearer to the bed, he turned the light full on the face of the sleeping man. There he lay so calm and peaceful, his shagged white hair and long gray beard encircling his tanned and rugged but kindly features, while a sweet smile played about his lips as if he were having a pleasant dream. The thief gazed intently for a moment at the sleeping figure and then a wave of repentance swept over his heart, tears started to his eyes, and

with a loud sob he fell on his knees beside the bed exclaiming:

"Oh, father, forgive me, forgive me!"

Flannigan awoke with a start and looked wonderingly about.

"What's the matter?" he said at last, recovering somewhat from his fright, "who are you?"

"Oh, father, it's me, it's Jimmy, your runaway boy. Oh, take me back, and let me live with you again?"

\* \* \*

"Ghlory be to God, Father Roch, an' would ye believe it?" Tim Flannigan fairly shouted, as he met the priest returning from the hospital the following afternoon.

"Why, what's the matter, Tim, you're as happy as a lark?"

"Why, Father, just think, that spalpeen of a Jimmy came back like the prodigal son himself, an' maybe I ain't the happiest man in tin states! Sure, an' it's all on account of the Third Order, an' won't that be the grandest silver jubilee ye ever saw?"

"Tim, I congratulate you!" said Fr. Roch warmly. "Surely, God is rewarding you for your twenty-five years of faithful service in the Third Order."

"Av coorse, Father, Jimmy aint the fine gentleman ye said he might be whin he came back, but he's goin' to turn over a new leaf, an',"—here Tim dropped his voice to a whisper,— "maybe I'll be after getting the young scamp to join the Third Order to do a little pinance for himself, fer God knows, he needs it badly."



## AN HISTORICAL TERTIARY FRATERNITY

*By Leon de Lillo, Tertiary*

The Franciscan fraternity of the Third Order of Paris, under the jurisdiction of the Capuchin Fathers, is unquestionably the most important in France. This historic fraternity was established in the seventeenth century at the convent of the Cordeliers. Her Majesty, Maria Teresa, wife of Louis XIV, was for a long time at the head of the fraternity. When the Revolution of 1789 ravaged Paris, the friars were compelled to disband, while their convent was turned into a revolutionary clubhouse. Nevertheless, we are told, the brothers always managed to meet somewhere during those terrible times. When peace was restored, the fraternity regained its former vigor and popularity, and was eventually divided into two branches, one for the men under the patronage of St. Louis, and the other for the women with St. Elizabeth as patroness. For many years, the brothers held their regular meetings at the convent of the Capuchin Fathers; a special chapel had been built for them in the garden of the monastery. But hard times have come again. A few years ago, the Capuchin convent was confiscated by the government and raised to the ground. Since then, the Tertiaries have been forced to change their headquarters nine times, because it was very difficult to find a suitable chapel that would be free for them on Sunday mornings. But all these trials and difficulties have not diminished the zeal of the children of St. Francis. On the contrary, the fraternity of St. Louis is as flourishing as ever. Even now it numbers about three hundred brothers from among all classes of society; princes, dukes, lawyers, officers, doctors, mechanics, laborers, rich and poor, high and low, all are represented in our time-honored fraternity. Traditional customs of the Order are carefully observed, among others, the wearing of the large Tertiary habit during the meetings. After the usual prayers, the office of the Blessed Virgin is recited. Then follows a low Mass, after which the brothers take a cup of coffee and enjoy a short recreation. The second part of these regular meetings consists in a sermon and Benediction. A number of our Tertiaries are at present braving the hardships and dangers of the battlefield; of their number, nine are already among the dead. It seems a Third Order branch has been canonically erected in the trenches, which goes to show how the sons of St. Francis are using every occasion to extend the influence of the Third Order. The Reverend Ladislaus of Vannes is the spiritual Director of the old Paris fraternity; the present prefect is M. Philip Lermigny, who was a personal friend of the late Mgr. de Ségur, the celebrated blind Tertiary. He made his profession in the Third Order more than fifty years since and has been at the head of our fraternity for over thirty years.

## AT THE DOORS OF ST. PETER'S\*

*By Mary Gearon, Tertiary*

"OH, mother, don't give up now! This is your seventh Tuesday and you mustn't break your novena."

"But I don't see how I can go to church to-day. Baby cried nearly all night long, and my head aches so much that I can hardly see," replied Mrs. Bender, sinking wearily into a chair and holding her hands to her throbbing temples.

"But, mother," argued her daughter, "you will feel better, when you get out into the fresh air, and just think, in two weeks your novena will be finished."

"Yes, I know; yet I doubt whether the novena will do any good after all. It's nine weeks now since your father disappeared, and we are as much in the dark as ever regarding his whereabouts, although the novena is almost finished," and Mrs. Bender shook her head despondently.

"Courage, mother dear, St. Anthony is the finder of the lost, and I'm sure he will not fail us in our need. Just trust in him," answered Katie cheerfully, placing her mother's hat on the table beside her.

It was with great reluctance that the woman took the hat and prepared to follow her daughter's advice. All the while, Katie kept up a lively chatter, checkmating each excuse her mother advanced, and always fearful that she would lose

courage and break the novena in which they had placed all their hopes for learning of the whereabouts of Mr. Bender. Katie's whole heart had gone into this novena of Tuesdays in honor of the Wonderworker of Padua, and she could not understand how anything could frustrate its efficacy.

As her mother finally opened the door to leave, she again hesitated and turning about remarked:

"The rent is due the first of June, Katie, and we've scarcely enough to meet it. Why then spend car fare uselessly, when we don't know where to make it?"

"Never mind, mother, ten cents won't make or unmake us, and Mrs. Thornton has promised me some plain sewing to do for her family, and she said that she would recommend me to her friends."

Mrs. Bender paused for a moment, looked to the ground, and then left the house, whereupon Katie gave a deep sigh of relief. She watched her mother as she walked slowly and irresolutely to the corner of the block, and uttered a hearty "Thank God!" as she saw her board a street car for St. Peter's Church.

The bright sunlight of the spring morning and the loud chirping of the street sparrows soon dispelled the gloomy forebodings Mrs. Bender had entertained, and when she

\*The incident here related occurred in Chicago some seven years ago, and was told the writer on the occasion of the recent renovation of St. Peter's Church, when the old swing doors were replaced by new ones.—*The Editor*.

entered the church and found it thronged with fervent souls engaged in making the solemn novena of Tuesdays, her heart warmed with renewed fervor, and she thanked God that her daughter had insisted on her attending the services that morning.

After the customary High Mass and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, special prayers were said at St. Antony's altar, whereupon the good woman made ready to depart for her home, much relieved and spiritually comforted that she had not broken her novena. As she reached the swing doors at the entrance to the vestibule and pushed one of them to go out, some one on the opposite side pushed the same door to enter. She waited a moment to allow the person to come in, but as the other party performed the same courtesy in her regard, and made no immediate effort to enter, she pushed the door again. The other person did the same. Hereupon, Mrs. Bender decided to wait no longer, and bearing on the door a third time, she pushed it aside, and—there stood her long lost husband before her, looking, indeed, years older than when she had last seen him, yet hale and hearty. She imagined for a moment that she was dreaming; but no, it was a happy reality.

After a tender greeting between husband and wife, Mr. Bender explained his sudden disappearance and subsequent absence. On the day of his departure, he had met a friend, who, hearing that he had been out of work for several

months and that he was unable to secure a position in the city, advised him to go to Cincinnati, where a common friend would give him employment, as he was just then looking about for a man of his ability. Bender was rejoiced at the information, but his face soon dropped when he recalled that he had not the wherewith to buy a ticket to Cincinnati, and in his mind he saw the proffered position secured by another. His friend noticed his predicament, and generously came to his assistance by offering him sufficient money to make the trip.

Heartily thanking his friend for this unexpected kindness, Mr. Bender hastened to the depot, and thinking to surprise his wife and family with a letter replete with good news from that city, he at once secured his ticket and boarded the train.

"Arrived at Cincinnati," he related, "I walked about like one treading on air, and engrossed with the prospect of securing good employment and fearful lest someone might be hired before me, I hurried along the streets, and then,—well, I knew no more until two days ago, and I have lived years in this time, so much have I longed to see you again. I was in St. Mary's Hospital and for weeks lay unconscious. I had been struck by an automobile truck, and as nothing was found on my person to establish my identity, you were not informed of the accident. On my recovery from the injuries received, it was discovered that my mind was a blank regarding the past, and repeated questions



by the doctors and nurses failed to revive my memory.

"Last Sunday, I was sitting listlessly in the hospital, when I heard someone say, 'Why, there's John Bender! Hello, John, what brought you here?' I looked up, and there stood my father's cousin, Sam Scully. Something seemed to snap in my brain, and my memory came back like a flash. The doctor wanted to send you word of my coming, but I declared that I would bring the tidings myself."

"But how did you happen to come here to St. Peter's?" questioned his wife eagerly.

"Oh, that happened this way," he replied. "I came in at the Polk Street depot and wanted to board a Clark Street car for the North side. A car was approaching, but as the motorman failed to notice my signal, it passed on. Looking across the street, I saw St. Peter's Church, and the thought struck me to go in and say a prayer that I might find all well at home, for I dreaded to think of your worry and suspense over my long absence. And how did you happen to be here this morning?" he asked, surprised to find his wife so far from home at that hour.

She explained that she was engaged in making a novena of Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony for his safe return, and tears came to her eyes as she told of her reluctance that morning to continue her devotion, and how they owed their happy meeting to their daughter, Katie, whose confidence in the power of St. Antony had never wa-

vered.

"Come, let us go back into the church," she said, taking her husband by the arm, "and thank God and St. Antony for bringing you home safe."

While father and mother knelt in devout prayer before the altar of the Wonderworker, and then made their way home, Katie was worrying over her mother's unusual delay.

"Perhaps it was unwise in me to insist on her going to church in spite of her indisposition," the girl chided herself, as she recalled her mother's pale face that morning, and taking her beads, she began to pray as devoutly as she could, going every now and then to the window to see whether she could not get a glimpse of her mother returning. Of a sudden, she heard voices outside the door, and hurrying to the window, she saw to her great joy and surprise, father and mother coming up the steps.

The news of Mr. Bender's extraordinary accident and unexpected return to his family, spread rapidly through the neighborhood, and his friends, learning of his impoverished condition, generously came to his aid with a well filled purse. Soon after his return, he was successful in obtaining his former position, and this time with an increase in salary. The happy family was so convinced that all these blessings were due to the intervention of St. Antony, that, at the close of the first novena of Tuesdays, they immediately began another in thanksgiving for the favors received.

# **-:- Franciscan Anecdotes -:-**

## **AN ANGEL AS ST. ANTONY'S MESSENGER**

While St. Antony was busily engaged at Padua preaching to the crowds that thronged about him, hearing their confessions, and giving them salutary advice in regard to the eternal welfare of their souls, he conceived a great desire to give himself up again to a life of prayer and solitude. Accordingly, he wrote a letter to his superior, begging to be sent to a convent where he would be free to lead a life of contemplation. After writing the letter, he left it lying on the table in his cell, and went to the Father Guardian and asked him to secure a messenger to forward the letter to his Provincial. The messenger was soon found, and St. Antony hastened back to his cell to fetch the letter—but it was nowhere to be found. He sought for it everywhere, but in vain. Thinking that, perhaps, his plan to leave Padua was not pleasing to God, and that on this account the letter had so mysteriously disappeared, he went to the Father Guardian and told him to dismiss the messenger, as he had changed his mind and would not send the proposed letter. The Guardian did as he was requested; but wonderful to relate—after some days had elapsed, sufficient for a messenger to make the journey, St. Antony received a letter from the Minister, in which he graciously granted him the desired permission to retire to a more secluded convent for his spiritual consolation. God had sent his angel to deliver the letter for the Saint, that he might thus be assured that his desire for seclusion was pleasing to Him.—*Analecta Franciscana*.



## **ORIGIN OF ST. ANTONY'S BLESSING**

In the city of Santarem, in Portugal, there lived during the reign of King Denis, a sinful woman, who nevertheless entertained a great devotion to St. Antony. The devil took possession of the unhappy woman and then tormented her most grievously with a temptation, in which he suggested to her that the only way she could hope for forgiveness of her sins was to drown herself in the river Tagus. Yes, he even appeared to her as Christ, and said, "Behold, I am He whom thou hast offended so much. However, if thou wilt go to the river and wilt drown thyself therein in satisfaction for thy sins, I will remit thy guilt and grant thee eternal glory." The poor creature, deceived thus by the evil spirit and angered by her husband, who had called her a demoniac, hastened one day toward the river to carry out the devil's suggestion. As she was passing the church of the Friars Minor and it happened to be the feast of St. Antony, she determined to enter and to recommend herself to him. Casting herself on her knees in his chapel, she burst into tears and prayed, "O St. Antony, in whom I have always confided, I beg thee now to reveal to me whether it is really the will of God that I should drown myself." As she prayed, she fell into a sweet slumber, during which the Saint appeared to her and said "Arise, woman, and keep this card,



by which you will be freed from the vexations of satan." Awakening from her sleep, the woman found suspended from her neck a piece of parchment on which was inscribed in letters of gold, "Behold the cross of the Lord, flee, ye powers of darkness, the Lion of the Tribe of Juda, the root of David, hath conquered! Alleluja, alleluja!" At once the possessed woman was freed from the evil spirit, and as long as she kept the card, the devil did not molest her.

When King Denis learned of this incident from the woman's husband, he demanded that the card be given to him, and immediately the devil again took possession of the woman. As the king would not restore the parchment, the husband, pitying the sad condition of his wife, had recourse to the Friars Minor and asked them to make a similar card for her. They did so, and this second card had the same happy effect on the woman as the one she had received from St. Antony himself. Filled with gratitude for the favor, the penitent woman made a good confession and was converted from her whole heart to the service of God, and after twenty years died peacefully in the Lord.

King Denis ordered the original piece of parchment bearing the words of blessing in letters of gold, to be placed with his other relics, and many miracles were wrought by its means on those piously invoking the aid of St. Antony.—*Life of St. Antony.*



### ST. ANTONY RAISES HIS SISTER'S CHILD TO LIFE

Paris, the five year old son of a sister of St. Antony, was one day playing with several companions in a boat on the seashore, at Lisbon. A sudden squall caused the boat to capsize. All the boys were thrown into the water, but Paris alone drowned, as the others were able to save themselves by swimming. A number of fishermen immediately began to search for the poor child, but three hours elapsed before they succeeded in finding him. The parents of the boy had hastened at the first news of the accident to the shore, and the father seeing that all attempts to revive the child were futile, began to give orders for the funeral. But the poor mother, quite distracted with grief, cried out on hearing this, "Either give the child to me, or bury me with him!" Then with tears and sighs she began to invoke St. Antony, saying, "Oh brother mine, wilt thou be cruel to thy sister alone? Oh, be gracious also to me now and give me back my boy, for I promise that I will dedicate him to the service of God in thy Order!" On the third day after the accident, while she was again praying thus to her sainted brother, surrounded by a large number of sympathizing friends and relatives, behold, the dead child suddenly arose perfectly well to the great astonishment of all present, who at once began to praise God and his servant St. Antony for the great miracle he had wrought. The pious mother faithfully kept her promise, and when Paris grew up, he entered the Franciscan Order, and edified all by the holiness of his life. He, too, never wearied of repeating the great miracle his uncle had wrought in his favor.—*Analecta Franciscana.*



## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### THE FRUIT OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

If there is one thing more than any other that strikes the intelligent Catholic in his dealings with non-Catholics it is the vagueness and confusion of their religious and moral principles. Seldom is it possible to obtain from them a clear and definite statement on points of their doctrine or of their practice. This is owing not only to a lack of systematic religious instructions; it is a consequence of that rebellion against dogmatic authority in which Protestantism loves to glory; it is a humiliation of intellectual pride; it is the dethronement of deified reason; it is a melancholy evidence of how incapable human reason is, when left to itself, of guiding us with respect to right and wrong.

It has ever been thus in the history of the human mind. From man's desire to set aside the divine authority, and to rely on his natural reason for his knowledge of religious and moral truths has uniformly sprung the greatest confusion in these matters. The nations of antiquity that were guided only by the light of reason fell into the most deplorable errors. It was reason that placed the creature on the throne of the Creator, that raised temples and brought sacrifices to Satan himself and to every abomination he inspired. Those nations by whom reason was most cultivated, whose progress in human sciences was such that their works are even now the standard of excellence, were of all others the most deplorably ignorant in the science of good and evil. Egypt, the mother of letters and sciences, Greece, which nurtured them to perfection, Rome, which considered them the most glorious of her conquests, distinguished themselves by religious absurdity, and were abandoned without remorse, nay with self-complacency, to practices which we can not read without horror or describe without a blush. In a word, as all mankind except the Israelites, had sought the knowledge of good and evil from the tree of human reason, so there was not a nation in the whole world that was not buried in the most profound ignorance on these subjects.

And in this age of reason and enlightenment, is mankind not approaching again the state of the nations in the pre-Christian era? If we enumerate the sects into which human kind is divided and examine the monstrous doctrines to which it gives assent of mind and heart, must we not conclude that reason appears even more feeble than in the earliest ages, as if time had added the weakness of age to its natural infirmity? Outside the Catholic Church what dense ignorance, what lamentable confusion in things spiritual does there not exist? And the denser will be the night and the greater the chaos, the more pertinacious man's efforts are to set aside all authority and to assert the absolute sufficiency and independence of reason.



### THE TOUCHSTONE

The test of true spirituality is given by Holy Writ. It is the observance of the Commandments. Not the hearers of the law, we are told, but the doers, shall be justified. Love is proved by deeds. It is most important to realize that true spirituality, true virtue consists neither in

devotional practices nor in pious emotions, but in the faithful fulfilment of one's daily duty. "What," asks a pious writer, "are all devotions—rosaries, novenas, benedictions, visits, processions, pilgrimages, feast days and functions—worth unless we do our duty and live a true Christian life? What are they but a pretence of virtue—leaves without fruit, and who cares for leaves only?" Unless religion really influences our daily life, leavens all our actions, and transforms us into other Christs, what is it but something superficial, a cloak thrown around us on sacred festivals and in the church, and discarded at other times and elsewhere?

Who are the practical Catholics? Who are the intrepid defenders of truth and right? Who are the loyal supporters of every movement that tends to the honor of God, the spread of the Church, or the welfare of society? Who are the manly men, trustworthy, just in their dealings, temperate in their lives, kindly toward their neighbor? Who are the womanly women, chaste, true in love, patient in suffering, living up to their high vocation as wives and mothers and exercising a salutary influence on the home and on society? They are invariably the doers of the word of God, those on whom their religion has taken a hold, or rather who have taken hold of their religion and made its maxims the guiding principles of their lives. In a word, the truly spiritual men and women are they who practice their religion and not merely profess it.



### FOSTERING IMMODESTY

Speaking on "Social and Personal Purity" in Centenary Church, Indianapolis, the Rev. Mr. G. C. Stearns made the following pointed statements.

"The most dangerous forms (of social impurity) are those publicly licensed and sanctioned by the leaders of society—the cultured folks. Art lends herself graciously to this blight. In painting and statuary, nudity and veiled indecency are forced on us by the questionable morals of the artist. We yield, however, and hang such works in our homes and decorate our public buildings with them until we are compelled to drop our heads in shame whenever we pass them. Is there no modesty to-day that we should permit such shameless exhibits in the name of art?"

"The stage provides just what the people demand and caters largely to the perverted tastes of those who are looking for something sensual. Vaudeville performers and ballet dancers do not know the meaning of modesty, and nearly every company has its Sapphos and Salomes, who, if they are not living immoral lives, are leading hundreds of others in that direction.

"The moving pictures are increasingly vile. Without any censorship they are becoming the pitfalls of our young people to-day. Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, in reply to the question, 'What kind of pictures do you want?' sent to all the picture houses using the Universal films, received from sixty-five per cent the answer that they did not want pictures that were 'clean and wholesome,' but pictures that were 'off-color,' 'smutty,' or 'risqué.' No parent can afford to allow a child to attend any show, without knowing exactly the nature of the pictures. How can any one expect his thoughts to be pure while feeding them constantly on the impure?"



Thus the Reverend Mr. Stearns. We have quoted his words not because they contain anything that our readers do not already know, but because they are a confirmation of what they have often heard and read. When Catholic preachers and publicists inveigh against the prevailing public immorality, Catholics are prone to receive their strictures either as exaggerations or as commonplaces. Such utterances as this by the Rev. Mr. Stearns ought to convince them that "something is rotten in the Kingdom of Denmark," that art museums and playhouses are not the best schools for teaching the growing generation modesty and love of purity. Yet, some Catholics will be found not only to defend the nude in art but to attend the immoral performances that are everywhere bringing the stage into disrepute even with persons whose moral sense is not so keenly developed as that of Catholics generally. That these deluded Catholics could be brought to see the error of their attitude and to realize the grave scandal they are giving to those that are not of the Faith. That they could be made to understand that, by the stand they are taking on this all-important subject, they are laboring at the ruin of the country; for impartial history teaches that national decay inevitably follows even the subdued countenancing of immorality.



### NATIONAL MYOPES

It has become a very common thing nowadays to hear the Catholic Church accused of political activity. Indeed, the Holy Father, notwithstanding his generous efforts for humanity, does not escape charges of conspiracy by those patriotic souls whose judgments are always wrong. A contemporary aptly remarks:

"Those who accuse Catholics of mixing religion with politics are the very ones who, themselves, are supremely guilty of the charge. Catholics form no political party. And their Church is no training school for politicians. The Church stands sponsor for no man in political life except insofar as he abides by the eternal laws of justice and honesty. But Catholics do ask for fair play and no unwanton discrimination against them for conscience sake. The public has been deluded long enough by the startling accusation that the Church is a political machine and by repetition, the charge has gained the force of conviction in the mind of many. But what pulpit is freer from discussion of political and secular topics than the Catholic? What is there in the teachings of our schools, colleges, and seminaries that savors of political interference? What has our literature to say that is detrimental to the highest conception of American citizenship? Fairminded non-Catholics regret and condemn such a policy heartily, and do not hesitate to brand and stigmatize it as it deserves. There is a certain category of religionists who imagine that they are America, that the government and institutions of our country belong to their precious selves, but their pretensions are as empty and unfounded as their accusation against Catholics."

The sermons preached in Catholic Churches every Sunday in the year are fair examples of what the Church teaches her children. A casual visit would tend to enlighten some of our critics. — *The Pilot*.



## SWAT THE MOSQUITO

According to a newspaper report, between four hundred and five hundred jars of mosquito larvae were recently distributed in the public schools of a section of New York City. The purpose, according to the New York Board of Health, was "to give the children an opportunity to study at first hand the process of mosquito incubation and the best means of exterminating the pests." The distribution, however, is only part of the campaign to be waged this spring and summer in that community "in the effort to wipe out the mosquito in the incipient stage and to swat, starve and asphyxiate those who survive," to quote the official bulletin. A mosquito expert will direct the campaign.

We hardly thought it possible to add anything to the already overladen curriculum of our public schools. But then we had never thought of such things as mosquito classes. Happy, happy public school children to be permitted to take part in every fad-and-fancy campaign outlined and conducted by an expert. How proud little Johnnie and Alice must feel to trudge to school in the morning armed with a mosquito swatter and a vial of asphyxiating gas instead of a primer, and to return home in the evening after a strenuous campaign of swatting, starving, and asphyxiating all the mosquitoes that happened to come within sight or reach. Not so long ago, we learnt how important it is for the public health to swat the fly, now that the growing generation is being taught to swat and even to asphyxiate the mosquito, our national existence is assured.



When you subscribe for a Catholic paper either for yourself or for a friend or neighbor, you do your share to render innocuous the mouthings of the anti-Catholic lecturer. You may get angry and excited and raise your voice, and even your hand, against the Church's enemy—but all this only advertises him and his foul campaign. But when you subscribe to a Catholic paper, dedicated to the spread of truth and good-feeling among citizens, then you are doing something that may not be so spectacular as the other method, but that is much more effective. Indeed, unless you are doing something to support the Catholic press, your righteous indignation against the anti-Catholic campaigner is open to question.—*The Sacred Heart Review*.



The French "bloc" of pagans who have been conducting an internal (infernal if you wish), revolution against Christianity and playing cat and mouse with priests and nuns for several years are having their claws clipped by Briand—the archenemy—who orders them to stop the madness and let the clergy alone, at least while these are giving their lives for a country that has no use for them any other way.—*The Catholic Advance*.



## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XIX

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

IN the course of time, the five Missions on the Upper San Antonio, like those in California, became great training schools, such as the United States Government with all its superabundant means has never succeeded in establishing permanently among the aborigines. Agriculture, despite the poor facilities, mechanical arts appropriate to the Indians, and stock-raising were conducted on a large scale.

The Franciscan Fathers, who knew more about theological and philosophical works, more about their Latin and Greek classics, than about farming and horses and cattle-breeding, found the task required of them not an easy one; but, as an indispensable means to the end in view—the conversion of the savages to Christianity—they courageously and even enthusiastically devoted themselves to the novel enterprise.

It would call for more space and time than could be allowed here to describe the actual situation at the missions in this particular. The

readers, who may desire information on the subject, are referred to the first and second volumes of *The Missions and Missionaries of California*\*; for, on the Pacific Coast the same method was employed as in Texas. In fact, the daily routine and the other regulations observed in California were compiled by Fr. Pedro Pérez de Mezquia, who, till 1744, had labored in the missions of Texas, and subsequently in those of the Sierra Gorda, Mexico, whence Fr. Junípero Serra introduced them to his beloved converts in the missions on the western coast.

However, if it was difficult to adapt the clumsy fingers of male and female savages to the various domestic and mechanical arts; if it taxed the patience of the missionary as well as of the restless savage to steady the curious one-handle plow behind a pair of oxen, and in the burning sun to gather the harvest, provided the savage persevered so long; and if it was difficult for the missionary to prevent the wild nature of the roving Indians from playing mischief with the live-stock;

\* *Missions and Missionaries of California*, by Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., in four volumes, Santa Barbara, Cal.

it required much more patience, shrewdness, and zeal to wean the savages from their fondness for the wild and unfettered life and beastly habits, and to induce them to settle down in villages around the mission chapel. Failure to bring this about, it will be remembered, caused the withdrawal of Fr. Espinosa and his companions from the Neches to the San Antonio River.

Fr. Domingo Arricivita, who like Espinosa, though later, had labored among the Texans, and who like Fr. Espinosa subsequently devoted himself to chronicle the acts of the Franciscans in a large folio, the *Cronica Serafica*, which with the *Cronica Serafica* of Fr. Espinosa forms the chief source of Texas Mission history, and affords an insight into the obstacles confronting the missionaries when about to start or to perpetuate a mission, writes, "The question of how to attract the savages and how to bring them under the influence of the Gospel, was one of the problems that never ceased to agitate the minds of these zealous men. To begin with, they sought to put themselves in touch with all the natives who could be reached, for the purpose of bestowing on them the blessings of Christianity. This obliged the Fathers to make extensive journeys into the mountain fastnesses, to wend their way through trackless and rocky foothills, across vast stretches of sandy deserts, through thickets and marshes, and over many rivers and creeks, enduring untold hardships and privations while searching, like

the Good Shepherd, for roving savages, veritable lost sheep of the Lord."

Having succeeded in meeting and overtaking the various bands, the Fathers would try to persuade them to join the missions. Failing in this, because the savages were too much attached to an unrestrained manner of life, the missionaries would endeavor to induce the Indians to accept instructions on the spot, wherever they encountered them. Incidentally, they would be on the look-out for dying children, who could be baptized outright, and for adults in the same predicament, who might be persuaded to accept Baptism after the indispensable short instruction on the chief points of Faith. These wearisome journeys were painful enough in the heat of a Texas summer; but they proved extremely perilous in the winter season, when rivers overflow, and amid the destitution of improvident savages. However, these were periods of rich harvests in souls; for then the sick and the dying were plentiful, and each ranchería was eagerly searched for dying children or adults.

As a notable instance, and by way of illustration, Fr. Arricivita relates, "On one of these apostolic journeys, Fr. Mariano Francisco de los Dolores y Viana, of Mission San Antonio, discovered a large collection of Mayeyes, Yojuanes, Deadoses, Vidais, and other savages near the Rio San Xavier (San Gabriel), about midway between the Rio San Antonio and the abandoned missions on the Neches River. By means of



the judicious use of gifts of tobacco, that delighted especially the male Indians, and of sweets and trinkets that captivated the females, Fr. Mariano soon found himself on friendly terms with the savages. After he had humored them sufficiently, he cautiously seized the opportunity of acquainting them with the object of his visit. At some length, and in the simplest terms, he spoke of the various points of Christian doctrine, the necessity of knowing the Creator and of doing what he commanded, of the eternal happiness of the soul in another world, and of the wretched condition of the damned."

Fr. Mariano knew the savages too well to stop there. The savage wants to behold some immediate, tangible benefit from the acceptance of a doctrine or counsel or plan. In other words, he must be reached through the stomach, for he is always hungry, if nothing else.

Hence it was that Fr. Mariano unfolded the temporal advantages which the Christian Indians enjoyed at the missions; how they never lacked food, or clothing, or shelter, or amusements; and how they never had to fear such dangers and privations as the Indians away from the missions suffer more or less all the year round. "This latter argument", Fr. Arricivita remarks, "naturally appealed most to the savages, and shrewd Fr. Mariano did not neglect to emphasize it; for the savages were so carnal that they could conceive of no higher and purer delights than 'the filling of their bellies'."

In order that they might be convinced of the truth of his description of mission life, Fr. Mariano invited the savages to see for themselves. After some deliberation, seventeen of the more prominent Indians accompanied him to San Antonio. They were highly pleased at what they saw, and freely acknowledged that they found life at the mission far more agreeable than they had expected. What appealed to them most forcibly, was the abundance and variety of food and the clothing enjoyed by the convert Indians. Fr. Mariano, however, did not neglect to impress upon their minds that food and clothing were not the greatest happiness awaiting them; that, on the contrary, all this was as perishable as their own bodies which returned to the dust; but that another much greater happiness was in store for their souls. This they could enjoy only when they had learned to know God and observed his commands and doctrine as explained at the missions. To obtain it all, it would be necessary for them to give up their wild life and to join the Indians at the mission. That was, indeed, necessary for the Father to insist on at the very outset; yet, for all that, it was not reason that attracted, but the stomach.

The Indian delegation presented one difficulty or excuse which Fr. Mariano acknowledged to himself was reasonable. They objected that they belonged to another tribe; that they had no relations at San Antonio; that their country lay at a great distance, seventy leagues,

from the mission; that they desired to become Christians, but that their tribesmen and families would not abandon their homes; and that, therefore, the Fathers should establish a Mission among their own people.

This proposition placed Fr. Mariano in a dilemma. He dared not refuse and could not accept the offer. As a zealous messenger of the Gospel sympathizing with the poor savages, who manifested such good will, he would have rejoiced to accompany the delegates, but according to the laws of Spain, where under the cloak of "Union of Church and State", the Church was practically in subjection, neither the missionaries nor their Superiors could found missions among the Indians without the consent of the government, which first and last cast an eye at the contents of the treasury or at the political exigencies before taking action. The zealous Father perceived that countless obstacles would stand in the way of realizing the desire of the Indians and of himself, and that in addition the enemy of souls would exercise all his cunning to prevent the erection of the mission. Until the viceroy would give his consent, years might pass by, and then probably, as in many other cases, the opportunity would be lost, or the necessity for active missionary work, owing to the dispersion of the people, might have ceased. Fr. Mariano could but dismiss the Indians with the promise of letting them know later what could be done.

Years rolled by, before the end of all the red tape had been reached. The Indians persisted in their demands for a mission; but there came a day when no excuse could be found, and when Fr. Mariano had to give a direct answer or find his veracity doubted, which, truly, would have been a calamity, *for to children and to Indians one must keep his word at all hazards.* His repeated appeals to the viceroy as well as the petitions of his Superiors at the capital had remained ineffective; but his patience as well as the patience of the Indians would permit no more trifling. When, in 1747, therefore, the Indians once more presented themselves, Fr. Mariano determined to take matters into his own hands. He reported the situation to the viceroy, and declared that, as action must be taken, he would accompany the savages to the San Xavier, start the mission forthwith, and expect His Excellency to send the required guards and supplies as early as possible. Thereupon, the viceroy ceased temporizing. He ordered the commander of the San Antonio garrison to despatch ten of his best, trustworthy soldiers after Fr. Mariano, with instructions to aid him in every way possible by their example, especially in showing the savages under the direction of the Father how to till the land, and to make themselves generally useful.

Accordingly, the soldiers under Lieutenant Don Juan Galvan, in 1748, proceeded to the San Xavier, where missionary work had already borne fruit. Fr. Mariano, who had

also received an assistant, requested Don Galvan to report the situation as he saw it to the viceroy. Galvan stated that he had found the missionaries without soldiers, but surrounded by many pagan Indians and their families; that every day others were arriving; that some huts had already been constructed for dwellings; that the whole establishment was surrounded by a strong stockade; that there were yokes of trained oxen and

seeds for sowing and planting; that the Indians were dressed in clothes furnished by Fr. Mariano from his Superiors and friends; and that they were subsisting on corn and cattle likewise brought from San Antonio. This was energetic action and unusually rapid progress, though the government had nothing to do with it. Moreover, Fr. Mariano was wise to have this report made at this time, as subsequent events will show.\*

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\*Correction: On page 151, second column, line 24, of the April issue, 1737 should read 1727.

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### THE JOY OF A SISTER

"Sister, how can you always smile in sorrow as well as in happiness, in strong moments and during times of weariness? When we suffer, you aid us with your prayer; when we are in darkness, your life is a ray of hope."

"It is because I am happy."

"But I have never heard you laugh aloud; you smile, but you never laugh."

"Noisy gaiety is not joy—that comes from outside circumstances. Joy comes from God."

"Sister, are you always happy? You have suffered. I saw you when you were weeping at the bedside of your dead sister, but your eyes seemed happy just the same."

"God does everything well. The treasures which He takes away, He keeps for us in heaven. Always, He remains the 'good God'."

"But to suffer is pretty hard sometimes."

"To suffer is nothing; that which one suffers is quickly passed. To suffer for God is a blessing. Happy are those who merit it."

"Why do you bless God when He inflicts pain on you?"

"Because I love Him."

"But if we fall by the wayside—if the cross is too heavy—"

"God knows that we can carry it. He is our good Cyrenian."

"And Sister, what about to-morrow? If to-morrow should be too dark—"

"To-morrow will be what God wants it to be. It will not be otherwise than He wills. Hope, just hope, for if happiness is a rose, hope is the bud."

"What is your recipe for the conservation of joy?"

"To love, to pray, to work."

"And what is your advice to me?"

"To wish what God wishes."—Andre Bressan.



# "MISLIKE ME NOT FOR MY COMPLEXION"

*By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.*

**M**ISSIONARIES are sent into the forest wilds and to the desert wastes, schools are built, churches erected, money expended to evangelize and civilize the Indian. Nevertheless, we not unfrequently hear the complaint, even, at times, from otherwise well-meaning Catholics: "What's the use of educating and civilizing such people? The missionary labor among them is wasted effort; the money practically thrown away."

Is this complaint founded on fact? It seems passing strange that, although the white, the black, and the yellow race are capable of being civilized, only one race—the red—should be barred from this desirable condition. Are the Indians stepchildren in God's household? Surely not, for God loves all his children with-

out exception, and lavishes his graces and gifts on all with generous hand. Yet, as an artist makes use of various colors in executing his paintings, so God paints, as it were, his masterpiece man in vari-

ous colors; and as there is beauty in every color, no man should be condemned because of the accidental shade of his skin. "I am black but beautiful, O ye daughters of Jerusalem," says the spouse in the Cantic of Canticles, "do not consider me that I am brown because the sun hath altered my color."

Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau, Washington, D. C., says of the



Photo by Grace C. Horn  
An Indian Maiden

Indian: "Were I to speak of physical beauty, I could speak in eulogy of the voice, incomparably rich, sweet, musical; of the limb, whose every motion is set to music and rhythm;

of natures, intense, full of motion, saturated with religion; of peoples, tall, erect, stately, among whom every man is king, orator, and sage. I could speak on the one hand of hewers of wood and drawers of water, who have known how to toil and suffer, and without murmur to submit; whose loyalty to oppressors is a marvel of edification even to Christians of any race; on the other hand, I could speak of the noblemen of the plains and forests, whose proud spirits, free as the mountain breezes, would brook no control and no restraint save only that of the Gospel of Christ—stately oaks that are broken because they would not, could not bend.”

This eulogy of Father Ketcham is corroborated by the testimony of history and by experience. Many Indian youths of both sexes, trained in our schools and colleges, have given evidence of marked ability. United States Senators and Congressmen with Indian blood coursing in their veins, noted Indian writers, artists, physicians, and business men are well to the front in all parts of the country. The Indians of the South and West can teach the white man the secret of successful irrigation in the arid deserts of those regions. The climate there in former years was as dry and hot as it is to-day, yet their success in irrigating the soil was so great that lands, now practically worthless, were then highly cultivated and densely populated. And even where success in this line was impossible, the Indian's inge-

nulty made it possible for him to live and thrive where the white man would have starved and died.

The Indian women, too, have exhibited excellent traits of character, traits that would do honor to any daughter of Eve. Who can forget the heroine Sakajawea, who saved the Lewis and Clark expedition, and to whom statues have lately been erected in Portland, Oregon, and Bismark, North Dakota? Then there is that saintly virgin, Catherine Tegakwitha, “The Lily of the Mohawks,” a worthy companion of an Agnes, a Cecilia, an Agatha of the early Christian days; then the famous Louise Sighouin, and many other Indian maidens and women in more recent times that have stood for the highest ideals of womanhood.

Does all this go to prove that “the Indian is good for nothing” and that “the only good Indian is the dead Indian?”

Those who think so, seem to be tainted with the uncharitable spirit that filled the heart of the proud Pharisee in the temple of Jerusalem, who despised all but himself. “I thank Thee, O Lord,” one almost hears them say, “that I am not like the rest of men, especially not like my red-skinned brother the Indian.”

But granting, for the sake of argument, that the Indians as a race are actually lacking in the necessary qualities for attaining a fairly high degree of civilization, that they never can compete with their pale-faced brothers in worldly pursuits and attainments, is this a



sufficient reason for us to despise them? By no means. The Indian may not be so shrewd as the white man, he may not be so eager in the feverish race for money as most men are who call themselves civilized, yet the Indian has that which is far more precious than gold and worldly goods, he has that which makes him the equal of any of his white brothers, be they kings or peasants, he has an immortal soul stamped with the image of the living God, a soul capable of knowing and loving God, and of once possessing Him in the everlasting glory of heaven.

Did Christ the Lord disdain any race? Did he exclude any race from the benefits of the Incarnation and of the Redemption? No. He

assumed human nature, that flesh and blood that is common to all men, be they white or black, red or yellow, be they serf or freemen, barbarian or civilized, prince or slave. He became like unto us,

like unto all men, in everything except sin, says St. Paul. Hence the accident of birth, of color, of nationality, of education, of refinement, of social standing, does not change His relation to any man; His heart-strings entwine them all, for there is neither Greek nor Roman, Jew nor Gentile, serf nor freeman, with Him, but only

children of the one God and Father of all; only His brothers and sisters in the great family of His heavenly Father.

"But even those Indians who are



Photo by Grace C. Horn

Meeting of Indian Braves



professedly Catholics, disgrace our holy religion by their sins and vices, especially by their insatiable love for whiskey; hence, why should we try to convert persons to the true faith, who by their conversion rather dishonor than honor it?" Thus we hear others complain.

This accusation is far too general to be true in its entirety, and hence need not be refuted as such. But granting that there are some or even many Indians who bring shame and disgrace on their holy religion by their sinful lives, we can turn the tables in their favor and ask: "Are there no white men, men thoroughly civilized, men thoroughly Catholic, Catholic by inheritance, by instruction, by profession, who disgrace their holy Mother the Church by the sins of their lives, by their drunkenness, their thefts, their lies, their hatreds, their licentiousness, and by other sins and vices too numerous to mention? And, indeed, is not the number of such Catholics altogether too numerous? Whence came the great multitude of schismatics and heretics, if not for the greatest part from the white race?"

What right then has the whiteman to hold up his hands in hypocritical horror at the sins and vices of his red and black brothers, the Indians and the Negroes? It does not behoove them that live in glass houses to throw stones.

And from whom did the Indian learn his sins and bad habits that mar the beauty of his character? Was it not principally from the

white man? William Shelton, an Indian chief on the Tulalip Reservation, remarked on one occasion to a visitor, "In the old days, children were taught to be brave, honest, and just one to another. How different to-day? The children are often saucy to their parents and elders, and are prone to tell untruths. Mind you, I am not disparaging the education of the Indian, only it is too bad that in his contact with the pale-face, he must also cultivate the latter's frailties."

In *Noble Lives of a Noble Race* we read: "Formerly, it is true, the Indian knew how to paint his face in a grotesque manner and to wear a few feathers in his hair; but since mingling with our refined white ladies, who also paint their faces, and not only wear a few feathers but whole birds on their heads, our Indian women know to do things much worse than those which in their native state shocked civilized society, for now they even know how to get a divorce."

Let not my kind readers suppose that I am trying to make the Indian appear better than he really is. For I am very well aware that he has faults, often grave faults, that must be censured and corrected and punished. My aim is to give credit where credit is due, and to put a stop to the senseless arguments of misguided Christians who, blinded by race hatred, seem to be ever on the alert to throw cold water on any effort looking to the evangelizing and civilizing of the poor, downtrodden Indian. Such Christians seem cap-

able of understanding and of appreciating no triumph of the Church save that which is tangible and material; they measure results only by grand edifices, great bank accounts, and public demonstrations, and have no eye for those greater and far more Christian results that are purely spiritual in character—the reformation of individual lives and the salvation of immortal souls. Oh, that the appeal for help for the soul of the con-

temned Indian might sink deep into our hearts and incite us to do all in our power to free him from the darkness of paganism, and to make him a child of God and a brother of Jesus Christ. Let us not despise him because he is red, because the sun has altered his color, for his soul can be made beautiful, so beautiful, indeed, that the infinitely beautiful God Himself will delight to enter and dwell therein as in a most fitting temple.

### A MIRACULOUS FIG TREE

In the early days of his priestly career, Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham, England, with but two other priests had charge of the entire region of southern Australia. "In the cemetery of the city of Sydney," he writes, "a beautiful fig tree overshadows a lonely grave. This tree is a living witness of the existence of God, a miracle. When the man, whose bones rest in the grave below, was on his deathbed, he refused to repent of his sinful ways and, as he said, was determined to die as he had lived, an atheist, an unbeliever. All the prayers and pleadings of his family and relatives were lost on his calloused soul. Being an old friend, I was called to his bedside to prepare him for eternity, and to administer the last rites. However, my efforts proved as fruitless as those of his family. 'Leave me alone,' he said suddenly, 'there is no God, no eternity.' I tried to convince him of his error, of the danger in which his poor soul was. You can readily understand my feelings when, instead of cooperating with the grace of God, he uttered the following blasphemous proposal: 'Do you know what? After I am dead, put a fig into my mouth; if it takes root and sprouts forth, then you may believe that there is a God.' The unhappy man died the same day impenitent as he had lived. I had to refuse to bury him from the Church. His relatives acted on his godless wish and placed a dried fig into his mouth before they lowered his body into the grave. Soon after a grand marble monument was placed over the grave. Two years later, it was noticed that the heavy marble block at the head of the grave was slowly rising and before long a small plant sprang forth through the opening. This plant grew rapidly and to-day it stands there over the grave, a fully developed fig tree. Any one who visits Sydney, can convince himself of the truth of this statement. Thus are the words of the Royal Prophet verified, *The truth sprouteth from the earth.*"

## THE BOY AND THE BANKER

*By Noel A. Dunderdale, Tertiary*

“**H**ERE, Joe, take this package to the Franklin Bank, collect nineteen dollars, and hurry back!”

The tones of the shipping clerk were imperative, and Joe hurried to do as he was bid. In two minutes he had started. At first he travelled quickly, intent on his errand. But, after a while, he slowed down and seemed to be thinking very seriously. As a matter of fact, Joe Wilson was in trouble and he was trying to find a way out. His mother had been sick for three weeks or more. She was not sick in bed, but there was something wrong with her hand. What it was, Joe did not know, but he knew only too well that it kept her from her work at the department store. He had heard her say that some kind of operation was necessary. She had gone to a free dispensary, but the doctors there could do nothing for her. She would have to go to a hospital and have an operation performed and that would cost twenty dollars. This was Joe's trouble. They had not the twenty dollars. Without them, there could be no operation, and without the operation, his mother could not work. And her wages were the chief income of the household. Joe did his best toward supporting the family, but he earned only four dollars a week. The other two children were still too young to earn more than an occasional dime after school. His

father was dead.

Joe tried hard to think of some plan that would bring them the desired money. Something had to be done, because his four dollars was not enough to keep them all. The grocery man had to be paid before he would part with his loaves, the stove was useless unless there was coal in it, and the landlord had left a slip of blue paper that said they would have to move by Friday. This was Wednesday, and pay-day with its four dollars would not come until Saturday.

Joe took stock of the situation. His assets consisted of fourteen years struggle with the world, as much education, so-called, as the law demands, some religious training from the local priest, and thirty-six cents.

His fourteen years and education combined resulted in an earning capacity of four dollars a week. His religion told him to go to Mass on Sundays and observe certain commandments which he could repeat if he began at the beginning. That he was a Catholic did not give him any dinners, and he did not know enough of his faith to be able to derive any consolation from it. Hence all things considered, his thirty-six cents loomed largest.

But how to get that twenty dollars was the ever recurring problem. It stared at him wherever he looked. He could not avoid it and, desperate though he was, could find no way



to overcome it. He trudged onward toward the bank.

\* \* \*

The Franklin Bank did a flourishing business among the West Side people. So thought Henry P. Franklin, president, as he sat at the desk in his private office and twisted his heavy gold watch chain round his fat fingers. He was deep in thought and apparently satisfied with his cogitations, for he occasionally nodded his head and smiled.

"Wednesday," he said to himself. "H'm! I think Saturday will be about right. That will give me plenty of time before it is discovered on Monday."

He picked up a large packet that lay on the desk and glanced through the contents without removing them. Evidently these, too, pleased him, for he nodded again.

"Four hundred thousand," he muttered. "That will be plenty. Four hundred thousand! And then, an end to banking! I shall be able to live comfortably—after a year or two. It will be about two years before I'll be able to come back. By that time people will have forgotten and I'll be safe. Besides, two years in Brazil will be rather pleasant. I think everything is all right now."

He sealed the packet and placed it in his private vault. Returning to his office, he paced back and forth, carefully stepping on certain parts of the pattern of the Oriental rug. His fingers drummed nervously on the back of one hand.

"After all," he thought, "there's nothing wrong in it. It isn't—"

"Stealing" was the word in his mind, but he dared not give it expression.

"I'm really only borrowing it; borrowing it, that is, from the world. There's just so much money to go round. If one has more, another has less; the one who has most spends most, and it goes to those who have less. It comes to the same thing in the end. Besides, other men do the same thing, so why shouldn't I?"

With this conclusion he seemed satisfied, for he picked up the evening paper and began to read. But he soon found himself looking up the sailings of South American steamships, and he flung the paper away in disgust.

\* \* \*

Joe Wilson opened the door of the bank and walked to the counter.

"Package from Jennings and Brown," he said, "C.O.D. nineteen dollars."

He waited while a clerk looked at the package and then passed it on to another. One of them spoke to him.

"Wait a minute, boy, and we'll give you a check."

Joe idled to another part of the bank and waited. The piles of money in the cages fascinated him. He thought of all the things he could do if he had just one pile of bills. There must be many hundreds of dollars in one package, he thought. And they were all bright yellow twenties, too. No! he didn't need a lot of them. All he wanted was one, for his mother's operation. Then she could go back to work and

earn all they needed. If he had only one of those bills, he would be happy. The landlord would probably wait then, as long as he knew his money was sure. Twenty dollars would suffice. He saw himself possessed of a twenty dollar bill that was the key to all the future. With that much all would be well. It seemed strange that there should be so much lying about in the bank, while he needed one single bill so very much. He wondered whether they would give him one if he asked. Perhaps the owner of the bank would.

Joe was recalled to his senses of a sudden when one of the clerks came over to him with some bills in his hand.

"Here, boy", he said, "here's your money," and he counted out nineteen dollars. Joe looked up in surprise.

"It's twenty," he said.

"No; nineteen," answered the clerk. "Here's your bill, see?"

The bill? Oh, yes. Of course, it was nineteen dollars. He was thinking of the operation. He took the money and put it in his pocket. But the other clerk had said that he would make out a check. For a moment Joe hesitated. Perhaps they had changed their minds. He went over to the first clerk and stood by his desk.

"Here you are, boy, check for nineteen dollars, Jennings & Brown."

Before Joe realized what he was doing, he had accepted the check. He looked at it, then slipped it into his pocket and went out. He was dazed for a moment or two when he

got outside. Then he began to think. Had he been paid twice or was he dreaming? He had the check, that was certain, and it had the name of the firm on it. Then, did he imagine that someone had given him the money? No; there it was in his pocket. He took it out and counted it. A ten dollar bill, a five, and two two's. It was nineteen, without doubt. What did it all mean? Had the clerks intended to give it to him? Did they know that he needed just about that much for his mother's operation? Banks had lots of money; maybe, they really were giving it to him. But that was impossible. They must have made a mistake. But if he kept it, his mother could be cured. The bank would not miss it. Maybe they would never know. It was not really his, but—well, he would just borrow it, and send it back when his mother was well. That would not be wrong. He would just keep it for a few weeks.

The boy walked two blocks and then went into the entrance of a building to look at the money again. As he was coming out, a policeman passed, and Joe slipped back into the building so as not to be seen. Somehow he felt guilty. The policeman passed on, and Joe felt safe again. Then the way seemed harder. The next block was the longest he had ever known. At the corner, he stopped again and looked back. No one was following him. Following him? Why should anyone follow him?

"Because you are a thief!" whispered a voice.

Joe had gone to Confession only two weeks previously, and when the priest had asked him, "Have you ever taken anything that did not belong to you?" he had replied fearlessly, "No, Father, never."

The next time he went he would have to say—. He shivered.

Then he found himself going back toward the bank.

\* \* \*

A clerk knocked at the door of the private office of Henry P. Franklin.

"Yes? What is it?"

"Boy here wants to see you, sir," answered the clerk.

Mr. Franklin looked up and saw a youngster holding some money in his hand.

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" he asked, the smooth progress of his plans making him genial.

"Please, sir,—please, sir, are you the owner of the bank?"

The boy was nervous and twisted his cap and the money in his fingers.

Henry P. Franklin hesitated for a second.

"Owner?" he said. "Yes, I'm the owner. What is it?"

The boy stammered some incoherent words, something about "money" and "operation" and "didn't mean to steal" and "only to borrow."

Franklin looked at him in surprise.

"Do you mean that you took this money from the bank?" he demanded sternly.

"Yes, sir. But—please, sir, I've brought it back, sir."

"Then, why did you take it, you

little idiot?"

"Because my mother,—she's sick, and it would pay for an—an operation."

Tears were coming now, and Mr. Franklin showed more kindness.

"Who is your mother?" he asked, taking a pencil from his pocket.

"Mrs. Anna Wilson, 6619 West 7th Street," was the prompt answer.

"And she is sick?"

"Yes, sir. She hurt her hand, sir, and the doctor he says it will take twenty dollars to fix it."

"Can't she work?"

"No, sir."

"And haven't you any money?"

"No, sir, my father—he—he—I ain't got no father, and the other two children is too young to work. My mother, she lost her money when the bank closed."

Henry P. Franklin looked up with a sudden start.

"When the bank closed?" he repeated. "What bank?"

"I think they called it the 22nd Street Bank," said Joe.

Again the banker started, but he calmed himself.

For a few moments nothing more was said, but Franklin was evidently thinking deeply. He frowned and bit his thumb nail. Joe waited, meanwhile looking round nervously.

Mr. Franklin saw the 22nd Street Bank in his mind. He saw himself as the president of it and he remembered the money he had made when it closed. He recalled the delights of a European trip and he recalled also the pitiful stories he had read of the hundreds of depositors



who had lost their money. In his private file he had a list of these depositors. He went to the file and took out some papers. Yes, here it was.

"Mrs. Anna Wilson, 6619 West 7th Street. \$217.64."

He put the paper away and sat down again. Joe still waited.

After a few moments, the banker looked at the boy and admired his countenance. It was clear that he was poor and insufficiently fed. His shoes were worn through and his clothes were very poor and shabby. Then the banker looked at his own glossy shoes and well creased suit and he fingered the heavy gold watchchain again. Then taking several large bills from his pocket-book, he placed them in an envelope,

which he carefully sealed and addressed to "Mrs. Anna Wilson."

"Here, boy," he said, "take this to your mother."

Joe opened his eyes with amazement.

"This is your—your money, sir," he stammered, offering the nineteen dollars.

"No," was the reply. "It's yours; take it and go." The boy went out and the banker fell on his knees.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "Thou hast shown me the true way by sending me this boy. Give me, I beseech thee, his honesty and enough time to make amends for the wrongs of which I have been guilty."

The Franklin bank did not close on the following Monday.

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### A NOBLE PUEBLO WOMAN

A young Pueblo Indian had killed a member of his tribe and was on trial for the crime. The mother of the murdered boy was called on to testify. As she stood on the witness stand it would be difficult to imagine a more weird and unearthly appearance. She must have measured six feet in height, but extreme old age had bent the large shoulders, and the long, lank, bare arms and coarse hands told of many years of weary toil. Her face was haggard and lean, and the scanty grey hair straggled over her brow and almost hid the vivid gleam fitfully darting from her dark eyes. The room was full of spectators, and a group of Indians, dressed in tawdy finery, lounged about the door. Don Jesses Sene, the interpreter, rendered her evidence into English for the court and jury. On being sworn, and she understood the obligation well, she refused to testify, although urged to do so. When asked her reason for refusing, she said that her Faith taught her to forgive all her enemies, that she forgave the prisoner, and could not testify against him. On being assured that it was not in violation of her obligations as a Catholic, and on being ordered by the judge to testify, she reluctantly proceeded to do so. When she had concluded, she rose and raising her long and bony hand, exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Juan, you killed my boy; but God says I must forgive you, and I do. I obey his will." As she stepped down from the stand a dead silence reigned throughout the court, and observers could not help thinking that the good priest who sat among his Indian converts, must have felt that his teachings had borne good fruit in the heart of that poor, bereaved mother. — *Noble Lives of a Noble Race.*



## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—Particulars regarding the demise of Rt. Rev. Bernard Doebbing, O. F. M., Bishop of Nepi and Sutri, have arrived since the last issue of *Franciscan Herald*, which brought a brief sketch of his life and labors. Grief over the base ingratitude of some members of his flock and over the recent malicious attacks made on him by anticlerical journals of Italy, together with bodily suffering brought on the unexpected and untimely death of the good bishop. At the hospital of English religious in Rome, he was forced to undergo an operation which resulted in his death the following day. The Holy Father, on hearing that there was no hope for his recovery, sent him his special blessing. His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri and Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor visited the dying prelate. In compliance with a wish expressed in his last testament, Bishop Doebbing was buried in the religious garb of St. Francis, which in life he always wore beneath his episcopal robes. The solemn exequies were held in the Church of St. Francis Ad Ripas. The Most Rev. Mgr. Marconi, O. F. M., titular archbishop, officiated at the pontifical Requiem, and His Eminence Cardinal Diomedé Falconio, O. F. M., pronounced the last absolution. In the choir behind the altar, His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri assisted at the sad functions, while in the choir before the altar were present six archbishops and bishops, our Most Rev. Fr. General with the Definitors General of the

Order, as also the Ministers General, or their representatives, of the various religious Orders and Congregations in Rome. Among the large number of laity in the church, were representatives of the dioceses of Nepi and Sutri, who had come to pay their last tokens of love and respect to their deceased prelate, father, and friend. After the services, the remains were taken to Nepi. Here solemn services were again held over the deceased bishop, whereupon he was interred in the catacomb of Castel St. Elias, which he had erected for his confrères and himself. For fifteen days the bells of Nepi were ordered to be tolled each evening to express the grief of the citizens. Even after his death, political agitation against the bishop did not cease. While the people of Nepi attended the last rites with due respect, the municipal authorities of Sutri entered the episcopal residence. They forced open the door and searched every nook and corner in the house for "papers that might need to be sealed by the authorities." Of course, their efforts were in vain, and they had to leave without finding even a scrap that might be used against the deceased bishop. "Administrative action" is a false term and a poor excuse for this gross violation of respect and reverence due to a venerable prelate of the Church and a loyal, truth-loving citizen of misguided Italy.—

In company of four other cardinals, His Eminence Cardinal Diomedé Falconio, O. F. M., officiated



during the solemn triduum that attended the blessing of a new church in Rome erected by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.—

During his recent sojourn in the Eternal City, His Eminence Cardinal Mercier of Belgium honored the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary with a special visit. Several members of the Order of Friars Minor assisted His Eminence at the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which was given in the chapel of the Sisters. Most Rev. Fr. General was represented by Very Rev. Fr. Columban Dreyer, O. F. M., Definitor General of the French-speaking Franciscans. After Benediction, a hearty reception was tendered the Cardinal by the orphan children, who since the earthquakes in Messina and the Abruzzi have found refuge with these Sisters. Thereupon, His Eminence was received with marks of respect and enthusiasm by the sick and wounded soldiers.—

Conspicuous among the 60,000 faithful who participated in the penitential procession held in Rome during holy week were the Tertiaries of St. Francis. In the annual procession a crucifix is carried which for centuries has been venerated in the Church of St. Marcello on the Corso.—

Some months since, Angelo Sarto, the brother of the late Pope Pius X, passed to his eternal reward. He was a fervent Tertiary of St. Francis and a close friend of the Friars Minor. Whenever he visited his august brother on the Chair of St. Peter, he would always come to St. Antony's to pay his respects to the Friars and get their advice on spiritual matters. The venerable old gentleman bore a striking resemblance to the late Holy Father.

**Abruzzi, Italy.**—The Right Reverend Nicholas Rotoli, a Friar Minor of the province of St. Bernadine in the Abruzzi, has been appointed

bishop of Isernia and Venafro by the Holy See. Born in 1869, he was vested with the habit of the Order of Friars Minor in 1885, and on December 31, 1891, was raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood. The new bishop has the title of Lector Generalis of Philosophy and Theology, and several times he has held the office of provincial.

**Paris, France.**—After laboring twelve years in the missionfields of East Shantung, China, Rev. Fr. Francis Blanc, O. F. M., returned to France at the outbreak of the war and has since braved the dangers of the battlefield. Twice he was wounded, and last November in one of the engagements he lost the use of his left eye. In recognition of his heroism and zeal in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers, Fr. Francis has been enrolled in the Legion of Honor with the rank of cavalier.

**Holland.**—The Friars Minor have 160 fraternities of the Third Order under their jurisdiction, which number about 23,000 Tertiaries. Some 1600 new members were received during the past year. The Capuchin Fathers direct 65 fraternities with 16,000 members.

**Edinburgh, Scotland.**—Ven. Mother Clare, one of the oldest members of the community of Poor Clares in Liberton, recently was called to her eternal reward. She reached the ripe old age of eighty-two years, sixty-three of which were devoted to prayer and penance in the Order of Poor Clares.

**Somaliland, Africa.**—Hordes of locusts have devastated the prosperous mission district of Somaliland in Africa. According to a report of Rev. Fr. Irenaeus, O. M. Cap. superior of the Capuchin missionaries, the region is threatened with famine. Repeated visits of this terrible plague have plunged the natives in despair.

**Morocco, Africa.**—Last February,



the first Catholic church in Morocco was dedicated. Rt. Rev. Fr. Francis Cervera, O.F.M., Bishop of Fessea and Vicar Apostolic of the Franciscan missions in Morocco, officiated at the solemn functions. The civil and military officials of the Spanish settlement were present. The untiring efforts of the Bishop are faithfully seconded by his brethren in religion, so that the spiritual harvest is already abundant.

**Mandalay, Burma.**—It is estimated that in Burma, so rich in charms of natural scenery, there are approximately 30,000 lepers. In 1892, St. John's Asylum for lepers was erected and entrusted to the care of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. So far, 1800 have died in the asylum, having received at the hands of the good Sisters all the spiritual and bodily attention that Christian charity could devise. At present, there are four hundred patients in care of the Sisters.

**Chefoo, China.**—Rev. Fr. Caesar Stern, O. F. M., missionary in East Shantung, China, reports that the natives of that province are suffering great want. Besides the 160 orphans in charge of the Franciscan Fathers, many victims of the famine are daily storming the mission house for bread and other necessities of life.

**Syracuse, N. Y.**—The Sisters of St. Francis have sent another member of their religious community to the leper colony in Molokai, Hawaiian Islands, in the person of Ven. Sister Columba. The Sisters have charge of this leper colony ever since the year 1883.

**Odanah, Wis.**—Bad news has reached us from the Indian Reservation at Odanah, Wis. During Holy Week, the city was again visited by a flood, which swept away the \$8,000 improvements made last year by the government on the streets and sidewalks. A continual

rain of four days, says Fr. Optatus, caused the ill-humor of our river which is correctly called the "Bad River."

**St. Francis, S. D.**—The work on the new buildings of the St. Francis Indian School, which last January was almost completely destroyed by fire, has progressed so far that about 150 children have again been received. By September, 100 more children will find shelter in the school. It is in charge of the Franciscan Sisters.

**San Xavier, Ariz.**—In obedience to the ruling of the first provincial chapter of the Province of Santa Barbara, two members of the local community have departed to establish a new Franciscan residence and missionary headquarters at Cababi, sixty-two miles from here. The mission has been appropriately dedicated to the great Franciscan missionary St. Francis Solano. Its first superior is Fr. Gerard, O.F.M. Till now he has been laboring among the Pima Indians, who will henceforth be in charge of Rev. Fr. Antonine, O. F. M.

**Spokane, Wash.**—The Third Order of St. Francis was canonically established here April 30. Eighty-five postulants received the Tertiary scapular and chord, after attending a two days' retreat given by Rev. Fr. Burchard, O. F. M., the local director of the Third Order. Rev. Fr. Julius, O. F. M., assisted at the ceremonies of investment. From among the hitherto insulated Tertiaries who long had been desiring to see the Order established here in their midst, the following officers were elected, viz. Mrs. John Huetter, prefect; Mrs. John Mink, vice-prefect; Mrs. William H. Wallace, secretary; Mrs. Teresa Weissenberger, treasurer. There is every reason for hoping that the fraternity, so auspiciously launched, will have a large and growing membership among the Catholic men and women

of Spokane.

**Lafayette, Ind.**—On April 6, Rev. Fr. Clement, O. F. M., the fourth oldest friar of the Cincinnati Province, celebrated the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Order of Friars Minor. The celebration took place in the chapel of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Lafayette, Ind., where the jubilarian had been Chaplain, with one slight interruption, from 1898 until the fall of 1915. Owing to Fr. Clement's physical weakness, the solemn Mass of thanksgiving was said by the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Rudolph Bonner, O. F. M.

**St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Ill.**—On the first Sunday in May, after the new Fraternity of St. Francis was canonically erected, the following officers were appointed: Mr. John Hunter, Prefect; Miss Nellie Regan, Assistant Prefect; Miss Helen F. Carey, Treasurer; Mrs. Adelaide Kennedy, Secretary; Miss Agnes Des Rocher, Miss Elizabeth Finkler, and Mr. Michael Peloso, Consultors; Mr. Edward Kenealy, Librarian. On the third Sunday, the following officers were appointed for St. Louis Fraternity: Mr. James McDonough, Prefect; Mrs. Mary Richey, first Assistant Prefect; Miss Mary Perkins, second Assistant Prefect; Miss Catherine Cashin, Treasurer; Miss Mary McMahon, Secretary; Mr. James Shannon, Miss Margaret Packenham and Miss Mary Eckroade, Consultors; Miss Catherine Leonard, Librarian.—Rev. Fr. Christopher, O. F. M., Director of the German branch of the Third Order in St. Peter's Church, preached the sermon at the golden jubilee of the Alexian Brothers Hospital, this city which was celebrated in the second week of May.

**Joliet, Ill.**—During an official sojourn in the East, Rev. Fr. Peter A. Crumbly, O. F. M., chaplain of the State Penitentiary in Joliet, visited

Washington, D. C., and was received in a true Franciscan spirit by his brethren in religion, who have charge of Mount St. Sepulcher. Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., Professor of Medieval History at the Catholic University, introduced him to the faculty of the institution. At the request of the Rt. Rev. Rector, Bishop Shahan, Father Peter on Sunday, April 9, spoke to the Sister Students in their chapel on sentimentality in sociological work. On the following Tuesday, at the invitation of Bishop Shahan and Dr. Kerby, he addressed the professors and students of the university in McMahon Hall. He spoke to the distinguished audience on some alleged causes of criminality among our young people. Every sociologist, he said, seems to have his own particular fad in solving the social problem. Thus, for instance, the prohibitionist proposes drink, the educator, ignorance, the eugenist, heredity, and the settlement worker, environment as the cause of social evils, and each thinks his particular fad the cure-all. Then the speaker showed that although each of these causes contributes its share to the delinquency of American youth, still the ultimate cause is their distorted moral vision due to neglect during the formative period of adolescence. They are allowed to grow up without restraint, without learning due respect for parental authority, and proper regard for their fellowmen. Opportunities for healthy, clean amusement are denied them; hence, they naturally drift along with the current until they are dashed on the rocks of disaster. Fr. Peter delivered lectures on this subject also in other cities of the country.

**Rockford, Ill.**—The Poor Clares of West Park, Ohio, have responded to the summons of Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon, and established a convent of their Order in Rockford, Illinois.



Ven. Sister Magdalene has been appointed the first abbess. She joined the Order seventeen years ago, while the Poor Clares still resided in Cleveland, Ohio.

**Quincy, Ill.**—The Tertiaries of this city are in ardent expectation of the retreat which will be conducted in St. Francis Church. The exercises will begin on the evening of Trinity Sunday and will close

the following Thursday, on the Feast of Corpus Christi. Rev. Fr. Honoratus, O. F. M., of Sioux City, Iowa, will give the evening sermons. His reputation as a zealous and able exponent of Catholic doctrine as well as his interest in Tertiary matters bid fair to make the retreat a great success. All, Tertiaries and non-Tertiaries, are invited to attend the spiritual exercises.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

#### TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

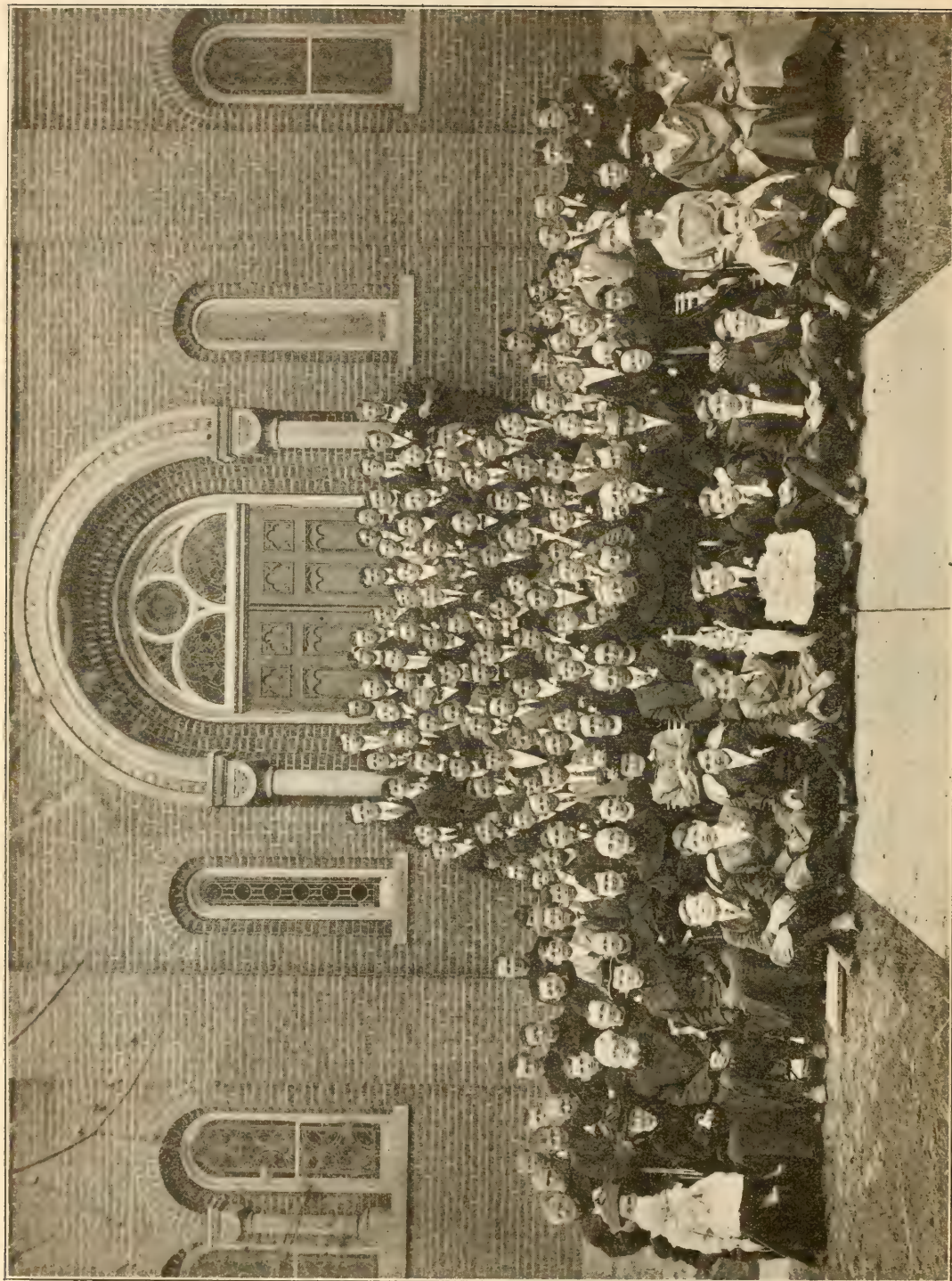
Those of our readers whose interest in things Franciscan extends also to our Seraphic College, where the Franciscan spirit is first instilled into the hearts of the future priests of Sacred Heart province, and who in consequence are accustomed to read the college notes, will doubtless expect to find an account of the Silver Sacerdotal Jubilee of our Rev. Fr. Rector in these columns this month, even though they may have heard of the event from some other source; and we do not wish to disappoint them. The celebration lasted two days, April 25 and 26, and comprised four parts: the religious solemnity in the chapel, and a reception, a musicale, and a dramatic performance in the college hall.

At half-past eight o'clock on the morning of April 25, the Rev. Jubilarian was led in procession from the parlor to the chapel, where he officiated at a solemn High Mass assisted by Fr. Gregory, O. F. M., and Fr. Joseph Rhode, O. F. M., as deacon and subdeacon respectively, and Fr. Celestine, O. F. M., as master of ceremonies. Fr. Giles, O. F. M., delivered the festive oration—a glowing dis-

course on the dignity of the priest, whom he likened to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Mass rendered by the college choir of mixed voices with orchestra accompaniment was in part M. Brosig's "Third Mass," partly Gruber's "St. Peter's Mass."

The program given at the reception in the afternoon, despite its simplicity and the absence of all attempt at display, called forth the warmest commendations, especially on the part of the strange priests that were present. Most of the numbers were original, and some of them unique. After the singing of a jubilee hymn and the reading of a congratulatory address, the latter by John Schmitt of III Collegiate, Herman Meuer of II Academic declaimed Father Ryan's poem "At the Altar" and gave a copy of it to Fr. Rector. Then followed a litany of "Jubilee Wishes," one from each member of III Academic. They were artistically printed by hand in an elegant booklet by some Sisters of St. Francis, and were read by Theodore Wilhelmi, who also made Fr. Rector a present of a picture of the class patron gorgeously illuminated in colors. Aloysius Piontkowski, representing IV Academic, read a poem entitled "The Lord's Anointed," written for the occasion by Fr. Francis of the col-





Friars, Students, and Visitors at Fr. Rector's Jubilee

lege faculty. Also a decorated copy of this poem, drawn by Francis Powers, together with a splendid drawing made by Albert Kunz of IV Academic, was presented to the Rev. Jubilarian. First Collegiate presented a unique handmade album in the form of a bell containing an English translation in verse of Weber's "Abendlaute" ("The Angelus"), each member of the class having contributed one stanza. The translation was read by Edward Voss; and one of the secular priests present was so pleased with it that he was not content until promised a copy of it. The printing of the poem in the album was the work of Antony Kriech. Fr. Rector's own class, II Collegiate, endeavored to give proof of the good results of his teaching by composing a Latin poem of twenty-five stanzas recounting the labor of his twenty-five years as priest. The poem was written in an album and illustrated with scenes from the various places in which his priestly years were spent. It was the joint work of Henry Wellner, Henry Pinger, Frank Kiefer and Felix Bienek, and was read by Henry Wellner. Toward the end of the program Leo Paul, the smallest boy in the college, presented Fr. Rector a handsome silver watch bearing the inscription "To Fr. Rector from his boys." Besides this, the students gave him a number of other beautiful and useful presents.

The program on the morning of the second day was wholly musical. It comprised the following numbers:

Overture Comique.....	Keler Bela
College Orchestra	
Laughing Chorus (Four Part Chorus).....	F. Schaller
College Choir	
Nightingale Waltz.....	Zeller (Zibulka)
College Orchestra	
Vocal Duet (Soprano and Alto):—	
My Joys Run High.....	J. Wiegand
Select Junior Choir	
Instrumental Duet:—	
(a) Melody in F.....	A. Rubinstein
(b) Le Secret.....	L. Gauthier
Trombone:—	Charles Koerber
Piano:—	Robert Zwiesler
Grand Selection: "Il Trovatore".....	G. Verdi
College Orchestra	

Evening at Venice (Eight Part Chorus).....	H. Kaun
Select Choir	
Accompaniment:—	String Quintet and Horns
Instrumental Trio:—	
Symphony in G.....	C. Dancila
First Violin:—	Jerome Reisch
Second Violin:—	Louis Savidge
Piano:—	Francis Fosselman
Forest Night (Four Part Chorus).....	J. Cintura
College Choir	
Accompaniment:—	College Orchestra
Instrumental Trio:—	
Selections.....	Fr. Schubert
Violin:—	Rev. Fr. Julian, O.F.M.
Flute:—	Rev. Fr. Aloysius, O.F.M.
Piano:—	Rev. Fr. Thomas, O.F.M.
Aide-de-Camp March.....	L. P. Laurendeau
College Orchestra	

The crowning feature of the entire jubilee was the presentation of Mgr. Oechtering's "King Saul" on Wednesday evening. When it was first proposed to produce this play, some misgiving was expressed: the play was too difficult; if such and such students—dramatic stars of former years—were still here, it might be attempted, but not with the talent on hand. The event proved these fears to have been groundless, and proved too, as indeed the entire jubilee did, that our Seraphic College need not be ashamed of its achievement. Though, of course, not faultless, the performance was of such excellence that everyone concerned, actors, singers, costumers, armorers, and above all the dramatic instructor, Fr. Ferdinand, and the musical instructor, Fr. Thomas, deserve to be congratulated. The cast of characters was as follows:

Saul, King of Israel.....	Joseph Martin
Jonathas, Son of Saul.....	John Schmitt
David, his friend.....	Paul Eberle
Saiox, Teacher of Saul.....	Charles Koerber
Do g, Idumean.....	Antony Glauber
Abner, Captain.....	Francis Kiefer
Samuel, Highpriest.....	Justin Diederich
Achimelech, Priest.....	Robert Zwiesler
Abiathar, Levite.....	Francis Osborne
Abimelech.....	Robert Limacher
Melchisa.....	Joseph Curtis
Eliab.....	Henry Harms
Samua.....	Clement Thiel
Abisa.....	Henry Pinger
Baaza.....	Harry Fox
Zarug.....	John Maloney
Ebenezer.....	William Wernsing
Judah.....	Joseph Schmitt
Miphiboseth.....	Charles Eberle
Siba, Servant of Jonathas.....	Clement Thiel
Asaph, Herald.....	Antony Kriech
Witch of Endor.....	Ralph Patterson
	Francis Powers
Servants of Witch.....	Othmar Thomas
	Herman Kohlberg
	August Hellstern
Pages.....	Francis Fosselman





Rejection of Saul

# CAST King Saul

Parting of David and Jonathas



"Jubilee week" will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to spend it here. The celebration was a source of pleasure to all that witnessed it; to the visitors, from their own testimony, a source of edification; and to the students and their Reverend teachers a source of gratification and encouragement.

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

On Sunday, May 14, the annual devotion of the Thirteen Hours was held in the chapel with great solemnity. Very Reverend Fr. Provincial, who was our visitor for a few days, officiated at the High Mass in the morning, and again at the solemn close in the evening, at 6 o'clock.

At 7:30 o'clock, the same evening, the members of the graduating class presented the comedy-drama, "The Sale of the Bugle." Instrumental and vocal music was furnished for the occasion by the college Glee Club.

### ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

On Tuesday, April 25, the students staged the strong and popular drama "Falsely Accused" before a large audience and received great applause for their efforts. The cast was especially well chosen, and each player succeeded remarkably for amateurs in bringing out the strong parts of their respective rôles—the result of careful and intelligent training on the part of their instructor. Vincent Kennedy, Carrol Roddy, Leslie Taniel, Walter McLemore, and C. Laumeister won special commendation for the excellence of their impersonation. Beautiful programs, profuse-

ly illustrated, were issued as fitting souvenirs of the performance. The following is the complete cast of characters:

Jasper Roseblade.....	Vincent Kennedy
Claude Roseblade.....	Carrol Roddy
Jonathan Roseblade, their father.....	John Bold
Humphrey Higson, steward to Earl of Milford.....	James Goggin
Father Hylton, pastor of Milford.....	Theodore Bucher
Lord Viscount Elmore.....	Adrian McCarthy
Jonas Hundle, formerly a poacher.....	Francis Burke
Lieutenant George Florville.....	Fred Shunk
Lord Chief Justice.....	C. Laumeister
Grafston, counsel for prisoner.....	David McCarthy
Serg't Stanley, counsel for prosecution.....	James Rennolds
Blinky Brown, a village eccentric.....	Leslie Taniel
Squinty Smith, an eccentric sport.....	W. McLemore
Sir Henry Harrington, a magistrate.....	F. Luhmann
Clerk of Court.....	Matthew Watson
Sheriff.....	Hugo La Vies
Usher of the Court.....	George Bucher
Grange, gamekeepers of the earl.....	J. Schumacher
Thorpe.....	M. Hallquist
John Wellington, notary public.....	N. Dieringer
Barristers, Jurymen, Turnkeys, Countrymen, etc.	

## OBITUARY

### Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

English branch of the Third Order:

Rev. Francis O'Rourke,  
Anna Riley, Sr. Elizabeth,  
Anna Sullivan, novice,  
Nora E. Mandable, novice,  
Catherine Sullivan, Sr. Marcella,  
Margaret Corliss, Sr. Mary.

German branch of the Third Order:

Teresa Baumann, Sr. Elizabeth,  
Mary Vogel, Sr. Elizabeth,  
Regina Dienes, Sr. Frances.

### Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church:

Caroline Flamm, Sr. Apollonia.

### Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

Bridget Caine, Sr. Clare,  
Bernadina Winthus, Sr. Josepha.

### Quincy, Ill.:

William Weisenhorn, Bro. Francis,  
Mary Weisenhorn, Sr. Agnes.

### Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:

Mary Remker, Sr. Dolorosa.

### Superior, Wis.:

Margaret O'Neil, Sr. Clare,  
Teresa Miller, Sr. Elizabeth.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

JUNE, 1916.

DEDICATED TO  
THE SACRED HEART

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Thur.	<b>Ascension Day.</b> —Bl. James, Bishop and Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>General Absolution. Plenary indulgence. To-morrow begins the novena in honor of the Holy Ghost.</i>
2	Fri.	Bl. Baptista, Virgin of the 2nd Order.—SS. Marcellinus and Companions, Martyrs.
3	Sat.	Bl. Andrew of Hyspello, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary indulgence.</i>
4	Sun.	<b>Sixth Sunday after Easter.</b> —St. Francis Carracciolo, Confessor. <i>A Plenary Indulgence can be gained on one of the nine days before the feast of St. Antony of Padua, June 13, to be selected at discretion.</i>
5	Mon.	Bl. Pacificus, Confessor of the 1st Order.
6	Tues.	St. Norbert, Bishop, Confessor.
7	Wed.	BB. Stephen, Raymond, and Companions, Martyrs of the 1st Order.
8	Thur.	Octave of the Ascension—St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, Virgin.—Bl. Bartholomew, Confessor of the 1st Order.
9	Fri.	St. Paul of the Cross, Confessor.—SS. Primus and Felician, Martyrs. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
10	Sat.	Vigil of Pentecost.—Bl. Jolenta, Widow, of the 2nd Order.—St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, Widow.
11	Sun.	<b>Pentecost Sunday.</b> —St. Barnabas, Apostle. <i>General absolution. Plenary indulgence.</i>
12	Mon.	Bl. Guido, Confessor of the 1st Order.—SS. Basilides and Companions, Martyrs.
13	Tues.	St. Antony of Padua, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary indulgence.</i>
14	Wed.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —St. Basil, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.
15	Thur.	St. John, Confessor.—SS. Vitus and Companions, Martyrs.
16	Fri.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Our Lady of Perpetual Help.
17	Sat.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —St. Boniface, Martyr.
18	Sun.	<b>Trinity Sunday.</b> —St. Augustine of Canterbury, Bishop, Confessor.—SS. Mark and Marcellianus, Martyrs. <i>General absolution. Plenary indulgence.</i>
19	Mon.	Bl. Michelina, Widow of the 2nd Order.—SS. Gervase and Protase, Martyrs. <i>Plenary indulgence.</i>
20	Tues.	Octave of feast of St. Antony.—St. Silverius, Martyr. <i>Plenary indulgence.</i>
21	Wed.	St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Confessor.
22	Thur.	Corpus Christi.—St. Paulinus, Bishop, Confessor. <i>General absolution. Plenary indulgence.</i>
23	Fri.	St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.
24	Sat.	Nativity of St. John the Baptist. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
25	Sun.	<b>2nd Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. William, Abbot.
26	Mon.	SS. John and Paul, Martyrs.
27	Tues.	Bl. Benvenute, Confessor of the 1st Order.
28	Wed.	St. Leo II, Pope, Confessor.
29	Thur.	SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles. <i>General absolution. Plenary indulgence.</i>
30	Fri.	Commemoration of St. Paul, Apostle.

**Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:** 1) Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Orders, or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and there pray for the intentions of the Pope.

2) Once every month, on any suitable day. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3) On the day of the monthly meeting. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4) On the first Saturday of every month. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.







The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1916.

NO. 7

## Lines Written Under a Crucifix

Suffer, my child, because my Heart  
Has suffered much for thee,  
And know thou hast the better part  
If thou in sorrow be.  
My love has placed me on the cross;  
Thy sins have nailed me there,  
What I have suffered for thy sake  
None but myself could bear.  
I drained my chalice to the dregs,  
Drink thou one drop for me.—  
O, if thine eyes were opened now  
And thou couldst plainly see  
How passing great is suffering's price  
Thou wouldst rejoice in trial's hour  
To drink my cup with me.

True love doth not in sweetness lie  
But rather in the fight  
With fallen nature's strong desire,  
With passion's fearful might.  
God is all goodness and he knows  
The best lot for his own;  
He placed us so, then let us say,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

—Sister Mary Rose.

# ST. NICHOLAS AND HIS COMPANIONS, MARTYRS

## OF THE FIRST ORDER

JULY 9

TWO truths of our holy religion were the object of the special hatred of the heretics in the sixteenth century: the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and the Primacy of the Pope, and for the steadfast profession of these fundamental dogmas, many Catholics suffered persecution, imprisonment, and even a cruel death. Among these confessors of the faith, we find many sons of St. Francis; for, they everywhere fearlessly combated the false teaching of the heretics, and strove, by their writings and zealous preaching, to guard the faith of the people against the cunning and malice of the spiritual enemy. Their reward was in many cases a martyr's crown. Not to speak of Germany, England, and Ireland, in France alone, between the years 1560-1580, about one hundred Franciscan convents were destroyed and their inmates put to death, and in the Netherlands, over eighty Friars Minor suffered death as martyrs of the Eucharist and of the Papal Primacy. Of these last mentioned, St. Nicholas and his companions, often called the martyrs of Gorcum, are best known.

These martyrs suffered in the year 1572. A revolt against the king of Spain, to whom the Netherlands then belonged, had broken out in 1568. Great excesses were committed, the fury of the Calvinist

nobles and people being directed principally against priests, religious, and sacred images. In 1572, a number of fanatic revolutionists, called Watergeuzen, or Sea Beggars, who were in the hire of William of Orange and led by William of Lumey, took Brielle and several other strongholds, and attacked Gorcum. The town soon fell into their hands, but the citadel, in which the secular clergy, the inmates of the local Franciscan convent, and many of the people had taken refuge, held out for some time. Unable to obtain succor, and seeing that further resistance was impossible, the commander of the citadel negotiated for an honorable surrender, and finally gave up the fortress on the sworn promise that all the inmates should be allowed to depart unmolested.

The terms of the surrender were, however, at once disregarded by the heretics. After heaping abuse and insults on their captives and robbing them of their possessions, they indeed allowed the laymen to depart, but, contrary to their promise, they detained the priests and religious and cast them into a dark and foul dungeon. These noble men, who were the special object of the hatred of their captors, numbered nineteen. Of this number, eleven were Franciscans: Fr. Nicholas Pick, guardian of the convent at Gorcum, Fr. Jerome of Weert, vicar,



the Fathers Theodore of Emden, Nicaise Janssen, Willehad of Denmark, a man ninety years of age, Godfrey of Mervel, Antony of Weert, Antony of Hoornaer, Francis de Roye, and the Brothers Peter of Assche, Cornelius of Wyk, and Henry. This last named Brother, however, gave way under the indignities heaped on him and his brethren and renounced his faith.

From the very moment that the servants of God were cast into prison, there began for them a long series of insults, ill-treatment, and unheard-of cruelties. During the first night of their captivity, the heretics vented their rage particularly on Fr. Nicholas. They took the cord which girded his loins, put it round his neck, passed it over a beam,

raised him up by the neck and let him fall again, until the cord broke and the body of the martyr lay on the ground without a sign of life. Thereupon, his persecutors, in order either to outrage his body or to ascertain whether he was dead, applied a flaming torch to his face,

and even forced open his mouth and burned his palate and tongue.

But Fr. Nicholas was not dead; God preserved him to confirm his brethren in their trial until the end. When consciousness returned, and he was able to speak, the martyr began to encourage his companions

and declared himself ready to bear even greater tortures for the Faith, if it pleased God, for, he said, "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us."

The holy confessors remained for several days in the citadel at the mercy of the fanatic soldiers, who loaded them with every outrage and insult. Meanwhile, the two brothers of Fr. Nicholas were busy taking steps to obtain the deliverance of the captives. They were assured that all the prisoners should be liberated if they would renounce "the authority of the Pope of Rome." But Fr. Nicholas at once courageously declared, "The Pope is the cornerstone of the Church of Jesus Christ; to separate ourselves



St. Nicholas of Gorcum

and even forced open his mouth and burned his palate and tongue.

from the Pope is to separate ourselves from the Church, and to renounce the Church is to renounce Jesus Christ, whose voice she is."

Lumey, whose headquarters were at Brielle, ordered the prisoners, whom he had condemned to be hanged, to be brought to him. During the night of July 5, they were put on board a ship to be taken to the place of their martyrdom. As they made their entry into the town, they were overwhelmed with insults and blows by the fanatic people. They were brought to prison, where their patience and constancy continued to be severely tried by sufferings, questionings, and religious discussions. The heretics arranged a disputation on the Real Presence and the Primacy of the Pope, in the the hope of confounding the servants of God and of inducing them to renounce their faith. But their efforts were in vain. Unable to answer the solid arguments of Fr. Nicholas and his companions, the heretics broke off the discussion and sent them back to prison.

On the ninth of July, at one o'clock in the morning, the nineteen

confessors of the Faith, were conducted to the place where they were to suffer death. It was a building attached to a former convent of the Augustinians, which had been used as a granary, and in which two cross-beams extended from wall to wall. The martyrs embraced one another, giving or receiving absolution, for the last time. Fr. Nicholas was the first to mount the ladder. "Behold!" he said, "I show you the way to heaven. Follow me, brave soldiers of Christ, so that I may meet you again happy and immortal in the city of the elect." He continued his exhortations until the cord prevented any further utterance. After him the remaining eighteen confessors were hanged in succession, all on the two beams.

The remains of the martyrs were ignominiously mutilated and buried in two trenches. God glorified his servants by many miracles. In 1616, their precious remains were brought to Brussels and deposited in the church of the Friars Minor. The martyrs of Gorcum were beatified by Clement X, on November 24, 1675, and canonized by Pius IX, on June 29, 1867.

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### THE SECRET

The secret of all the Church's work for the bodies as well as for the souls of men is revealed in the following anecdote.

During the siege of Paris in 1870, a Christian Brother tenderly cared for a poor fellow stricken with smallpox. A witness of the Brother's courage said to him, "What you are doing I would not do for ten thousand francs." Replied the Brother, "And I would not do it for ten times ten thousand francs." Then, kissing his crucifix, he added, "But I do it for Jesus Christ."—*The Catholic News*.



## CROSS AND CROWN

*By Fr. Maximus, O.F.M.**(Continued)*

THE news of the edict condemning the friars and their chief disciples from among the ranks of the Tertiaries was passed from mouth to mouth wherever the name of the friars was known. And it is remarkable how, now that the faith of these Japanese neophytes was put to the test, and the persecution threatened to become general, this youthful Church, scarcely established, put forth a heroism unique in the annals of Christianity.

## Tried and True

In various parts of the empire, the faithful manifested their joy at the prospect of sharing martyrdom with their beloved leaders by disposing of their possessions and preparing festal attire. They arose, these heroic men and women, ready to confess Christ before kings and princes as in the apostolic days, ready, if need be, to seal their confession with their life's blood. Men and women could be seen hastening to Meako and Osaka, not merely drawn by sympathy for the friars, but with a view to being inscribed on the list of martyrs.

One noble Japanese lady particularly, gave evidence of undaunted courage which animated even the weaker sex when their faith was challenged. Donna Garcia Tadaoki, queen of Tango, had been instrumental in calling the friars to Japan after the Jesuit missionaries had been proscribed. Like a true daughter of St. Francis, this noble

lady assembled the servants and the Christian ladies of her household and spurred them on to deeds of valor.

"My dear sisters, the hour of trial has come. Now is the time to show by our deeds that we are true lovers of Jesus Christ. Take courage! Let us make ready for martyrdom; God calls us to share his kingdom. It is for us to answer quickly his call. What! shall we women let the men surpass us in courage? On every side our brethren, the Christians, are preparing to give their life for Christ; and shall we, we alone, remain hidden in our homes for fear of death?"

A Christian at Meako also gave an admirable example. On hearing that the Franciscans had been arrested in their convent, this intrepid man resolved to give himself up to the officers and thus obtain the crown of martyrdom. To this end, he disposed of his property in favor of his son aged sixteen, who was in the employ of a nobleman, and wrote to him in these terms: "My son, the religious of St. Francis and some of our Tertiaries of Meako have been condemned to die. You must know that I also am resolved to give my life for Jesus Christ. All that I possess is justly yours. Live, then, in the fear of God, and pray for your father when he shall be no more." To this admirable letter the father received a no less admirable reply. With a wisdom



and fearlessness uncommon at his age, the boy declared that he saw no particular advantage in losing an inheritance in Heaven for the sake of an uncertain portion here below; and gave notice that he would soon join his father in the city. However, it was only after some years that God was pleased to accept their sacrifice.

The loyal Tertiary, Cosmas Yoya, mentioned in connection with the conversion of the ex-bonze, Leo Garazuma, was the constant patron and adviser of the friars during their three years' sojourn in Japan. That he should be deeply affected by the unpleasant occurrences, was but natural. He went heart-broken to the Emperor, boldly reproving him for his unjust treatment of the religious men. His courageous action might have brought upon him immediate sentence of death, but Taikosama contented himself for the present with stripping him of his wealth and honors. Thanking God that he had now become poor for Christ's sake, this truly noble man and son of St. Francis went to the Franciscan convent, where by means of bribes he gained admittance to the religious.

Overjoyed at the prospect of sharing with them death for Christ's sake as he was now the sharer of their poverty, his joy turned into disappointment; for, the coveted crown was withheld from him till a later stage of the great persecution.

After three weeks of suspense, the Confessors of the faith, numbering twenty-four, were ordered

to be cast into the public jail of Meako. This order was executed on the last day of the year 1596. During the chanting of Vespers, a band of soldiers made their way into the cloisters amid shouts and desecrations. They first despoiled the sanctuary of all articles of value, then bade their victims follow them to the prison. Fr. Peter Baptist holding aloft a crucifix,



St. Thomas, Japanese Boy-Martyr

exhorted his companions to persevere to the end. They left the sacred place singing the *Te Deum*, never to enter it again.

### The Brand of Infamy

On the morning of January 2, the Confessors were led out of their cold and dark prison, placed on rough carts and conveyed to the public square of Meako. There a new torture awaited them. A large

crowd of spectators had already gathered to witness the cruel ceremony. It was custom then in Japan to cut off a part of the left ear of malefactors sentenced to death. To this inhuman act the holy men were accordingly subjected. The Christians who had come to the scene, stood breathless as the torture was inflicted, fearful lest one of the number should grow faint and deny the faith. The heathens drawn mainly through curiosity, at first heaped insults on the Martyrs; but when they perceived the more than human meekness with which these men submitted to the ill usage, they could not withhold their admiration, and by degrees they were moved to pity. When at length the turn came for the three boy-Tertiaries, Louis, Thomas, and Antony, there was a moment of breathless suspense broken suddenly by a loud cry of surprise as Thomas and Antony boldly stepped forward and readily submitted to the mutilation.

The governor having pity on the tender age of the youngest, Louis, sought by flattery and promises to induce him to deny his faith, only to meet with this answer from the resolute lad: "Never shall I forsake my glorious faith; rather must you renounce the worship of your false gods, and embrace my religion, else you will burn forever."

The men of God were next led through the principal streets of Meako. An officer preceded them with a tablet, the legend indicating the offence for which sentence of death had been passed on them.

### The Sorrowful Way

The sentence might easily have been put into execution then and there, but the Emperor had a design in deferring it. Nagasaki was the place designated for the martyrdom, and was about 600 miles distant from Meako, though there was a shorter route by sea. But in order to strike terror into the adherents of the new religion and, possibly to deter others from embracing it, Taikosama ordered the condemned men to be conveyed by the land route through the more populous villages.

The painful journey, which began on January 3, led over bad roads. The martyrs possessed but scanty protection against the rigors of the winter's cold. The wretchedness of their appearance was in fact such as to move to pity even the heathen whom they met along the way. Many of them offered the prisoners refreshments for the journey, and volunteered the use of their litters for their convenience. They first went to Osaka, and thence to Nagasaki. While making the second half of this painful journey, an affecting incident occurred characteristic of the general sentiment that prevailed among the Japanese neophytes.

### The First Born

Among the martyrs was one Cosmas Taquia, a Japanese, who, not content with becoming a Christian and a Tertiary of St. Francis, had consecrated to God his son Maximus only ten years old. He had placed him under the care of the Franciscans at Meako. This child lived in

the Franciscan community like an angel of heaven, and was the inseparable companion of little St. Louis, who was but a year older. Now, at the moment St. Peter Baptist and his Franciscan brethren were taken prisoners in the convent, little Maximus lay seriously ill. Father Peter Baptist, fearing it would be impossible to take proper care of the sick child when the convent was at the mercy of the soldiers, spoke to Cosmas who was imprisoned with the Friars, and persuaded him to send the boy home to his mother. The boy gradually grew better, but was still unable to leave his bed and go back to the convent, which he longed to do. During his illness, he often called out for his father and his young playmates; he he even tried to rise from bed to join them in the convent, and await with them there the hour of martyrdom. When the holy confessor was transferred to the prison at Meako, his mother kept him in ignorance of the fact, fearing to aggravate his illness. However, on the very day that the holy men left Meako for Osaka, Maximus saw his sister come into his room with tears in her eyes. The child immediately guessed what had happened, questioned her, and learnt that the Fathers had gone. Then and there he sprang from his bed, dressed in haste, and, taking a little crucifix in his hand, ran along the road to Osaka till he saw the martyrs some distance before him.

"My Fathers, my Fathers," he cried, "why have you left me behind? Thomas! Antony! Gabriel!

I am Maximus, your companion, and you never told me of this!" Then seeing little Louis, his favorite companion, in the last cart, he exclaimed, "Louis, dear Louis! how could you go away without telling me? Ah! you have forgotten the promise we made each other to die together for Jesus Christ!" The martyrs were touched to the heart, and wept abundantly. But as they were fettered they could neither reach out a hand to him nor embrace him, as they longed to do. The heroic child begged the guards, with many tears, to put him into the cart with his father, giving as a reason that he, too, was a Christian and a disciple of the Franciscans. "Father, father," he cried, "take me into the cart along with you. I am your son and a Christian!" At last he came up to the cart bearing St. Peter Baptist. "Oh, Father, did I not serve you along with the other boys? Why, then, do you cast me off, while you allow Louis, though as young as myself, to give his life for Jesus?"

Poor child! Not one of the martyrs could answer him or say a word, so deep was their emotion at this touching sight. To put an end to the heart-rending scene, the guards seized Maximus and carried him off a distance, but to no purpose. The little hero made his way again through the crowd and went up to his father begging to be taken along. Irritated at his persevering efforts, a cruel soldier gave him a violent blow on the head with the handle of his sword, and the poor little boy fell senseless to the ground,



bathed in his own blood. A cry of malediction arose from the immense crowd, and bitter lamentations from the martyrs. Forced to go on their way to their Calvary, they could only cast a last look through their tears on the dying child.

But all at once Maximus recovered consciousness and gathering up his little remaining strength, he raised himself from the ground to take one last look at the martyrs. His eyes met those of his own father, St. Cosmas Taquia. Stretching out his little hands toward him, he cried with feeble voice, "My father! my father!" Then he fell back like a flower shattered by the storm. A woman was now seen to lift up the child with unutterable emotion; she tenderly embraced him, folded him to her bosom, and carried him away to Meako. It was his mother! Like the strong woman in the Scripture, she had hastened with some other fervent Christian women, to follow her husband to the place of martyrdom. On her return home, she knelt down by the bedside of

her dying child and, lifting her eyes and hands to heaven she said, "I thank Thee, O my God, for having chosen me to be the mother and wife of thy martyrs!"

Shortly after, the martyr-child seemed to rally somewhat. But Jesus was about to grant the desire of his heart. His death being at hand, Maximus begged his Divine Savior, that since he had not been found worthy to shed his blood along with his father, He would at least grant him the grace to die at the very moment when his father was offering the sacrifice of his life on the cross. The child's prayer was heard. And at the same moment that the first martyrs of Japan were immolated on the Golgotha of Nagasaki, Maximus breathed forth his innocent soul into the hands of Jesus, and went to meet his martyred father and playmates before the Throne of the Lamb, where, as Holy Church sings on the feast of the Holy Innocents, he will for ever play with the palm and crown of martyrdom.

*(To be continued)*

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## FR. ROCH THROWS LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT

*By Fr. Giles, O. F. M.*

A special meeting of the board of directors of St. Elizabeth's Tertiary Hospital had just adjourned, and the members

were sitting about enjoying a quiet smoke while discussing various phases of the matter they had been considering.

"It seems to me," remarked Dr. Woodbury, "that this whole subject of Tertiary activity is not so clear to most of us as it ought to be."

"That is very true, Doctor, I regret to say," replied Fr. Roch. "Still, it is not at all surprising; for Tertiary activity is a much mooted question and has given rise to many rather heated debates between wiser heads than ours."

"Nevertheless, Father," rejoined the physician, "since you are so well informed on Third Order matters, I should think you could throw some light on this really interesting topic."

"Now that you have started the ball arolling on this subject, Dr. Woodbury," said Mr. West, carefully knocking the ashes off his cigar, "I am reminded of an article that I read some time since in one of our foreign Tertiary monthlies, in which the editor took the Tertiaries of certain localities severely to task for going to extremes in extending the activity of the Third Order. It seems as if a large number of European Tertiaries, taking for a pretext the well known saying of Pope Leo XIII, that the Third Order was his social reform, made the most astounding demands on the Order's activity, declaring that the Third Order is just as much a school of social and political economy as a school of Christian perfection."

"Yes, I recall reading that article myself," interrupted Judge Adams, "and if I remember right, many Tertiaries who could not be induced to subscribe to these extreme views,

nevertheless declared that the Third Order must engage in economic and social works to a great extent, if it does not wish to be false to itself."

"This activity, too, the editor in question asserted to be wholly at variance with the nature of the Third Order as a religious society," added Mr. West.

"And it was the highest time that something was done to set these erring Tertiaries right," exclaimed Fr. Roch with a little warmth; "for the whole movement in Europe was merely a scheme on the part of the enemies of the Church to embroil the Third Order in state affairs and to make it subservient to politics. For you must know that the Third Order is very strong in Europe, so much so that, if the Tertiaries would unite on some political or economic issue, they would easily carry their point. But such aims are entirely foreign to the nature and purpose of the Third Order; and our late Holy Father, Pope Pius X, justly fearing that this unwise zeal for novelty would gradually divert the Third Order from the purpose for which St. Francis founded it, addressed a letter to the Ministers General of the First Order, and explained in concise terms the nature and purpose of the Third Order, and set forth clearly what bearing the Order has on economic, political, social, and charitable activities."

"And how does Pope Pius explain the nature of the Third Order, if I may ask, Father?" questioned Dr. Woodbury.

"He says that the Third Order does not differ from the First and Second Orders of St. Francis in its nature, but only in this that it seeks the same end in its own way."

"That means, I suppose," commented Judge Adams, "that whereas, the members of the First and Second Orders strive to save their souls by observing the evangelical counsels according to the rule of St. Francis, we Tertiaries seek the same end by a more diligent practice of Christian perfection according to the rule which St. Francis has laid down for us."

"Precisely, Judge," replied Fr. Roch, "and the Holy Father also shows wherein this Christian perfection of the Tertiaries chiefly manifests itself; namely, in fraternal charity and in the practice of penance."

"Why, Fr. Roch," exclaimed Lawyer Sharp, who, though listening attentively, had till now taken no part in the conversation, "this is indicated by the very name we bear, 'Brethren of Penance.'"

"You're right, Mr. Sharp," answered the priest, much pleased at the interest shown in the discussion; "and from the religious nature of the Third Order, the Pope concludes that its purpose consists in this, that 'the members,' to use his own words, 'put into daily practice the precepts of evangelical perfection and be an example of Christian life for the imitation of others.'"

"This is certainly an all-embracing activity for the Third Order,"

Dr. Woodbury began to argue; "and I don't see why those European Tertiaries should be scored for trying to apply this teaching to economic, social, and even political affairs. For everybody knows how corrupt modern politics are, and I should think, that, if the Third Order could infuse a little leaven into this corrupt mass, it would render a great service to society."

"That an improvement in economic, social, and political conditions is greatly to be desired, I willingly grant, Doctor," replied the priest kindly; "but I beg leave to differ with you in regard to the means you propose for bringing this about, and I flatter myself that you will think as I do, when I have explained myself more at length."

"In discussing Tertiary activity," continued the priest slowly, "we must be careful to make a distinction between the activity of the Tertiary fraternities as such, and the activity of individual Tertiaries. The Holy Father Pope Pius, far from forbidding individual Tertiaries from engaging in work that tends to better the economic, social, and political conditions of their surroundings, actually urges them thereto, and he says that they will merit well of society if they enroll themselves in Catholic associations that have such noble aims."

"In several countries of Europe there are powerful political parties made up almost entirely of Catholics and are known as Catholic parties," remarked Judge Adams, as Fr. Roch paused for a moment,



"and I surmise that the Holy Father wishes Tertiaries to give their support to such parties, especially when they are championing legislation beneficial to Church and state."

"Quite so, Judge," assented the priest, "only Tertiaries must be on their guard not to drag the Third Order into their politics, and likewise not to sever by party strife the bonds of fraternal charity that bind them to their fellow Tertiaries. And what we have just been saying of politics, holds also of purely economic and social activities. Tertiaries are encouraged by the Church to join such societies, that they may assist them by the prestige of their name and by the ardor of their cooperation in attaining the special aims—social or economic—for which these societies are instituted."

"From all this we may infer, I presume," ventured Mr. West, "that the individual Tertiaries are not only not forbidden to associate themselves with any social, economic, or political movement that tends to better the condition of society, but are even urged to do so. Am I right?"

"Quite right, John, provided they are always careful not to drag the Third Order itself into such organizations, and not to make the aim of these societies their principal aim as Tertiaries," answered the priest.

"But what about the fraternities, Father?" asked Dr. Woodbury. "You said before that a distinction must be made between the individ-

ual Tertiaries and the fraternities as such."

"I did," answered the priest, "and the reason is because the fraternities as such are strictly forbidden by the Holy Father to occupy themselves with political and purely economic affairs. Mind well, what I say—political and purely economic affairs."

"Well, if that is the case, Father," objected Mr. Winthrop, "what about our proposed Tertiary savings and loan bank, or Monte di Pietà, as you call it? This activity surely falls under economics; nevertheless, we intend to establish it under the auspices of our fraternity?"

"It is well you made this objection, Mr. Winthrop," rejoined Fr. Roch smiling; "for we must not forget that the above-mentioned prohibition limits the external and not the internal activity of the fraternities, which is intended for the welfare of the members themselves. This would be contrary to one of the chief characteristics of the Tertiaries; namely, fraternal charity; since even St. Paul admonished the first Christians to be 'mutually careful one for another.'"

"As we do in our hospital, eh, Father?" queried Dr. Woodbury.

"Well, not exactly, Doctor. For the good work our fraternity is accomplishing through its hospital, belongs to another class of activities, in which the fraternities as such are not only permitted to engage but with which they are bound to occupy themselves as far as circumstances allow. The Holy

Father is very explicit on this point. He says that Tertiaries are unworthy of the name unless they are inflamed with the love of God and of their neighbor. 'But love' he says, 'is proved by deeds. Hence, it is a law for the Tertiaries to show all kindness to members and to outsiders, to endeavor sedulously to heal discords, to visit the sick, to raise funds for the relief of those in distress—in fine, to strive to perform all the so-called works of mercy.' "

"This program includes practically every kind of charitable work—spiritual and corporal," remarked Mr. Winthrop.

"That it does," replied Fr. Roch, "and it is on account of this universal charity of the Third Order that the Popes have styled it their 'social reform,' and have placed all their hopes for the regeneration of society in this great institution of St. Francis. And they have done well; for the Third Order has proved conclusively in the past that it possesses a wonderful power to reform society by means of its two weapons: penance and charity."

"But 'social reform,' Father, embraces a wider field of activity than that covered by charitable work, does it not?" asked Judge Adams.

"To be sure it does," replied Fr. Roch quickly; "and the term 'social action' as used by Pope Pius has been the cause of no little diversity of opinion among learned theologians and canonists. This term used in its widest sense, includes all those good works that tend in some way to the spiritual or tempo-

ral welfare of society, and are, therefore, the object of our so-called 'Catholic activity' in general. Thus, for instance, the Holy Father himself states that of all these social works, the pious teaching of the catechism occupies the first place, since it most eminently benefits both religion and society. But the teaching of catechism is a spiritual work of mercy. Thus also are all the other works of mercy included in social action,' if this term is accepted in its broad sense.

"It is evident, however," Fr. Roch continued, now entirely absorbed in his subject, "that Pope Pius does not wish to take the term here in this wide sense, for he distinguishes the works of mercy from the other social works, and declares expressly that it is a law for Tertiaries and the Third Order as such to engage in the former, whereas it is only permitted for the Order as such to engage in the latter; namely, social works, as understood in the restricted meaning of the term. Such social works in this limited sense would be, for instance, the founding of asylums for foundlings, protectorates and clubs for our youth of both sexes, literary circles, associations of laborers, etc. for this or that pious purpose, or for their mutual temporal and spiritual welfare. These social works, which are also called works of a mixed character, because they are allied to works of religion and at the same time pertain more or less to civil and purely economic affairs, are permitted to Tertiary fraternities as such, provided that, first,

the Third Order itself does not invade the fields of other societies, whose chief aim is the performance of such mixed social works, and secondly, that the Third Order does not make the aim of these societies its own."

"To sum up then, I should think one could formulate the following rules in regard to Tertiary activity," remarked Lawyer Sharp, as Fr. Roch concluded. "First, that the Tertiary fraternities as such are forbidden strictly and absolutely to engage in political and purely economic works, although individual Tertiaries are encouraged to join Catholic societies that have such civil and purely economic works for their chief aim; but the Tertiaries must be careful not to sever thereby the bonds of fraternal charity by party spirit."

"Very good!" exclaimed Fr. Roch, delighted with the precision with which the lawyer presented the case. "Second—?"

"Well, second, I should say, that both the individual Tertiaries as well as the fraternities as such are bound to engage in the works of mercy, both corporal and spiritual," the lawyer continued.

"Right again!" assented the priest. "Third—?"

"In the third place come the social works, isn't that so, Judge?" asked Mr. Sharp, scratching himself behind the ear, as if this action would assist him in assembling his thoughts.

"Correct!" the Judge assured him, "social action or works of a mixed character."

"In regard to these works," Mr. Sharp went on, "we must say, that not only the individual Tertiaries but also the fraternities as such may engage in them, provided they do not invade the fields of other societies that have such activities for their chief aim, and provided they do not make the aims of these societies their own."

"Excellent! That's just like a lawyer," Fr. Roch laughingly remarked, as Mr. Sharp finished. "And fourth?" asked the priest quizzingly.

"Was there a fourth?" Mr. Sharp asked, looking at Dr. Woodbury.

"To be sure there was!" replied the physician. "Don't you remember what Fr. Roch said about the papal prohibition limiting merely the external and not the internal activity of the Third Order?"

"Indeed," answered the lawyer, now that you remind me of it,—"

"Shure, Doctor, an' the intire question is as clear to me now as a puddle after a rain," exclaimed Pat Brennan, who had sat "spachless" throughout the learned discussion, wondering what it all meant.

"I don't doubt that in the least, Pat," laughingly rejoined Fr. Roch, much amused at the good old gentleman's jovial remark.

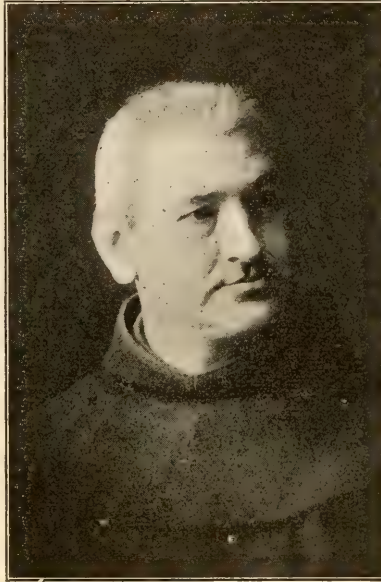
"Indeed, yer reverence; but, shure, it don't mather much, because whinever there's a question of us Tertiaries doing anything for the love of God or of our neighbor, Pat Brennan will be there with his penny just the same."



## VERY REV. FR. MICHAEL PASSES AWAY

ON June 8, Very Rev. Fr. Michael Richardt, O.F.M., passed to a better life. Born 1844 in Effelder, Province of Saxony, Germany, he made his classical studies at the gymnasium in Heiligenstadt, and in 1861 entered the Franciscan Order in the Saxon Province of the Holy Cross. After completing his theological studies, he was sent by his superiors to the United States, where a few years previous a custody of the Order had been founded. On December 4, 1868, Fr. Michael was raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood by Archbishop Kenrick in St. John's Church, St. Louis, Missouri. During his long and varied career, Fr. Michael was for twelve years professor at the Franciscan colleges in Quincy and Teutopolis, and thereupon, for four years he taught philosophy in the convent in Quincy, all the while discharging the duties of pastor in various parishes of the neighborhood. From 1882 to 1891, he was rector of St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Illinois. Many a priest of the surrounding country and many a prosperous business man will lisp a kindly prayer, when he hears of the death of his old-time rector. In 1891, Fr. Michael was elected provincial of the Sacred Heart Province; he held this office for two terms. The last twenty years of his life were given with untir-

ing zeal to the confessional and the pulpit. He enjoyed a wide reputation as pulpit orator. His commanding figure and powerful voice combined with piety and learning never failed to impress those who heard him expound the sublime truths of our holy faith. He was also an excellent retreat master; hence he was frequently engaged in conducting spiritual exercises for religious communities. For a time, shortly before his death,



Very Rev. Fr. Michael, O.F.M.

Fr. Michael was Commissary of the western district of our province, which last winter was erected into a separate province under the patronage of St. Barbara. Here, too, he had the happiness of celebrating the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Order of Friars Minor. The long and active life of Fr. Michael was wholly devoted to the spiritual and temporal welfare of our province. He saw it in its infancy, watched its subsequent

growth, and last winter witnessed the first fruit of its maturity, when the new province of Santa Barbara was canonically erected. In all this, Fr. Michael had no little share of merit and hence he will long be remembered by his brethren, both for his profound learning and for his holy and zealous career as priest of God and son of St. Francis. R. I. P.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### CHILDREN OF OUR AGE

Great as is the veneration of the present age for antiquity, there is one particular in which the children of our times differ greatly from the ancients, namely in the willingness to atone for sin whether private or public. The severe penances and expensive sacrifices that the people of ancient times imposed on themselves for their own sins, did not satisfy their zeal. They regarded also the community, the city, the state as a sinner, and that as the chief sinner. Hence, of all expiatory rites they attached the greatest importance to the public sacrifices, which they celebrated with the utmost solemnity. In both respects, we differ widely from the ancients. For our private sins we have found a far more convenient remedy—oblivion and, where that does not avail, diversion. Of public sins we know and reckon so little that any one who dares to castigate them is in danger of being ostracized as a traitor or fanatic. If in a momentary fit of penitence and sincerity we admit that also the community can sin, we forthwith find comfort in the thought that we are not the community, and we think we have absolved ourselves from all guilt when we declare thoughtlessly, "We are all children of our age."

By this confession of guilt, for such it is, we unwittingly assume a share of the responsibility for the sins and abuses of the times. Indeed, we are children of the age and members of the society in which we live. As such, however, we either contribute our share to the spread of the abuses that we bewail so loudly or we incur guilt by acquiescing too readily in the conditions and evils that we consider irremediable. There is no need of joining the ranks of the professional moralizers and reformers. Nor can it be our duty to increase the prevailing discontent by continual criticism. There are many other ways of contributing to the awaking of the public conscience and to the acknowledgement of the common guilt. If, for instance, we were not so supinely indifferent to everything that is said and written and done against religion, its ministers, its doctrines, and its practices, those false maxims and dangerous principles that are the sources of so many modern evils, would not find so universal an acceptance nor would they exert so great a power over the minds of men. As matters stand, however, we are often silent when we should speak, and the reason is either because we have not the courage of our convictions, or because we do not sufficiently understand the significance of those principles that are sapping the very foundations of society. The consequence is that we contribute quite effectively, if indirectly, to the general corruption, and that in a very true sense we children of our age.



### CATHOLIC EDUCATION AND PATRIOTISM

In the course of an eloquent address recently delivered at the dedication of the Catholic High School, St. Augustine, Florida, the Right Reverend Michael J. Curly made some very pointed remarks on patriotism as it is inculcated in our Catholic schools.



"To-day, from one end of the land to the other," he said, "we hear from the lips of the republic's children the cry of patriotism. We hear it from the devout and careless, from the religious and irreligious. Yet, how few there are who regard love of country as an act of religion, so intimately connected with and flowing from love of God! This, however, is what real patriotism is; this is the Catholic teaching concerning it. After God comes country; God is the author of society. As I am bound to love my God, so I am obliged to love my country. Just as I have an obligation to serve my Creator, so, too, have I an obligation to serve my country.

"God and country! They are not to be separated. When I am taught from my earliest youth to know and serve God, when I am brought up to see God's hand in society and recognize God's authority in civil government, I am at the same time trained in a patriotism that is a real, deep, religious conviction, and that will never set limits to sacrifices to be made in the service of my country. Patriotism thus inculcated is deep-seated, becomes a very habit of the soul. This, my friends, is precisely the patriotism that will be taught in this parochial school, this the patriotism taught by Catholicism for twenty centuries, this the patriotism of Catholics in America, which has given ample proof of its existence since the earliest infancy of the republic. It stands written in blood on the pages of American history, and can no more be wiped from the republic's records than can the sun be scratched from the heaven's."

How different is this sort of patriotism from the brand advocated by many of our self-styled patriots. With them patriotism or, as they love to call it, Americanism, is only another term for nationalism, and this, in its last analysis, is a mixture of national pride and national hatred. The injustice, the partiality, the egotism, the supersensitiveness, the jealousy that invariably enter into our dealings with other nations, are but the natural outgrowth of that irreligious, immoral, unchristian patriotism that is being preached by a host of university professors, school teachers, and soapbox orators.

Let us say it again, for the sake of emphasis, there can be no patriotism without religion. Hence socialism is quite logical in advocating internationalism instead of patriotism. It acknowledges no country because it knows no God. The Catholic Church, however, will continue to educate her children to love of country by instilling into them the love of God.



### JOERGENSEN'S LATEST WORK

The eminent Danish convert and Franciscan Tertiary, Johannes Joergensen has entered the lists against Germany. In a book entitled "Glocke Roland," and published in Danish, French, and Dutch, he employs his rare talents to discredit Germany in the eyes of the world. Even German Catholics and their Bishops are disparaged. "The German prelates," he says under the head *Germania*, "live in their quiet and luxurious episcopal palaces, far from the scene of warfare, and peacefully break the bread that a Protestant government doles out to them." The European conflict, according to Joergensen, is nothing but a war of Germany against Rome, a struggle between a pagan *Kultur* on the one hand and a Christian civilization on the other. The following criticism from the pen of his countryman Karl Gad reveals the character of the work.



"It is a book of hate, and therefore a book that is bound to have an evil effect, and this would be the case even if it were fair and reliable. But Joergensen's method is dishonest and his inferences illogical. Nothing worse could be said of a book that pretends to preach the absolute truth. The tenor is always the same: Behold such are they, the liars, the German scoundrels, hate them, hate them."

We shall enter on no defence of Germany. To judge from appearances, she is able to fight her own battles. But, for Joergensen's sake, we wish he had never inflicted this fabrication on his admirers. He has written charmingly of the gentle St. Francis and his message of love and peace. How much better for his readers would it have been had Joergensen continued to employ his gifted pen for the spread of good will among men rather than in the service of hate. Heaven knows this dreadful war has engendered hatred enough among the belligerents. Why must the children of St. Francis add fuel to the flame?



### A NOBLE EXAMPLE

In response to an appeal to the charity of his diocesans recently made by the Archbishop of Chicago in behalf of his seminary, the Tertiaries of St. Peter's Church, that city, have pledged themselves to contribute \$2500. This sum will be used for establishing a scholarship, to be known as the "St. Francis Scholarship of the Third Order." The Tertiaries of St. Peter's did well thus to pledge themselves, for there are few causes worthier of support than educating needy young men to the priesthood. We wish to commend the Chicago fraternity for its zeal, and we sincerely hope that other fraternities will follow the example set for them. We realize that not many fraternities are able to subscribe large sums for educational purposes. But there are many ways of assisting needy students. Thus, for instance, a hundred and fifty dollars will pay a boy's board and tuition for one year in St. Joseph's Seraphic College. There are already a number of individual Tertiaries that are paying for poor students of this college. What single Tertiaries are able to do, is certainly not beyond the resources of a whole fraternity. There are many worthy causes to which Third Order fraternities might contribute out of the surplus of their funds; educating poor young men for the holy priesthood is one of them.



### THE MEAT-EATING WEAKLINGS

"There are some Catholics who go through life apologizing," says the *Monitor*. "They are almost afraid to let the world know that they are Catholics. And when the moment comes for them to profess their faith by an overt act, they weakly yield and hide their Catholicity. It is a day of abstinence; they are thrown in with a promiscuous company of friends at the dinner table of their host; meat is served; the dish is come to them; all eyes are on them; they serve themselves to meat, as the platter almost falls from their trembling hands. The whisper circles round, as the 'Catholic' chokes down the meat: 'Is he not a Catholic?' And what but contempt can any honest man have for a moral weakling who sells his birthright under pressure of human respect? Who can estimate the influence which this act of sinful frailty will exercise? Not rarely the Church is judged by its meat-eating weaklings."



## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XX

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

Notwithstanding the most disheartening opposition from military and other officials, Fr. Mariano de los Dolores succeeded in establishing *La Mision Nuestra Senora de los Dolores del Rio de San Xavier*, better known as Mission San Francisco Xavier, about the end of February, 1748. In this enterprise he had the aid of Fr. Benito Fernandez de Santa Ana, Superior of the missions on the San Antonio, and of the College at Querétaro, who supplied him with goods and implements to the amount of \$5083.50, which it was expected the king or viceroy would reimburse.

Two more missions, however, had been contemplated in the same region of the San Javier (San Gabriel). Owing to Fr. Marino's illness which kept him at San Antonio for more than a year, the execution of the plans had to be postponed; but not for a long time. The zeal of the no less energetic Fr. Presidente Santa Ana had been aroused so that he determined to push the work himself while the stricken Fr. Marino chafed at his own compulsory inactivity. With a number of fresh missionaries and additional supplies,

he proceeded to the San Javier, and was welcomed there in December, 1748, by Fr. Francisco Cayetano Aponte y Lis, who had been left in charge. The force now consisted, it is said, of nine missionaries. This made it possible to establish the two other missions without delay. By the end of February, 1749, the buildings of the second mission were almost ready, and were dedicated to God in honor of San Ildefonso, Bishop, whose feast Spain celebrates on January 23.

Fr. Santa Ana, no less wise than energetic, first apportioned the various tribes according to their racial and linguistic affiliation, which prudent action, Professor Bolton observes, unwittingly resulted in securing for later ethnologists most valuable information. The real and more practical reason for thus grouping the savages was the desire to insure harmony. Accordingly, to Mission San Javier, Fr. Santa Ana assigned the Mayeye, Hierbiplane, and Vojuane Indians. Noting, Prof. Bolton tells us, that the Bidai, Deadosé and Orcoquiza Indians camped together, spoke the same language, and were closely

connected by marriage, he gathered them at Mission San Ildefonso, about a league down the river from San Xavier. Likewise, at San Ildefonso Fr. Santa Ana left the Coco Indians for the present until the third mission could be completed for them.

Soon after the opening of the second mission, the Fr. Presidente reported, "There are in it sixty-five families, that is to say, twenty-one families of the Orcoquiza tribe, which with men, women, and children number fifty-eight souls, including the chief who is sixty-nine years old, twenty-six families of the Vidais tribe, composed of twenty-six men, thirty-two women, and thirty boys and girls; and eighteen families of the Deadoser tribe comprising eighteen men, twenty-one women, and sixteen boys and girls." Hence the mission was founded with one hundred and ninety-nine persons. This was a very good beginning.

Fr. Santa Ana says nothing of the number of Coco Indians whom he had temporarily placed at San Ildefonso. The reason may be that they had run away to their old haunts. They claimed that they had been abused by the soldiers, and Fr. Santa Ana seems to agree with them. At all events, this was a heavy blow to the aspirations of the poor missionaries, who justly feared that their relentless enemies among the government officials

would make the friars responsible for the desertion, and, what was worse, that the other tribes might follow the example of the Coco Indians.

Fr. Santa Ana, however, instead of losing heart, and in spite of the personal danger of which soldiers and neophytes warned him, set out alone to bring the Cocos back. After many hardships, he succeeded in finding the runaways between the Colorado and the Brazos rivers. When he reached them, the tribe was suffering from measles and smallpox. Yielding to his persuasion, the Indians agreed that those not yet infected with disease should accompany the missionary, and that the others should follow when they had recovered. Thus he took back eighty-two Indians, and with them established the third mission, that of *Nuestra Senora de la Candelaria*, in May, 1749. The Coco chief, moreover, sent three of his sons to Mission San Antonio to learn the Spanish language. Later these became interpreters for the missionaries.\*

A short time after, Governor Pedro del Barrio, who proved bitterly hostile to the missionaries, but who was later discredited in Mexico, visited the three missions on the San Javier. At Mission San Francisco Xavier, he counted fifty Indian men, thirty-three women, and thirty-seven children; at San

\* Bolton, "Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century," University of California Press, 1915. This is an excellent work on the Missions of Texas for which historians will be extremely grateful, as it presents the facts in a clear and true light. The statements are fortified with numerous references to original sources inaccessible to ordinary readers. Later we shall have more to say on Bolton's identification of the forgotten mission sites.



Ildefonso, forty-six Indian men, forty-eight women, and thirty-one children; at Candelaria, twenty-four men, twenty-five women, and twenty-two children; a total of three hundred and twenty-two Indians. Besides these, some, by permission, were absent hunting buffalo, or in quest of wild fruits. There might have been many more Indians at the missions, but the missionaries explained that "neither God, nor

the king, nor reason permits the Indians to be congregated merely to be starved and worked. Hence, we have in the missions only those whom we can well support." Besides a garrison for the protection of the missions, which were actually securing the country to the Spanish dominion, the selfsacrificing missionaries required nothing more than that the government provide the necessary supplies.

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### ST. LAWRENCE OF BRINDISI IN BATTLE AGAINST THE TURKS

St. Lawrence of Brindisi, of the First Order Capuchin, who acted as military chaplain in the army of Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, in the war against the Turks at the beginning of the seventeenth century, gained by his wonderful courage and by the miraculous victories he won, the reputation of being a second St. John Capistran. Before the decisive battle of Stuhlweissenburg, in which 80,000 Turks fought against 20,000 Christians, St. Lawrence addressed the Christian army, fired their courage to the highest point, and foretold a most glorious victory. Then, cross in hand, he led the troops into battle. The Turks, who occupied a most advantageous position on the opposite hills, poured down a withering fire on the advancing Christians. The noise was deafening; balls and bombs came flying and hissing through the air, but Lawrence, well ahead, was making the sign of the cross in the direction of the guns, and, wonderful to relate, the balls and bombs either fell halfway in their course, as if striking a wall of brass, or dropped harmlessly in front of the Christian lines. St. Lawrence himself stated later that, in this battle, in which 30,000 Turks were left dead on the field, not one of the Christian soldiers was even injured. The Saint, wearing his habit and holding his cross aloft, fully exposed to the view of the enemy, made an excellent target for their sharpshooters. Once a bullet lodged in a tuft of hair above his forehead. Lawrence, taking hold of it, patted it gently, and then, throwing it on the ground, said playfully, "Simplicità! so you meant to kill me!"

His companion, Brother Michael, who witnessed the miracle, picked up the bullet, which he kept as a souvenir. The Turks were amazed at seeing the balls graze and strike the Saint without injuring him in the least, and believed him to be enchanted. — *Capuchin Annals*.

## NEW TRAILS THROUGH THE LAND OF THE PAPAGOS

*By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.*

**S**PRING and autumn are the only suitable seasons of the year for an extended trip through the land of the Papagos. In summer, the heat is too oppressive—the thermometer often registers 120 degrees in the shade—and in winter the cold and the sudden changes in the weather preclude all thought of making such a trip, which necessarily lasts from four to six weeks.

Last year, I set out on my journey immediately after the feast of our holy Father St. Francis. Leaving Tschuchutsho, our mule team made twenty miles the first day, and we arrived in the afternoon at Komalik, which is one of the larger villages of the Annecam tribe. Save for a few Indians left behind to care for the cattle, the place was deserted, as the other villagers had gone to harvest their crops. But these few gladly came to the services.

The following day, however, we met a large number of Indians at Kwahadk. Many of them had just returned from Magdalena, a place of pilgrimage in Mexico, where the feast of St. Francis Xavier is celebrated on October 4. The Indians in these parts are greatly devoted to St. Francis Xavier, and yearly large numbers make the pilgrimage to his shrine in Magdalena. Last year, however, their journey was in vain; for, they found nothing but

ruined villages and rancherías, the result of the unhappy war that is devastating Mexico. But every cloud has a silver lining; so this misfortune indirectly hindered much evil that is wont to follow in the wake of these pilgrimages. For many of the Indians are accustomed to bring home with them from the feast at Magdalena as much mescal\* as they can well carry, and thus the post-celebrations in their home villages often terminate in a general carousal. Last year, however, little drinking was done owing to the lack of supplies.

The feast of St. Francis Xavier was celebrated last year with great splendor at San Xavier del Bac Mission on December 2, 3, and 4. This venerable mission has not witnessed such crowds of pilgrims in years, since many of the Indians that usually repaired to Magdalena, came to San Xavier instead. Many months before, the "Feast Men"—twelve in number—began making preparations. Meat and flour were prepared in great quantities for the so-called banquet, a large number of fireworks were bought,—for no Indian feast is complete without fireworks—besides many dozen candles for the pilgrims. But they were not only solicitous for the worldly side of the celebration; they succeeded also in collecting the sum of \$65 with which to buy a special

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\*Mescal is a very intoxicating beverage brewed from the mescal-maguey cactus.

cope, veil, and censer for the great occasion. Besides, these twelve men unaided decorated the mission church, as they consider it their strict duty to put everything in shipshape condition for the day, and it is touching to see with what earnestness they go about their self-imposed work. These customs are precious heirlooms handed down from the days of the early missionaries who first taught the Indian to love and serve the true God.

Early on the morning of December 2, fireworks, shooting, and the ringing of the Old Mission bells ushered in the great festival. At noon, the same performance was repeated, and at sunset the celebration proper was inaugurated with Pontifical Vespers. Thereupon, a short address was made to the Indians in their native tongue, after which followed the procession with

the statue of St. Francis Xavier, borne by several Indian chiefs. All the Indians joined in the songs in honor of the Saint to the accompaniment of the mission bells and the shooting of firecrackers, while the darkness of the night was brilliantly illuminated by the numberless candles and the constant fusillades of fireworks. No wonder all the Indians were in high glee and greatly enjoyed the feast and dance that followed the procession.

On the next morning, at nine o'clock, the Bishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass. He was assisted by a Carmelite Father as deacon, and by a Chinese missionary as subdeacon, while Franciscan and secular priests were present in the sanctuary. Rev. Fr. Nicholas, superior of the mission, preached an English sermon and a secular priest a Spanish sermon.



Statue of St. Francis Xavier Carried in Procession

After celebrating the feast of St. Francis Xavier at Salvafia, though not in so pretentious a manner as the Fathers did at San Xavier del Bac, I proceeded on my way to Annakam, where I found the Indians busy gathering in their crops, which, owing to the extremely hot summer and



to the lack of sufficient rain, had been almost ruined. The rains in the Arizona desert are as freakish as they are rare. Thus, for instance, at Santa Rosa, which is only three miles distant from Annekam, they had had abundant rains and the crops were in the best condition. The soil in this

neighborhood is very fertile and one good rain is often sufficient to insure good crops. The winter of 1914-1915 was singularly blessed with seasonable rains, and the American dealers valued the Indian wheat crop at \$40,000 to \$50,000.

Within the last few years, the government has had a number of wells bored in this section in order to irrigate the land when the rainfall is insufficient. But, as one is obliged to go to a depth of 300-600 feet before striking water, the poor Indians are unable to go to this expense to save their crops from the drought. Knowing from former sad experiences that I am not likely to find a good supply of water in the desert villages on my missionary trips, I am now always careful to take a keg of drinking water with me from place to place. The wisdom of this precaution was



A Bread Oven in the Desert

proved on this trip at Annekam, for there we found the water hole entirely dry.

The Annekam Indians are some of the most good-natured people in the desert, and their little church was over-crowded both at holy Mass and at the rosary devotion. After baptizing several children, I went on to Santa Rosa, or rather through this village into the neighboring mountains, where we could replenish our water keg and also slake the thirst of our weary mules.

In Santa Rosa, generally called Kakajumuck (burnt cactus seed), the after-celebration of the feast of St. Francis Xavier was announced to take place on the evening of my arrival. The little church was gorgeously decorated. After sunset, the rosary was recited, and then came the procession. A beautifully adorned picture of the Saint

was carried by a boy under a canopy, while fifty Indian men bearing lighted candles made up a guard of honor on one side of the picture, and the same number of women on the other side. The old Spanish songs in honor of the Saint, that they had learnt at Magdalená, were sung to the accompaniment of Indian music. After every stanza, I knelt on a hastily spread piece of carpet and recited a decade of the rosary. Fireworks here, too, played an important part in the celebration, vieing with the soft light of the moon in adding solemnity to the occasion. The remainder of the night after the procession was given up to feasting and dancing after the Indian fashion, in which I took no part, judging it to be far more profitable for me to stretch myself on my blanket beside my wagon for a good night's sleep.

The reader must not suppose when perusing the account of these and similar Indian celebrations, that all the Indians engaged are Catholics. Only a comparatively small number have been baptized thus far, but whenever there is a feast of any kind, both Christians and pagans join to make it successful.

After saying holy Mass on the following morning, I set out again on my journey. We traveled westward, passing through many small settlements, accompanied on the way by the inhabitants of these places, who had been to Santa Rosa to attend the feast. But tired and drowsy from their all-night revel after the religious ceremony, they found it rather difficult to keep up

with my mule team. In one of these villages, I found the chief dangerously ill. Despite my entreaties and admonitions, he refused to be baptized. Later, however, he consented to be baptized by Fr. Bonaventure, O.F.M.

In the afternoon, we turned eastward into the mountains and arrived toward evening at Kavafia, where Fr. Bonaventure has erected a neat little school. I remained here a few days to enjoy the hospitality of my fellow missionary, and then journeyed to Little Tucson, passing through the Indian Oasis, where the Government buildings are located. The beautiful church at Little Tucson, as the reader may recall, was dedicated last summer.

In the evening of the same day, we set out for Mopawa, only nine miles distant, where the feast of St. Francis Xavier was likewise celebrated. I had the good fortune of being able to administer the last sacraments to a dying Indian woman at this place. After the recitation of the rosary, a meeting of the young men, almost all of whom are able to speak English, was held for the purpose of founding a society to bring about more concerted action and a better organization among the Catholic Indians of this section.

Quitting this place after a two days' stay, I returned to Kavafia, where I took leave of Fr. Bonaventure, who had accompanied me to Topawa; for the scarcity of laborers in this vast vineyard of the Lord will not permit the missionaries to travel two and two, as did the

Apostles and Disciples of yore.

Accompanied only by my Indian guide, I now turned toward the north and arrived early in the afternoon at Quijotoa, where I had already on two previous occasions celebrated the feast of the most Holy Cross. But now all is changed. The huts of the Indians are in ruins and the pretty little church is threatened with the same fate. The Indians had formerly been drawn to this place by the gold placers, but it seems that they have been more or less forced to vacate in favor of prospectors, who have taken up almost the entire section as mining claims. On leaving Quijotoa, they took with them all their movable goods, and also the pictures and other ornaments of their chapel, and they are now living about twenty miles farther southwest, in a village near the Mexican

border named Komwoo, where they are engaged in farming and cattle raising. Seeing at once that it was useless for us to tarry in the deserted village, we hurried onward to Tjiavak six miles away. But here, too, we were disappointed, for all the inhabitants had gone to the valley to harvest their crops.

We remained there, however, for the night, and the next morning set out for Stoavafia, a mountain settlement of the Pisinemo Indians, forcing our way over almost impassable roads through the mountain pass. Here we found, to our agreeable surprise, a large gathering of Indians, who had been forced to leave their homes because the water holes had dried up. These Indians have always been exceedingly friendly to us, and they give every promise of becoming model Catholics.

*(To be continued)*

### HOW ST. ANGELA OVERCAME A TEMPTATION TO VANITY

One day, as St. Angela Merici of the Third Order, sat with a number of her young Tertiary Sisters on the flowery shore of the Lago di Garda, and all were greatly admiring the enchanting beauty of the landscape, one of the youngest Sisters exclaimed, "But there is another thing that strikes me at this moment, and attracts my attention fully as much as the beautiful scene. It is Sister Angela's magnificent head of hair." The other Sisters had the weakness to add to this remark, thinking that perhaps such praise would be pleasing to her whom they regarded as their superior. But the humble and chaste virgin of Desenzano had long since combated such puerile vanities, and at once reproved her companions with a tone of severity not ordinary with her. "I blush," said she, "to have been innocently the occasion of so ill-timed a remark; but I am still more ashamed of you for not fearing to make it." Her companions, who were in reality highly virtuous maidens, immediately opened their eyes to the extent of their indiscretion. St. Angela received their excuse with a sentiment of humility that rendered her more venerable in their estimation; but she could not forgive the hair that had thus exposed her to temptation. In a few months it was no longer recognizable as the once magnificent adornment that had excited the admiration of her girl companions.

—*Life of St. Angela Merici.*



## THE FRIAR'S STORY

*By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

MRS. Barton's married life had been singularly marked by great trials. When her first child Roy was about two years old, she had accompanied her husband on a trip to Switzerland and Italy. One day, leaving the child at the home of their host in charge of his nurse, they went on a jaunt to view the sights of the Eternal City. Great was their surprise and sorrow, when they returned and learned that Roy had suddenly disappeared, and they immediately began a thorough search for him throughout the whole neighborhood. But all to no avail. Not a trace of the child could be found. It was supposed that Roy had been stolen by wandering gypsies, during a short absence of the maid while he was playing on the lawn near the street. Finally, as all their endeavors to locate the lost child had proved futile, the heartbroken parents returned to their now lonely home in America, where fresh crosses awaited them.

Some years later, when the sorrow of their great loss was gradually being forgotten under the sweet caresses of several other children with which Providence had blessed them, Mrs. Barton received another still more crushing blow in the sudden death of her husband and two oldest children, who were killed in a frightful wreck as they were returning from an excursion to New York.

Prostrate with grief over the terrible disaster, the poor woman now lived and toiled only for her youngest child, an invalid boy, whom she made the idol of her heart. For, in the midst of her trials and sorrows, she never sought for consolation from God in prayer. God had long since been banished from her soul, which sought its happiness only in the joys and riches of this world. Educated by over-indulgent parents to a life of frivolity and pleasure, she had never been very fervent in her religious practices, and her marriage to a non-Catholic young man of considerable wealth, did not serve to strengthen her religious principles. She had had her three oldest children baptized rather as a matter of form and good taste than from any sense of duty, but when Harvey, the youngest child, was born, she had drifted away altogether from her holy faith, and the boy grew up a civilized pagan, without ever hearing a word of God or religion.

It never entered Mrs. Barton's mind that God was, perhaps, overwhelming her with sorrows and trials to recall her to a sense of duty, and the continued illness of her darling boy, that seemed to increase with age, only served to harden her heart against the voice of conscience. Harvey was now about ten years old, and was growing weaker from day to day.

The physician had often recom-

mended the mild climate of the Pacific coast as the the only hope for the boy's recovery, but as the trip would entail much sacrifice and expense, and would mean the leaving of the old home and their many friends, Mrs. Barton had always deferred it to a later date. But now that the boy's life demanded the sacrifice, the devoted mother's mind was soon made up, and after settling her affairs in the eastern city, she and her invalid boy turned their faces westward.

It was a bright day when the travelers reached their journey's end. Sunshine flooded everything, birds sang in the trees, and flowers blossomed in wild profusion everywhere. The change was all the more welcome and surprising, since they had left their eastern home during a violent January blizzard. A few days later found them settled in a cozy, flower-covered bungalow overlooking the sea, where Harvey's oft expressed wish to pick oranges and flowers every day was at last fulfilled. The boy was more than contented with his new environments and never tired of talking of his plans for the future. But his mother's heart was heavy with dark forebodings, and she could hardly restrain her tears as she listened to his prattle and wondered how long he would be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of his new home.

To her great joy, however, Harvey's health began to improve visibly, and soon he was able to take short strolls with her along the shady streets, and on the grass-

covered foothills of the neighboring mountains. One day, after venturing farther than usual from home on their daily walk, they found themselves in front of one of California's venerable old missions. They recalled the pictures they had often seen of these historic buildings when still in their home in the far east, and they were delighted to behold at last the beautiful reality.

While they stood gazing in wonder at the time-worn mission and admiring its quaint architecture and massive proportions, a young Franciscan friar accosted them and enquired kindly whether they had been shown about the place. They replied in the negative, and assured him that they should be most grateful, if he would do them this favor. With his usual vivacity Harvey, who had never been in a Catholic church before, plied the friar with questions, and his mother greatly admired the patience and condescension with which the priest answered his young inquisitor. As they were about to take leave, Harvey grasped the priest's hand and exclaimed with childlike eagerness:

"Good bye, Father Ambrose, you'll come and see me some time, won't you? You're the first priest I ever saw, ain't he mother? Do priests also live out east in Pittsburgh? It's funny I never saw one before."

Mrs. Barton blushed deeply at this remark, but Father Ambrose, supposing that he was speaking with Protestants, laughed heartily as he assured the child that priests

could be found at least in all the larger cities and towns of the world, and that there were some twelve priests living in the old mission convent.

When he had finished speaking, Harvey was ready with another volley of questions, but his mother interposed, saying that they would soon pay Father Ambrose another visit and that he could then again propose questions to his heart's content.

Some weeks later, as Mrs. Barton was taking a stroll by herself in the cool of the evening, having left Harvey in the care of his nurse, she found herself again before the old mission church. Ever since speaking with the friendly friar, she had felt herself drawn more and more to the venerable old building where he dwelt, and where she and Harvey had since spent many a pleasant hour seated under its graceful arches and gazing dreamily out over the broad expanse of ocean, or walking quietly in the shadow of the pines in the sacred solitude of the mission cemetery.

As she stood on the church steps and looked down over the peaceful city, she became aware that services were being held within, and she experienced a sudden and quite unaccountable desire to enter and kneel again before the altar of Him whom she had long ago driven from her soul. She followed the impulse of grace and entered the church. Hardly had she seated herself in one of the rear pews, when a priest ascended the pulpit and began to address the assembled congrega-

tion.

Mrs. Barton at once recognized in the fine earnest face of the speaker and in his rich vibrant voice her newly found friend, Father Ambrose. She listened attentively to the thrilling eloquence of the young priest, as he described the love of the God-Man, who, not content with assuming human nature, sacrificed his very life to free man from sin and to obtain for him innumerable blessings from heaven. Tears filled her eyes, as the preacher assured his devout hearers that Christ's love for man had not diminished since the days he had walked the streets of Jerusalem, and that he was still ready to fulfill his loving promise: "Come ye all to me, who are burdened and heavily laden, and I will refresh you."

As he spoke, all the sorrows of her past life passed vividly before her mind's eye, her dormant conscience awoke, and she reproached herself bitterly that in all these tribulations, she had never breathed a prayer to the Divine Consoler of the afflicted. At the close of the sermon, she fell on her knees and bowing her head in her hands poured forth her troubled heart in prayer as she had never done before.

"I never should have thought," she soliloquized, as she hurried home after the services, "that a visit to a church would have given me any comfort. But ah! that soul-stirring sermon, and that admirable young priest!—Well, some mother surely must be proud of him!"

The following day, Harvey was



more irritable than usual.

"Mother," he said, "I want you to send for Father Ambrose. I know I'd feel better if he'd come and talk to me."

"But, my child," his mother objected, "Father Ambrose may not have time to come just now. I'm sure he has many things to keep him occupied."

"Well, then I'll die, I know I will, if he doesn't come, at least just for a little while," pouted the spoiled boy, and then he began to cry and thereby brought on a violent fit of coughing. Mrs. Barton became quite alarmed.

"Perhaps I'd better call up Father Ambrose, after all," she said to herself. "I'm sure he won't mind, when I explain matters."

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Barton," replied the priest over the telephone, in answer to her question, "I will be only too glad to do you and your invalid child this favor."

The sick boy's face brightened at once, when Father Ambrose entered the room and took a seat beside his bed, and he was soon laughing heartily over some comical stories which the priest knew so well how to narrate.

"You're the best part of California that I've seen," Harvey declared enthusiastically after Father Ambrose had answered another volume of his questions, "and I'd rather have you around than any chum I ever had. But, say, did they call you Father Ambrose when you were a kid like me? Is this the only name you've got?"

"Why, no, you little question

mark," laughingly responded the priest, "and it is perhaps a happy coincidence that my family name is the same as yours, Barton, Ambrose Barton."

"Oh, is that so?" commented the boy, his eyes dancing with delight over this piece of good news. "Then I suppose, when you were little they didn't call you Father Ambrose, but just Ambrose Barton."

"Well, no, when I was small they called me Roy—Roy Barton. I received the name Ambrose later," the priest explained.

While Father Ambrose and Harvey were busy talking, Mrs. Barton sat at the foot of the bed listening but silent. When the priest made the last remark, however, she started, and turned deadly pale.

"Why, Father Ambrose," she gasped faintly, "that was my oldest boy's name. Oh, tell me—tell me something about your early life!"

"With pleasure, Mrs. Barton," he said, wondering why she had suddenly become so interested in his past life. "But it will be a sad story and I am not wont to speak of it. My home was in Italy and I have been in this country but four years. My earliest recollections are of a beautiful home in the mountains of northern Italy, where I was brought up by a noble lady, whom for many years I supposed to be my mother. Although she had every luxury that riches could buy, and ruled as a queen in her mountain villa, still she was always melancholy, except when I was about. Then she seemed to forget her secret sorrows. After I had com-

pleted my elementary education under private tutors, I began the study of modern languages and the classics under the direction of a learned and saintly Franciscan friar, who lived in a lonely convent hidden among the rocks and pines not far distant from our villa. It was then that I began to conceive a great longing to become a friar like my venerable teacher. When I informed my mother of my resolve, she gladly supported me in my holy vocation, and I accordingly entered the Franciscan Order at the age of eighteen.

"Several years later," Father Ambrose continued, "my mother fell very ill, and when all hope of recovery had fled, she begged my superiors to permit me to visit her for the last time, as she had some very important communications to make to me. Imagine my astonishment, when the woman, whom I had loved and cherished with all a devoted child's tenderness and fidelity, informed me that I was not her child, and that she did not know who or where my mother was. Then she related with many tears and sobs, how as a young widow she had lost her only child by death, when he was but three years of age, and that she had never been able to recover from the terrible blow. One day, as she was walking in the garden of her beautiful but desolate home in the suburbs of Rome, bewailing her sad loss, a little tot, the exact image of her beloved Lorenzo, came toddling up the gravel path toward her. On seeing the smiling dark eyes and the raven curls of

the little stranger, she rushed toward the child, clasped him to her bosom and showered kisses on his laughing face.

"Then a wild and daring thought came to her mind. 'I'll keep him,' she thought, 'no one will know, for I will take him to my mountain home, where no one will think of searching for him.' It was a terrible resolve that obsessed the broken-hearted mother, but half crazed as she was with grief, she did not weigh the awful consequences of her act. Concealing me in an inner room, where she fêted me with sweets and toys, she at once made arrangements for a secret departure that same night. Taking a faithful old servant, who was deeply attached to her family, into her confidence, and dismissing all the other servants of her city home, she hastened with me to her summer villa in the mountains of northern Italy, and successfully eluded every effort made by my parents to recover their stolen child.

"She called me Lorenzo after her own child, and as none of the servants in the villa had seen him since he was a small baby, and had not heard of his death, no one doubted my identity. Thus I grew up, gladdening her mother's heart and filling the void caused by the death of her own child. But strive as she would, she could never stifle the voice of conscience, which left her no rest day or night. During the day she was in constant fear that her secret would be discovered, and at night her sleep was haunted with dreams depicting the grief in-

to which her theft had plunged my poor parents, and she imagined she could hear their cries of anguish and malediction.

"When death at length drew near, she could bear it no longer, and, as I have already related, she sent for me and told me all. The only clew she possessed to my identity was a small gold ring that I had worn on that fateful day, and which bore the inscription, 'Roy Barton from Mother.' "

Mrs. Barton, who had been listening with breathless interest to the priest's story, now gave a muffled cry and fell fainting from her chair. Harvey's nurse, who was sitting in the next room, was at her side in an instant and placed her limp form on a couch. Recovering consciousness after a few minutes, the woman begged the priest's pardon for her weakness, and then related how she had lost her own darling Roy while on a visit to Rome, and had never heard of him since.

"Have you the ring yet, Father Ambrose," she asked nervously.

"Yes, Mrs. Barton," replied the priest, "and I carry it constantly with me as the only remembrance I have of my poor dear mother. See, here it is," he continued, as he took a small gold band from his pocket and handed it to her.

"My God!" exclaimed the woman, moved to the very depths of her soul, "it's the very ring I bought for Roy

on the eve of our departure for Europe. O, Father Ambrose, you are my child, and I am your mother!"

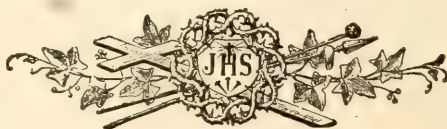
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On the following Sunday morning, a woman and her son were seen to enter the old mission church and occupy seats well to the front. The venerable building was decked as usual with gorgeous bouquets of flowers and potted ferns and palms, and the antique altars glowed with the light of many candles. But the eyes of the two worshippers were fixed not on the flowers nor on the candles nor on the paintings that covered the walls, but on the celebrant at the altar—a young priest of fine figure and features, and gifted with a mellow penetrating voice that seemed to carry the listener to the very throne of the Most High.

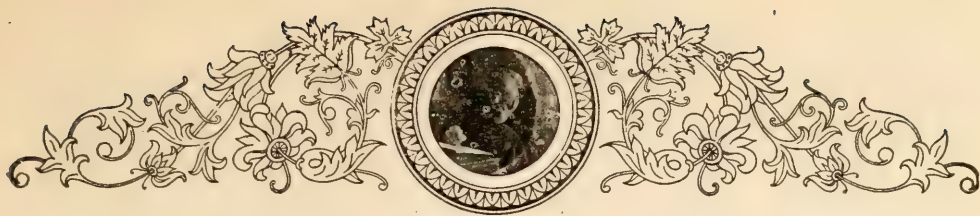
As he entered the pulpit to address words of truth and unction to the faithful, the boy grasped his mother's arm and whispered:

"Oh, mother, doesn't Father Ambrose look just grand? And ain't I glad he's my big brother."

But the woman only smiled at the child's remark, while in her heart she fervently thanked a merciful Providence for restoring together with her long lost boy the far greater treasure of her long lost faith and inward peace.







## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—The approbation of the Sacred Congregation of Rites has been obtained to introduce the cause of beatification of the celebrated university professor Contardo Ferrini. The servant of God was a fervent Tertiary and well knew how to combine profound learning with solid piety. In like manner, the Holy Father has approved the introduction of the cause of 106 priests who suffered glorious martyrdom for the faith during the French Revolution. Among their number we find the name of Rev. Fr. Apollinaris Morel, O. M. cap.—

The children of St. Francis will rejoice to hear that the cause of the canonization of the Blessed Jean-Marie Vianney, Curate of Ars, has again been taken up. The holy priest was a devout Tertiary of St. Francis.—

His Eminence Cardinal Diomede Falconio, O.F.M., has been appointed protector of the venerable Confraternity of the Servants of Jesus on Calvary.—

Rt. Rev. Fr. Nicholas Rotoli, O. F. M., whose elevation to the episcopal dignity was announced in the last issue of the *Franciscan Herald*, entered the Order of Friars Minor in 1885, at the age of sixteen. He was invested by His Eminence Cardinal Diomede Falconio, O.F.M., at the time provincial of the Franciscans in the Abruzzi. Shortly after his elevation to the holy priesthood, Fr. Nicholas was sent by his superiors to Rome, to take an advanced course in philosophy at the interna-

tional Franciscan College of St. Antony. After spending seven years in Sicily, where he taught the Franciscan clerics philosophy, the learned and zealous priest returned to his home province, and in 1907 he was entrusted with the important office of provincial. At the time of his appointment to the dioceses of Isernia and Vonafrò, Fr. Nicholas was Custos of the Province.

**Rimini, Italy.**—On March 24, 25, and 26, a solemn triduum was held in the church of Our Lady of Grace, near Rimini, to obtain peace among the warring nations through the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin. The zealous Tertiaries of the city took the initiative in this crusade of prayer. On March 27, they had a solemn Requiem celebrated for the souls of the soldiers who had fallen on the battlefields of the present war.

**Pesaro, Italy.**—On April 10, Rev. Fr. Settimio Zimarino, O.F.M., directed the production of his sacred cantata "The Death of Jesus" before a large audience at the Liceo Rossini in Pesaro. The cantata composed by the youthful Franciscan musician is arranged for soloists, choir, and orchestra.

**Schwaz, Tyrol.**—The well known German poetess Cordula Peregrina (Mrs. C. Schmid, née Woehler) recently passed to her eternal reward. During the seventy-one years of her earthly career, the gifted woman achieved great things in behalf of religious literature. She was a zealous Tertiary of St. Fran-

cis. Many a poem from her pen breathes the spirit of the Seraphic Saint.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—On Pentecost Sunday, Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., a missionary of China, was the guest of the Fathers of St. Peter's Church. He preached at all the holy Masses, making a touching appeal in behalf of the Chinese missions, for which he was sent by his bishop to collect funds. The faithful responded most generously. He again preached in the afternoon at 3.00 p. m., to the German Tertiaries at their monthly meeting. The Tertiaries, as true children of St. Francis, gave most liberally to this worthy cause. Fr. Juniper was highly pleased with the cordial welcome he received at St. Peter's.—Our two English Fraternities have decided to offer to Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago a free scholarship of \$2500.00 for his Quigley Preparatory Seminary. This amount the Tertiaries have volunteered to collect during the present year. It will be a lasting monument to their generosity. The scholarship will be known as "St. Francis Free Scholarship of the Third Order."

**West Park, Ohio.**—On May 1, Very Rev. Fr. Rudolph, O.F.M., provincial superior of Cincinnati, honored us with a visit. He arrived just in time to take part in the celebration of the Saint's day of Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., definitor of our province and professor of moral theology in the local monastery. In the evening, the large community assembled in Scotus Hall, where the clerics rendered a very interesting program. They offered their lector and instructor cheery good wishes in nine different languages; viz., English, German, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Hungarian, French, Greek, and Hebrew. Equally heartfelt were the words of thanks, which Fr. Philip addressed to the happy gath-

ering.

**Harbor Springs, Mich.**—Owing to a lack of funds, the Indian school was forced to close prematurely on June 1. There were 240 on the roll from September to June. Of these, 120 were boarders. Seventeen were baptized; eighty-six were confirmed, and of these, eleven were converts. Forty-five made their first Communion during the year. They received on an average, five instructions a week. They frequented the sacraments, and by their diligence and good behavior caused us much joy. At present, scarcely thirty make their home with us for the summer vacation. Many repairs must be made, especially in the boiler room.

**Washington, D. C.**—The Capuchin Fathers of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have purchased four acres of land near the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., with the intention of building thereon a house of studies. The site chosen is the highest part of Harewood Road, just beyond the College of the Holy Cross.

**Spokane, Wash.**—The splendid new edifice which has just been completed and which is to serve the combined purpose of church and school for the St. Francis parish recently established here by the Franciscan Fathers, was solemnly dedicated by Rt. Rev. Augustine F. Schinner, D. D., before a large and representative gathering of people from all parts of the city. After the psalms and litany were chanted during the procession around and through the church, his Lordship celebrated pontifical High Mass, assisted by Rev. James Brogan, president of Gonzaga University, and Rev. Fr. Seraphin, O.F.M., of Portland, Oregon, as deacons of honor; Rev. J. A. Faust and Rev. George Bailey, S. J., were deacon and subdeacon of the Mass, while Rev. Fr. Julius,



O.F.M., served as master of ceremonies. Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., provincial superior of the Order of Friars Minor on the Pacific coast, took part in the services as arch-priest and preached the dedication sermon. He interpreted the spirit of the occasion and brought home to his hearers the deep significance of the house of God for the Catholic worshiper. Bishop Schinner then made a short address congratulating pastor and people on the success of their noble efforts as evidenced by the durable and serviceable building which their faithful cooperation succeeded in putting up within so short a time. The music for the occasion was masterfully rendered by the parish choir under the personal direction of Rev. Fr. Burchard, O.F.M., pastor of the new church.

**Milwaukee, Wis.**—The fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was honored in the month of May with a canonical visitation by Very Rev. Provincial Antonine Wilmer, O.M.Cap. The visitation opened with a meeting of the board of officers, Tuesday, May 2, Very Rev. Provincial presiding. In a few well chosen words, he explained the expediency of good organization in the Third Order, and showed the importance and duties of the officers for the furtherance of a well organized fraternity. During the course of the meeting, he viewed with interest the proceedings of the board, commenting on one or the other point as the meeting progressed.

At the regular monthly meeting, Sunday, May 7, at 3.30 p. m., the visitation of all the members of the fraternity took place, Very Rev. Provincial conducting the services as prescribed in the ceremonial of the Third Order. In his exhortation, the words of the Gospel of that Sunday, "I am the good shepherd; and I know mine, and mine

know me," were appropriately applied to the object of his visit; he had come in the capacity of shepherd to visit his flock, that he might know them, and they him, and hearing the voice of their shepherd might abide by it. Having thus clearly explained the object of the visitation, he exhorted the Tertiaries to foster in their hearts the true spirit of the Third Order which is the spirit of the first Christians: the spirit of penance, of prayer, and of unity, that thus equipped they might be able to exercise a greater influence in leading others to this holy state. To this end, regular attendance at the meetings and reading of Tertiary literature were recommended. After the sermon, General Absolution and Papal Benediction were given, and with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the visitation was brought to a close. Opportunity was given the members to call in person on Very Rev. Provincial during the following days.

This being the first visitation ever held in our fraternity, our Tertiaries were in expectancy. The large attendance and the lively interest and good will shown at the meeting, and especially the encouraging words of Very Rev. Provincial give the best hopes that the fraternity will reap abundant fruit from the visitation.

In the preceding week, the visitation of the German branch of the fraternity took place in very much the same way.

**Pala Mission, Cal.**—Hundreds of the Mission Indians from the various reservations under the Pala Agency assembled at the Pala Mission on Sunday, June 4, to attend the solemn High Mass and witness the ceremony of the dedication of the restored campanile and the blessing of the memorial tablet which now graces the new struc-



ture. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Andrew, O.F.M. The choir composed of Indian girls sang Wuerth's mass in splendid style. After Mass, the ceremonies of dedication were performed at the new campanile. Thereupon, Dr. George Wharton James delivered an address in which he complimented Rev. George Doyle, pastor of the mission, and paid a splendid tribute to the early Franciscan missionaries of California, especially to Padre Peyri, who founded the mission a hundred years ago.

**Teutopolis, Ill.**—On Wednesday, June 21, St. Francis Church was again the scene of solemn and impressive ceremonies. Nine young men, of whom two belong to the Commissariat of the Holy Land in Washington, D. C., were invested with the habit of the Order of Friars Minor. Very Rev. Fr. Samuel Macke, O.F.M., Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province, officiated at the solemn High Mass, which began at 8.30 o'clock. He was assisted by Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., Rector of St. Joseph's College, as arch-priest, and by Rev. FF. Linus and Giles as deacon and sub-deacon. Rel. Fr. Bertrand, O.F.M., acted as master of ceremonies. The singing was ably rendered by the college choir. After Mass, Fr. Provincial addressed the candidates. In a few well chosen words, he pointed out to them the importance of the step they were about to take and exhorted them to put their whole trust in Him who had called them to his service in the Order of St. Francis. Thereupon the ceremonies of investment took place. The names by which the newly invested clerics will henceforth be known in religion are: Fr. Dominic (Robert Limacher), Fr. Clement (Joseph Martin), Fr. Pius (Louis Vogel), Fr. Paschal (Francis Kinsel), Fr. Maximilian (Antony Klotzbucher), Fr. Fidelis (Paul Hatch),

Fr. Casimir (John Wisniewski), Fr. Peter (Joseph Curtis), Fr. Robert (John Schmitt).

Five Tertiary lay Brothers were received into the First Order on the same occasion. They were: Br. Felix, Br. Francis, Br. Antony, all of the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Br. Hugoline, and Br. Anselm. Mr. Frederick Hecker was invested in the habit of the Third Order Regular and will henceforth be known as Br. Antony.

Rev. Fr. Christopher, O.F.M., of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, Ill., had conducted the spiritual retreat for the novices and candidates, and was present at the ceremonies of investment and profession.

After the ceremonies in church, the newly invested repaired to the convent where they received the congratulations of the Fathers and Brothers of the monastery and college and of their former fellow students.

On the following morning at 6 o'clock the novices of the past year made their simple vows. At 8.30 o'clock they took part in the beautiful Corpus Christi procession held at St. Joseph's College and then spent a few hours with their former fellow students in St. Joseph's College. It was a happy gathering, and no doubt awakened in the heart of many a student a longing for the day when he, too, will be numbered among the sons of St. Francis. The *Franciscan Herald* extends to all the newly invested and newly professed its heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

**Joliet, Ill.**—On Sunday, June 18, two newly ordained priests of our province, Rev. Fathers Antony and Emanuel, celebrated their first holy Mass. The day was one of rejoicing and thanksgiving for their relatives and friends. Rev. Fr. Antony celebrated at 9 o'clock in St. John's Church. The neo-presbyter

is a child of this parish. His brother, Rev. Fr. Vitus, O.F.M., assisted as arch-priest and preached the festal sermon. Revs. FF. Valerius and Martin, O.F.M., acted as deacon and subdeacon of the Mass, while Rev. Fr. Bernard, O.F.M., rector of the parish, and Rev. Fr. Augustine, O.F.M., were masters of ceremonies.

Rev. Fr. Emanuel said his first holy Mass in the beautiful chapel of the academy of the Sisters of St. Francis, this city. Rev. Fr. Eugene, O.F.M., assisted as arch-priest. Deacon and subdeacon of the Mass were Revs. FF. Theodule and Lambert, O.F.M., while Rev. Fr.

Alexius, O.F.M., acted as master of ceremonies. The sermon for the occasion was preached by Rev. Fr. Polycarp, O.F.M. Besides the mother and four sisters of Fr. Emanuel, three of whom belong to the community of the Sisters of St. Francis, many relatives and friends were present, as also the children of the local orphanage.

**Peoria, Ill.**—Ground was broken recently in this city for St. Mark's Hall, where girls who have no home in Peoria, will receive board and lodging at the lowest rates. The home will be in charge of the Sisters of St. Francis from the convent of the Immaculate Conception.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

So many events call for notice in the college notes this month, that we shall have to content ourselves with the bare mention of some of them. On the evening of May 20, the Rev. Rector's Latin class (II Collegiate) gave a unique entertainment, consisting for the most part of famous Latin speeches delivered in appropriate costumes and with stage settings in keeping with the nature of the piece. The Latin speeches were "Alexander to his Soldiers" and "Poenus' Reply to Alexander," the first by C. Koerber, the second by H. Wellner; "Scipio to his Soldiers" by H. Pinger; and the first oration of Cicero against Catiline by F. Kiefer. The speeches were so well got by heart and delivered, and the historic setting so happily imitated that they were enjoyed even by those that could not understand them.

Monday, May 22, the day of the annual spring outing to Bishop—a

church and school-house eight miles from college—was a day of rain and sunshine, tears and smiles. Previous showers had made the prospects of an outing on Monday very doubtful, and a heavy rainfall on Sunday night washed the last hopes completely away. When it was announced, then, Monday morning that there would be no outing, but that a picnic of some sort would be held in the gymnasium instead, there was a sudden epidemic of gloomy faces and a strong suspicion of tears in the eyes of some of the junior students, who had never yet tasted the glorious fun of an outing except in their dreams. Fortunately word came from Bishop in the course of the morning, that very little rain had fallen there; and when the boys learned that the trip should still be made, they fell to shouting in a manner that might have surprised even the delegates to a national convention. Needless to say, the outing was heartily enjoyed, and not the less so for having come somewhat unexpectedly at the last.



A very interesting meeting of the college branch of the Third Order was held March 18, when the following new officers were installed: J. Maloney, Prefect; H. Wellner, Secretary; R. Zwiesler, Librarian; and A. Glauber, Instructor of Novices. A new feature of the installation ceremonies were the addresses held by the outgoing and the incoming Prefect. The former, Robert Limacher, made a survey of the growth and activity of the Third Order here during his six years at college; the latter emphasized the propriety of increasing the missionary fund established last winter, and urged the continuance of the praiseworthy custom of furnishing the oil for the lamp before the relic of the Holy Cross. Before the departure of the graduating class, the college branch numbered fifty-seven Tertiaries.—In the course of the year sixty new books were added to the Tertiaries' library.

On May 17, the graduating class had its picnic at the home of one of the class-members near Altamont; May 31 was Field Day; and June 11, Commencement Day. The Commencement exercises were as follows:

Overture Comique .....	Keler-Bela
College Orchestra	
"Oratio a Godefredo Bouillonensi pro moenibus Hierosolymorum ad mili- tes habita" .....	Robert Limacher
Intermezzo—"Cavalleria Rusticana" ..	P. Mascagni
Clarinet Solo:—	Joseph Martin
"Was bewundere ich am Dichter Shakespeare?" .....	John Schmitt
The Sweet Church Bells (Two Part Chorus) .....	Franz Abt
Class Choir	
Valedictory .....	Joseph Martin
Sarabande .....	Carl Bohm
Violin Solo:—	John Schmitt
Address to Graduates and Conferring of Degrees .....	Rev. Rector
Waltz from "The Tyrolean" .....	C. Zeller

The degree A. B. was awarded to Antony Klotzbucher, Robert Limacher, Joseph Martin, John Schmitt, and Louis Vogel. On the afternoon of the day after Com-

mencement, the seven members of the graduating class entered the local Franciscan monastery. An account of their clothing on June 21 may be found elsewhere in this issue.

A solemn Requiem was celebrated in the college chapel, June 20, for the repose of the soul of Father Michael Richardt, O.F.M., who died recently in California. Father Michael was rector of this institution from 1882 till 1891, and during that time he more than doubled the size of the college. He built successively the west wing that contains at present the boys' dining room, the sick room, the juniors' dormitory and the office rooms of *Franciscan Herald*; then the eastern wing containing the study hall and the dramatic hall, the latter named from his patron, St. Michael's; and finally the spacious gymnasium. We of St. Joseph's surely have reason to be grateful to Father Michael, if for nothing else than for the buildings he erected; and we should therefore gladly say a prayer daily for some time for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace!

The so-called closing exercises, June 22, which marked the last gathering of the students in St. Michael's Hall before their departure, consisted of the following literary and musical program:

The Swallows (Waltz) .....	Chueca y Valverde
College Orchestra	
The Painter of Seville (Recitation) ..	Susan Wilson
Francis Fosselman	
Come, let us wander (Four Part Chorus) .....	V. E. Becker
College Choir	
The Owl Critic (Recitation) .....	James T. Fields
Ralph Patterson	
The Last of the Red Men (Recitation) ..	W. C. Bryant
Carl Pfeilschifter	
The Just Man (Recitation) .....	Giles
Henry Bene	
Trara! (Four Part Chorus) .....	C. F. Adam
College Choir	
Farewell Address .....	H. Pinger
National Fencibles (March) .....	J. P. Sousa
College Orchestra	
Distributing of Testimonials .....	Rev. Rector



As the *Herald* goes to press, the last merry peal of laughter and the last joyous cheer of the departing students have died on our ears, and we can but call to them in the parting words of their General Prefect at the closing exercises: "God be with you and with us all until we meet again!"

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

The fifty-sixth scholastic year closed on June 14 with appropriate exercises. In the classical department the degree of master of arts was conferred on Lawrence Winking, Leopold Tibesar, Thomas Muleady, Bernard Brueggemann, Michael G. Schmeing, and William Connell, while John Franz, Henry Aydt, Joseph Orlet, and Nicholas Schneider received the degree of bachelor of arts. Lawrence Winking recited the class poem and Michael G. Schmeing delivered the valedictory. In the commercial department, Victor Dillon and John Wachtel were awarded the degree of master of accounts, and P. J. Hampel, Geo. Holvey, John Marchand, John Radigan, August Rechner, August Steffensmeier, and Theo P. W. Simmons obtained commercial diplomas. A diploma in typewriting was received by Clarence Hermeling. Victor Dillon read a paper on "Corporations" and Mr. Staunton Boudreau, '08, an attorney at law of Quincy, delivered the baccalaureate address to the graduates. The exercises were enlivened by several excellent musical numbers, that were greatly appreciated.

The following alumni of our college were recently raised to the holy priesthood: Lawrence Wand, '11, Lucius Mortimer, '11, and Clarus Ries, '06-'07, at St. Francis, Wis., William Hoff, '12, at Mt. St. Mary's, Cincinnati, O., and William

Sloan, '13, at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.

During the past year, twenty-two of our alumni attended the Kenrick Seminary and reflected no little honor on their Alma Mater, report having it that "our boys" ranked among the first in Latin, first in oratory, and first in conduct. Be this as it may, William Sloan was chosen to represent the student body of Kenrick Seminary at the recent solemn dedication ceremonies of this great institution.

### OBITUARY

#### Santa Barbara, Cal., Old Mission:

Rev. Fr. Michael Richardt, O.F.M.

#### Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity:

Mary Joyce, novice.

#### St. Louis Fraternity:

James B. Walsh, Bro. Joseph,

Mary Gallagher, Sr. Christina,

Bridget Jones, Sr. Josepha,

Mary A. Gibbons, Sr. Catherine.

#### German Fraternity:

Carolina Mirowski, Sr. Clara,

Anna Porozel, Sr. Teresa,

Johanna Robokowski, Sr. Veronica

#### Joliet, Ill.:

Henry Eichenlauer, Bro. Engelbert,

Marg. Hennessy, Sr. Elizabeth,

E. Schneider, Sr. Teresa.

#### Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:

Anna Hoeping, Sr. Mary,

Louise Raible, Sr. Antonia.

#### Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:

Ignatius Meis, Bro. Elzearius,

Teresa Petzl, Sr. Frances.

#### Washington, Mo.:

Elizabeth Sullentrup, Sr. Ludovica.

#### Oakland, Cal.:

Peter Gallant,

Elizabeth Mary Gallant.

#### Superior, Wis.:

Josephine Frederick, Sr. Mary Dolores.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE  
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD

JULY, 1916.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Sat.	Feast of the Most Precious Blood.—Octave of the feast of St. John the Baptist.
2	Sun.	<b>3rd Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.—SS. Processus and Martinianus, Martyrs. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
3	Mon.	St. Juliana, Virgin.
4	Tues.	Sixth day within the octave of SS. Peter and Paul.
5	Wed.	St. Antony Mary Zaccaria, Confessor.
6	Thur.	Octave of the feast of SS. Peter and Paul.
7	Fri.	St. Lawrence of Brindisi, Confessor of the First Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
8	Sat.	St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Widow of the Third Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
9	Sun.	<b>4th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —SS. Nicholas of Gorcum and his Companions, Martyrs of the First Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
10	Mon.	The Seven Brothers and their Mother Felicitas, Martyrs.
11	Tues.	St. Veronica, Virgin of the Second Order.—St. Pius I, Pope, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
12	Wed.	St. John Walbert, Abbot, Confessor.
13	Thur.	St. Anacleto, Pope, Martyr.
14	Fri.	St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Doctor of the Church, Confessor of the First Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
15	Sat.	Feast of the Most Holy Sepulcher.—Bl. Angeline, Widow of the Third Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
16	Sun.	<b>5th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
17	Mon.	St. Alexius, Confessor.
18	Tues.	Bl. Simon of Lypnica, Confessor of the First Order.—SS. Symphorosa and Companions, Martyrs.
19	Wed.	Bl. John, Confessor of the First Order.
20	Thur.	St. Jerome, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.—St. Margaret, Virgin, Martyr.
21	Fri.	Octave of the feast of St. Bonaventure.—St. Praxedes, Virgin.
22	Sat.	St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent.
23	Sun.	<b>6th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Apollinaris, Bishop, Martyr.—St. Liborius, Bishop, Confessor.
24	Mon.	St. Francis Solano, Confessor of the First Order.—St. Christina, Virgin, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
25	Tues.	St. James the Greater, Apostle.—St. Christopher, Martyr.
26	Wed.	St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
27	Thur.	Bl. Cunegundes, Virgin of the Second Order.—St. Pantaleon, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
28	Fri.	SS. Nazarius and Companions, Martyrs.—Bl. Nevolon, Confessor of the Third Order.
29	Sat.	St. Martha, Virgin.—SS. Felix and Companions, Martyrs
30	Sun.	<b>7th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.—SS. Abdon and Sennen, Martyrs.
31	Mon.	St. Ignatius of Loyola, Confessor.

**Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:** 1) Every Tuesday, if after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Orders, or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and there pray for the intention of the Pope.

2) Once every month, on any suitable day. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3) On the day of the monthly meeting. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4) On the first Saturday of every month. *Conditions:* Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.







The Death of the Blessed Virgin

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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NO. 8

## St. Louis, King

**A** kingly diadem gleams on his brow,  
A mighty nation at his word obeys,  
Yet love of glory does not taint his soul,  
To Heaven's Lord he humbly homage pays.

With eager spirit treads he in the steps  
Of sweet Saint Francis; wears the humble gown  
Of penance, which he deems more precious far  
Than royal purple or the jeweled crown.

A dauntless knight without reproach or fear,  
An honor to the holy Brotherhood,  
He rules his subjects as a father kind,  
A sovereign meek, merciful, and good.—

Let high and low his virtues imitate,  
And soon shall vanish war and strife and hate.

—Catherine M. Hays, Tertiary

## ST. ROCH OF MONTPELLIER

### OF THE THIRD ORDER

AUGUST 17

**I**N times of great calamity, we instinctively turn to someone for aid and protection. Thus the plague-stricken of all countries have, for many centuries, raised their suppliant hands to St. Roch, and the countless miraculous cures he has wrought are ample proof of his powerful intercession with God.

His father, John, the governor of Montpellier, in France, and Libera, his mother, both of noble blood, were already advanced in age and had no children. They prayed incessantly to Heaven, to obtain not so much an heir to their immense fortune, as a fervent disciple of Jesus Christ. At last their prayer was granted. The child was named Roch. On his breast a red cross was deeply marked, an unequivocal sign of his future sanctity.

Roch was barely twenty years old when he lost his father and mother. "Before all things," spoke his dying father, "devote yourself to the service of God. Be the stay of the widow and the orphan, and of all those in misfortune. Above all, keep yourself from avarice, the source of all kinds of sins. Be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; be the father of the poor, and know that in employing the property, which I leave you, in works of mercy, you will be blessed of God and men."

Accordingly, the young man,

whose heart was set on the things of Heaven, gave up his principality to his uncle, sold his possessions, distributed the price to the poor, and, putting on a pilgrim's humble habit, went to Rome on foot to visit the tomb of the Apostles. It was on this occasion probably that our Saint received the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, which he afterwards constantly wore.

A plague was making fearful ravages at that time in Italy. At Aquapendente, Roch offered his services at the hospital of St. John, which was full of the plague-stricken. He was admitted and sacrificed himself wholly for the sick. He traced on the forehead of each the sign of the cross, and large numbers were immediately cured.

To escape honors, he left Aquapendente secretly, and then visited town after town, province after province, everywhere signaling himself with the same devotedness and charity and humility, everywhere staying the terrible scourge by the power of his countless miracles.

One night, at the hospital of Piacenza, when he was worn out with fatigue, he threw himself on a pallet to take a little rest; and he heard a voice, which said to him, "Roch, my son, you have borne many fatigues for my sake; now, for love of Me, you must suffer also



great pains in your body." The Saint awoke and felt the most acute pains. Having assisted so many victims of the plague, he was at last struck down by the same malady. The sufferings were so severe that he could not suppress his groans. Sick people arrived every day at the hospital, taking the place of those whom the Saint had cured; and, being disturbed by the groans of the servant of God, they grumbled and begged him to stop his cries and to bear his sufferings with patience.

The sighs of the Saint were no sign of want of patience, but only the involuntary effect of his intense sufferings. Not wishing to be a burden to the other sick, Roch summoned up all his strength, rose from his pallet, and went out, dragging himself painfully along with the help of a stick. When he reached the street, he sank on the ground in an agony of pain. The conduct of the Saint then appeared to have been prompted by insanity; and God permitted that, notwithstanding all the good he had done in the town, he should be driven away as a madman.

With great difficulty, Roch dragged himself along to a hut in a neighboring forest. There he hum-



St. Roch Curing the Sick

bly raised his eyes to heaven and prayed. And God, who never forsakes those who trust in Him, heard his prayer. A gentle rain began to fall near the door of the hut and formed a little stream. Roch quenched his thirst, washed his wounds, and alleviated for a time his racking pains.

Not far from his retreat lived a gentleman, named Gothard, a rich and God-fearing man. One day,

his dog cleverly carried off the bread he had in his hand. This happened several days in succession. Finally, Gothard determined to follow the dog to see what he did with the food. The animal, guided by the hand of God, made his way to the forest, and put down the bread at the feet of Roch, who, in exchange, gave the dog his blessing. Touched by grace, Gothard offered his services to the Saint. The two lived together for some time, encouraging each other by holy conversations, and devoting themselves to prayer and the practice of penance.

The plague still raged at Piacenza. Though not thoroughly recovered, Roch returned to the unfortunate people, visited the sick in the hospital and in the town, and restored them to health with the sign of the cross. At sunset, he retired to his hut in the forest. Then all the wild beasts, which were also stricken by the plague, came to the Saint, and by their suppliant postures asked him to cure him. He blessed them and they went away cured.\*

Soon after this, he received a command from God to return to his native country. War was then desolating the south of France. When Roch arrived at Montpellier, he was not recognized, but was arrested as a spy and, by the express command of the governor, his uncle, was cast into a dungeon. One word would have sufficed to disclose his identity to his uncle; but, like St. Alexis, he preferred an obscure

and despised life to the honors due his noble birth.

The Saint bore the horrors of his prison with unshaken constancy for five long years, persevering in prayer and works of penance. When he felt his end was near, he called for a priest. The latter, on entering, beheld the dungeon supernaturally lighted up; and no sooner had St. Roch expired, after receiving the last sacraments, than his sanctity was manifested by other prodigies. Angels gave forth sweet melodies, his body was surrounded with rays of glory and diffused a sweet perfume. By his side was found a tablet on which an angel had written, in letters of gold, the name of Roch and the consoling promise, "I announce to all those who, being attacked by the plague, even of the most terrible kind, shall have recourse to the protection of Roch, that they shall be delivered from it."

The governor, being informed of all this, hastened to the prison. With indescribable emotion he threw himself on the body of his nephew, reproached himself with his cruelty toward him, and begged his pardon. The Saint was given a magnificent funeral. A church was built to receive his tomb, and God justified by miracles the devotion which the faithful paid to his servant. St. Roch is believed to have been thirty-two years of age at the time of his death, which occurred about the year 1327. His cult was approved by Urban VIII.

\*Hence the custom in certain places of blessing domestic animals and flocks on the feast of St. Roch, and of having recourse to him in time of murrain.



## CROSS AND CROWN

*By Fr. Maximus, O.F.M.**(Concluded)*

ON February 1, 1597, the band of holy Martyrs reached Crazou, about forty miles distant from Nagasaki. Here they were met by Fazamburo, the governor of the province, whom the Emperor had commissioned with the execution of the prisoners. The governor saluted the Jesuit Father, Paul Miki, with whom he was personally acquainted, expressing his regret at the painful duty he was obliged to carry out.

## Youthful Apologists

The Martyrs proceeded to Nagasaki, singing hymns of praise. Particularly the youthful voices of the three boys rang out above those of their elders, so as to move even the governor to pity. They attracted his attention by the fervor with which they joined in the singing of the hymns, and by the manner in which they recited aloud the Our Father and the Hail Mary. Struck with awe at this unusual sight, Fazamburo exclaimed, "How is it possible that children so young should have such a thirst for sacrifice? What sort of a religion is this that changes little children into heroes?" Unfortunately, the pagan was incapable of understanding the heroic love of God, which is one of the most striking proofs of the divinity of the Christian religion.

By all manner of suggestions and promises he tried to persuade the boys to yield, but his efforts

seemed only to make them the more determined to carry out their heroic resolution. Little Thomas kept close to his father, St. Michael Cosaqui, and answered the governor, "My lot is bound up with that of my father; I owe to him this mortal life, and with him I shall leave it for a better life in heaven."

Louis was not less courageous. When the officer sought to win the boy by promises and flattery, the little hero only turned his back upon him, saying, "What shame would this bring on me in this world and especially in the next! Keep your riches to yourself. I want no riches but those of heaven. I ask nothing of you; I am satisfied with my lot. I am a disciple of Fr. Peter and shall do as he bids me." These words gave the governor the assurance that Peter Baptist would use his influence with the child, and to this end he pleaded with the Saint.

"Will you allow him," Peter asked, "to live according to the law of Christ?"

"I cannot promise that," was the answer. Then, without giving the Saint time to reply, Louis interposed, "I will never accept my life on such a condition." The officer and a bonze, who had come to try his arts of persuasion on the lad, had to withdraw, put to shame by the courageous words of the youthful apologist.

Little Antony was reserved for





From Cross to Crown

the greatest temptation, in so far as it came from his own parents. With tears in their eyes they besought him to quit the company in which he was, and to have pity on their gray hairs. "It is quite right," they pleaded, "that you should die for Christ; an opportunity for martyrdom will present itself later if you desire it."

"See you not," returned Antony, "that if I now lose the palm of martyrdom, it is very uncertain whether I shall be able to win it later?" Saying this, he took off his blue tunic and laid it at the

feet of his parents. "This is yours, I return it to you with all my heart." He kept on only the little brown Franciscan habit which Brother Gonsalvo had made for him and which he usually wore underneath his outer garments. Finally, addressing words of encouragement worthy of a far older person, he begged his parents' benediction. At the parting words of the boy to his parents, a cry of astonishment arose from the lips of the bystanders. His parents, ashamed of their weakness as compared to their son's courage, blessed the boy and made of him a voluntary offering to God. "O son, dear

pledge of our tender love, go to thy God. But when thou art in heaven, remember those whom thou hast left exiles and pilgrims in this wretched world." Thus ended this touching scene, worthy in every way of the golden age of the early martyrs.

#### To the Mount of Martyrs

On the morning of February 4, the cortege halted outside the city of Nagasaki. Fazamburo issued orders that the execution should take place on the following day, forbidding at the same time under penalty of death anyone to leave

the city or meet the condemned men at the place of execution. For this purpose he had numerous guards stationed at the city gates.

The spot chosen for the martyrdom was the summit of a hill, close to the sea and overlooking the city. Twenty-six crosses were erected; six in the center for the Spanish Franciscans, the remaining twenty for the Japanese. Since this illustrious martyrdom, the spot is known as the Mount of Martyrs, or the Holy Hill.

The precautions of the Emperor proved vain. When the news was announced that the Martyrs were approaching, all the people, heathen as well as Christian, besieged the city gates. All attempts of the soldiers at blocking the way with drawn swords broke down before the surging mass of humanity; like a torrent that had burst its banks, the multitude drove back the guards and escorted the Martyrs in triumph to the Holy Hill. Seldom have monarchs been accorded a more imposing, courageous, and spontaneous manifestation of honor than these condemned men received.

The Christians knelt down at their feet, imploring their blessing and a kind remembrance when they should have entered upon their reign with Jesus Christ. Some brought with them linens or kerchiefs to soak up the Martyrs' blood; while several Portuguese merchants brought along wine and provisions, begging the friars to partake of them. Fr. Peter gratefully accepted these gifts, giving his benefactors the assurance that he

would remember their kindness before the throne of God.

On ascending the Mount of Martyrs, Fr. Peter Baptist addressed words of encouragement and consolation to his followers, saying: "We have fought the good fight, finished our course, and kept the faith; and now we see the crown of justice which will shortly be placed on our brows by a just Judge, for whose love we are about to die." To those words the Martyrs answered Amen.

On seeing how joyfully the holy men walked to death, Fazamburo expressed his surprise to Fr. Peter. The Saint explained to him that in order to understand the secret of their calm, he must himself be a Christian; since the idolaters are incapable of penetrating into the mysteries of the Christian religion, or of appreciating the true worth of a reward unseen by corporeal eyes.

On their way to Nagasaki, St. Paul Miki, S. J., wrote to his superior, requesting him to send a Father who would say Mass and give Holy Communion to all the Confessors of Christ before they went to martyrdom. "It is wonderful," he writes, "and almost miraculous, that I and my companions, Diego and John, have been condemned to die for the love of Jesus together with the sons of St. Francis, who alone were named in the sentence of death. To die by the side, and under the shadow of these holy men, is the most precious grace that God our Lord could have granted us." Accordingly, on the



morning of the martyrdom, Fathers John Rodriguez and Francis Paez, S. J., were sent to them, but had time only to hear the confessions of Paul Miki and of his two associates, and to receive the two latter into the Society of Jesus.

#### Last Leavetakings

Father Rodriguez in the name of his brethren, the Jesuits, and St. Peter Baptist on the part of the Franciscans, mutually begged pardon for any pain or displeasure they might have unintentionally caused one another.

While the soldiers were making the final preparations about the crosses, Fr. Peter, Martin, and Paul Miki encouraged the bystanding Christians, and used what little time remained to preach to the heathen. When they beheld the crosses on which they were to consummate their sacrifice, they knelt down and together sang the *Benedictus*.

The Japanese cross consisted of a solid beam with three cross-bars; on the uppermost beam the arms were secured; the other served as a kind of seat to carry part of the body's weight, the third was intended as a rest for the feet. When each victim was tied to his cross, an executioner, especially skilled, took a short run and thrust his long spear through the side of the crucified man. If the first thrust failed of its aim, a second was directed from the other side, so that both lances met at the chest.

At a sign from one of the officers, each Martyr went to his cross, embracing it with evident tender-

ness. Little Louis went up to the governor and said, "My lord, I am come to ask where my cross is. I want to see it." When it was pointed out to him, he ran toward it and held it fast, as if he feared it might be taken from him.

At length, the valiant leader of the glorious band took leave of his comrades, first of Paul Miki and his two newly professed brethren. Paul, in turn, with tears in his eyes thanked the Fr. Commissary for the inestimable privilege of dying in the company of the Franciscan religious. Finally Peter Baptist turned to his own brethren in the Order and bade them a last farewell. Not a Christian in the vast assembly could contain himself at witnessing the leavetaking of these Saints.

#### From Cross to Crown

The drums now beat the signal, and the Martyrs proceeded to mount their crosses, Fr. Peter leading the way. In a semicircle around him hung the five friars; to the right the three Jesuits and nine Japanese Tertiaries, to the left the remaining eight holy Martyrs. The soldiers brandished their spears, and only awaited the signal for the fatal thrust. St. Philip of Jesus, the Mexican friar, who was the last to be accredited to the friars in Japan, by a singular coincidence was the first to complete his course. It was observed that he threatened to strangle, due to the awkward manner in which he was fastened to the gibbet; whereupon a quick command from the governor brought a soldier's lance to his side.



On their way from Meako to Nagasaki, Fr. Peter had promised the three boys that he would make them intone the psalm *Laudate Pueri Dominum* upon reaching the place of martyrdom. Accordingly, when they all hung aloft, Antony turned to Fr. Peter and softly suggested, "Father, you have forgotten your promise to make us sing the *Laudate*." But the Saint was already wrapt in ecstasy and made no answer; hence, the boy of his own accord intoned the sacred canticle, in which the other two children joined him with admirable fervor.

Amid the strains of these youthful voices, as a fit accompaniment for so holy a tragedy, the Martyrs, one by one received their mortal thrust, and with the names of Jesus and Mary on their dying lips passed from cross to crown.

It only remained now to sacrifice the chief of this invincible legion, the Angel of the Philippines and the second Apostle of Japan, the holy and glorious St. Peter Baptist. Like the mother of the Machabees, he had seen those entrusted to his care expire before his eyes. And, having pardoned, in imitation of his Divine Master, his executioners, his soul hastened to meet his brethren.

After the death of the heroic

champions, their bodies exhaled a heavenly odor. They were left for two entire months hanging on their crosses in a state of perfect preservation, with shining countenances as though still alive. The birds of prey, which in these countries feed upon the corpses of criminals, hovered for a long time, not daring to touch them. Many other unheard-of prodigies attended their death, as the official acts of their canonization show.

It was on the 5th of February, 1597, that the [soil of Japan] was reddened by the first drops of Christian blood. Fr. Marcelline Ribadeneira concludes his history of the first Japanese Martyrs thus: "From the deck of the Portuguese vessel on which we were detained, we witnessed this glorious martyrdom, we who were so sadly disappointed not to be able to share their triumph, although we had been their fellows in the same conflict. Hail! Apostles of Japan, and the foundation of this flourishing church! Ye were the salt of the earth; it found you distasteful, though ye were needful to it. Hail, angels of peace, and partakers of the Cross of Christ, and partners of his glory. We greet in you the champions of our happy province and of our illustrious Order, and the bright jewels in the crown of Mother Church!"

*The End*

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Life is like unto a great river. Those who bear no burden get safe across. Those who lade their shoulders are drowned.—*Little Flowers of St. Francis.*

## FR. ROCH'S HOMEOPATHIC CURE

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

"WELL, what's the matter this evening, Mr. Johnson?

You seem to be considerably under the weather," exclaimed Fr. Roch, as Bert Johnson was ushered into his office and dropped despondently into a chair beside the priest's desk.

"Oh, it's all on account of the women folks at home," Johnson replied, quite crestfallen.

"The women folks?" repeated Fr. Roch interrogatively.

"Yes, the women folks. You know, Father, when I joined the Third Order with Winthrop, Sharp, Cahill, and the rest of my friends, I took the matter seriously, as we all did, and I've been trying my best all this time to live up to the rule and to be a good Tertiary."

"And haven't you succeeded?" questioned Fr. Roch in his matter-of-fact way. "I, at least, as your director, have absolutely nothing against you; and, without fear of praising you, I may add that I've frequently heard your fellow Tertiaries commend your zeal for the Order."

"Oh, that's all right, Father; I know, too, that I'm working hard to be a fervent Tertiary; but it's the opposition that I meet with at home in carrying out some sections of the rule that makes me at times quite despondent. Just now those abominable styles are the cause of my trouble. Mrs. Johnson and my daughters, as you are aware, don't

belong to the Third Order, and hence declare that they have no other obligation regarding decorum in dress than other Catholic women and girls; and, although I can't call their dresses immodest, yet they're certainly disedifying if not suggestive, and I, as a Tertiary, feel heartily ashamed of them. But what can a man do? I've exhausted every argument to induce them to give up the silly attire, all to no avail."

"Hump!" was the priest's only comment.

"Now, there's Judge Adams, who is considerably wealthier than I, and still his wife and daughters always dress with such propriety, and there are no better dressed women in the parish. Nevertheless, Bessie and Eileen call them stand-patters and prudes, simply because they don't adopt every new whim of fashion."

"I suppose they think, too, that being so rich, the Misses Adams can afford to ignore the fashions," remarked Fr. Roch.

"It seems so, Father; at least Eileen said something to this effect this morning when I upbraided her again for her frivolity.

"Hump!" commented Fr. Roch again, drumming lightly with his fingers on the desk.

"Now, next week, the new mayor will be inaugurated," Mr. Johnson continued, "and I, as a member of the city council, shall have to attend the inaugural reception and ball in

the evening with my family. Of course, Mrs. Johnson and the girls had to get new dresses for the occasion. I didn't begrudge them the gowns, but I did want them to get something sensible, like they wore three months ago at the K.C. charity ball. But no, they all insisted that since the élite of the city—Protestant and Catholic, are to be present, they must dress like the rest if they don't want to be laughed at as behind times. I saw the dresses this morning, and Meredith's fashion plates never showed a more ridiculous jumble of frills and flounces and laces and ribbons. Now, imagine, Father Roch, if you can, what I, as a Tertiary, shall feel like when I go to that ball with my wife and daughters dressed in this fashion!" Johnson concluded, looking indeed a picture of misery.

"I fully appreciate your difficulty, Mr. Johnson," answered Fr. Roch sympathetically. "I suppose you were more or less lenient in this matter formerly, and now that the evil is deeply rooted, it is not easy to eradicate."

Hereupon, they lapsed into silence, Mr. Johnson eyeing the floor, and the priest eyeing the ceiling, each busy with his own thoughts.

"How about trying a homeopathic cure?" asked the priest suddenly.

"A homeopathic cure, Father? You make me curious," replied Johnson, breaking into a smile.

"Yes, a homeopathic cure," repeated Fr. Roch, with a sly wink. "The thought just struck me, and I think the cure will be both effective

and lasting."

"Explain yourself, Father; for you always seem to know just what will help one out of a predicament."

\* With a merry twinkle in his eye, Fr. Roch began to disclose his scheme.

"Well, if that isn't original!" exclaimed Johnson, slapping his knee heartily, when the priest had finished. "Sure, Father, I'll try that 'stunt.' Ever so much obliged for the suggestion."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Fr. Roch, as he conducted his visitor to the door, "I only hope that the plan will succeed."

\* \* \*

"Great scotts, Missus Johnson! Ah do b'lieve Marse Johnson am done gone an' lost his mind and turned crazy," gasped Aunt Sarah Jane, Mrs. Johnson's aged negro chambermaid, running into her mistress's room all out of breath, and with eyes staring as if she had seen a ghost.

"Why, Aunt Sarah Jane, how dare you speak thus of Mr. Johnson!" reprimanded the woman, without turning from her mirror, where she was admiring herself attired according to the latest decrees of Dame Fashion.

"Well, Missus Johnson, ah guess an old niggah like me knows a crazy man when she sees one; an' if Marse Johnson ain't crazy wid dem clothes on, denn mah name ain't Sarah Jane Maria Linkum Jackson; dat's all 'bout it!" and the faithful old maid stalked out of the room with an air of wounded pride.

She had hardly gone, when Eileen



and Bessie burst into the room and whispered excitedly:

"Oh, mamma, did you see papa?"

"Why, no; what in the world is the matter with him anyhow?" she replied, turning quickly and forgetting all about a naughty curl that would not stay where she wanted it.

"Well, you ought to see the clothes he has on!" Bessie exclaimed. "Why, he's 'togged out' just like one of those stupid dudes at Meredith's fashion show."

"Preposterous!" ejaculated Mrs. Johnson.

"And as we passed his room just now, he was standing at his glass curling his moustache, and he looked at us and smiled as sillily as if he was halfwitted," supplemented Eileen.

"Great heavens! Has the man actually gone crazy, as Sarah Jane just declared?" cried the distracted woman, unwilling to credit her ears.

"Pst! Here he comes!" cautioned Bessie.

The next instant Mr. Johnson, smiling blandly, stood in the doorway dressed from head to foot like a veritable fop. He wore a dress suit of odd cut, with an extremely fancy cream-colored vest, and full bosomed white shirt studded with flashing brilliants; a high collar reaching to his ears, that apparently afforded him small comfort; patent leather pumps decorated with broad satin bows and large silver buckles; and gay silk hose that showed plainly beneath his short trousers. In his left hand he held a light gold-headed cane and his

black silk hat, while with his right, on which gaudy rings were quite prominent, he daintily fingered a highly perfumed gilt-edged cigarette. His usually fine head of hair had evidently received the care of an expert tonsorial artist, and his delicately curled and waxed moustache, rouge colored cheeks and lips, and shaded eyebrows gave him a very dashing appearance.

"Bert Johnson! What's gotten into you anyhow to dress up like this for the mayor's ball?" vociferated Mrs. Johnson, her whole body trembling with uncontrollable anger. "Have you really lost your senses?"

"Easy, Miriam, easy!" he replied softly. "Why, what's the matter with these clothes, dear?"

"What's the matter with them? Why, they're horrid, they're abominable, they're shocking; and no sensible man would ever dream of wearing them!" she retorted vehemently.

"But, dear, they're the very latest style," Johnson said suavely, adjusting the violet-scented kerchief in his breast pocket. "I got them but yesterday at Meredith's."

"Latest style, fiddlesticks!" snapped his wife, indignantly.

"Well, that's what Meredith himself told me, and he ought to know, as he is the greatest fashion authority in the city."

"I know that well enough; but only a fop would wear such togs."

"But dear," Johnson continued to argue sweetly, as he blew a light cloud of smoke toward the ceiling from his perfumed cigarette, "you

and I both saw a gentleman garbed in these very clothes at Meredith's exhibit, and his gentle partner was attired exactly as you are now dressed. If your costume is not improper, why then is mine?"

This was a most unexpected rejoinder, and Mrs. Johnson was not ready to parry the thrust. She began to suspect that there was some very common sense under all her husband's nonsense. Casting a swift glance at her own grotesque costume, which she had bought at a high price as one of the very latest creations of the Parisian modistes, she felt the full weight of his argument.

"But you know it's different with us women," she stammered at last, in a vain effort to defend herself.

"Oh, I see," commented Mr. Johnson, with just a touch of irony in his voice. "Women are allowed to make fools of themselves by wearing any kind of dress that fashion prescribes, whereas men are considered snobs if they do so."

This remark drove the intended lesson home. Eileen and Bessie looked shamefacedly from father to mother and then at each other, not knowing what to say, for their dresses were as inelegant as that of their mother. Mrs. Johnson cast another rueful glance at her garment, and then burst into tears of of shame and sorrow. The cure had succeeded far better and quicker than Mr. Johnson had ever dared to hope.

"I ordered the chauffeur to be here at nine o'clock. That gives us al-

most a full hour to dress for the ball," he said quietly in his ordinary tone, and immediately left the room.

A little after nine o'clock, Mrs. Johnson appeared with Bessie and Eileen, all three beautifully gowned in dresses they had worn at a recent K. C. ball. Mr. Johnson, attired in a conventional evening suit, smilingly met them at the door.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, kissing his wife affectionately, "for acting as I did."

"The forgiving, Bert, is all on your side," she replied, "and I'm glad you did it."

"It was a sort of homeopathic cure, you know, and I had my doubts regarding its effects."

"Indeed, it was a homeopathic cure," she answered laughing, "and I can assure you that you will never have cause to resort to it again in the future."

"Say, Malinda," queried Aunt Sarah Jane, who had witnessed the little scene at the door just before Mr. Johnson and his family had left for the ball, "does yo' know what a homey patty cure am?"

"Ah 'spose it am one ob dem patent medicines," essayed the cook.

"Gwan, chil; don' display yo' ignorance like dat! Ah's 'shamed o' yo'," replied the aged negress scornfully. "A homey patty cure am nothin' else dan to dress all up like a fool, and make yo' ol' niggah mammy blush fo' shame, and den take it all off agin and put on someffin decent."

# **-- Franciscan Anecdotes --**

## **ST. ROCH. PATRON OF THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN**

When St. Roch, lying in the foul prison of Montpellier, had received the last sacraments, a heavenly messenger announced that the time to receive his eternal reward had come. The angel then bade him to ask some grace for men and it should be granted. Accordingly, Roch prayed, "I humbly beseech Thee, Lord, that whosoever, being attacked by plague or in danger of being attacked thereby, shall implore my protection with faith, may be preserved from this scourge or delivered from his sickness. I venture to solicit this grace, not because of my merits, but in the name of thy mercy and clemency which are infinite." With this prayer on his lips, the Saint expired. About one hundred years later, during the Council of Constance, 1414-1418, a terrible plague broke out in the city. Recalling the promise made by the angel to St. Roch at the time of his death, the bishops ordered processions and public prayers in honor of the Saint, and immediately the scourge disappeared. Thenceforward, devotion to St. Roch became popular throughout the whole world, and the faithful begged his intercession not only in times of plague but in every kind of sickness.

The following antiphon and prayer, in which the striking points of the life of St. Roch are beautifully commemorated, is sung by the Church in his honor:

Hail, O most holy Roch! born of a noble family, marked in the left side with the sign of the cross.

St. Roch, in your far journeys, you healed in a marvellous way with your health-giving touch the sick who were struck with the deadly plague.

Hail, angelic St. Roch, who, by the intervention of a heavenly messenger, obtained from God the privilege of preserving from the plague, all those who invoke you.

V. Pray for us, O Blessed Roch.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God, who didst engrave on a tablet, by the hand of an Angel, the promise made to Blessed Roch of preserving from the plague whosoever should invoke his name; vouchsafe, by his merits and prayers, to grant that we may be delivered from the plague of both body and soul. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.



## **ST. LOUIS IX. THE PROUDEST OF CHRISTIANS**

When St. Louis IX, through the treachery of Sergeant Marcel, was made a prisoner of war by the Saracens in Egypt, he experienced, indeed, a momentary revolt of nature; but grace at once gained the mastery of his soul, and he groaned aloud in the presence of the Emir, come to take him captive, "Thy will, my God, not mine!" The Sultan in turn was so baffled by the unruffled dignity of the French King, that he was often heard to say, "Never have I met so proud a Christian!" He sent skilful physicians to minister to his royal prisoner's wants, and fifty magnificent



suits from his own wardrobe. But the rags in which he was actually clothed were in Louis's eyes more seemly apparel for a Catholic King of France than the costliest garments of the Infidel. Neither would Louis accept an invitation to a sumptuous banquet, where the chief Mahometan grandees were summoned to eat with him on equal terms. The Sultan, furious at this aloofness, threatened to torture him to death in the most cruel manner. But Louis remained calm and undisturbed in spite of threats, so that Malek Moadhem wondered much that a man could display such fearlessness in the face of torture and death, and he finally proposed conditions of peace. Before the treaty could be ratified, the Sultan died. Negotiations were reopened by the Emirs, and it was at last agreed on that half the ransom be paid before the prisoners were set free, and moreover, that the Saracens detain as security, till the balance was received, all the sick in Damietta, as well as the war engines, the armor, and the salted meats. The Mohametans on their part swore great oaths on this occasion, and they tried to force St. Louis to swear in his turn that, if he did not keep the articles of the treaty he should be reputed as one who denied his Baptism and his Faith, spit on the Cross, and trampled it under foot. But the holy King would bind himself by no such blasphemies, though his nobles assured him the refusal would cost them all their heads.

"Rather die a good Christian," he reminded them, "than live under the wrath of God, his Blessed Mother, and his Saints." Perceiving that he was not to be shaken by threats, the Emirs tried what pity might do. They therefore seized on the Patriarch of Jerusalem, a venerable man of eighty, and tied his wrists so tightly to a flagstaff that his hands swelled and the blood spurted forth. "Ah! Sire, Sire!" he shrieked, unmanned by the agony, "swear boldly, and I will take the sin on my own soul." Charles of Anjou, a brother of the King, and all the Barons present joined their entreaties to his, but Louis stood firm. "I love you as my brother and I love myself as myself," he told Charles, "but God forbid that such words should ever sully the lips of a King of France!" Once again the infidels were baffled by the serene majesty of the royal Saint, and the treaty was duly signed and sealed without the blasphemous oath.

—*Life of St. Louis IX.*



## PERFECT RESIGNATION

"In conclusion, let me refer you to Saint Francis of Assisi. Through him I have learned to be happy even in time of misfortune and suffering. Have you not also read his theory regarding perfect happiness? It is not when everything happens according to one's desire, but, on the contrary, when one sufficiently knows how to leave all to the holy will of God, that a person amid ridicule, trial, and hardships can say and believe what he says: 'My God, be thou blessed for all that has befallen me; thou hast wished it, because it is best for me!' Be happy, my dear, at this good fortune, and if the separation weighs heavily on you, offer your pain to God with all your love, and you will see what you already know, namely, how true happiness can be found where the world sees nothing but misery and distress." Thus a French Tertiary soldier recently wrote to his wife and family; later he was killed in the trenches while saying the beads.—*Communicated.*

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### IMMODESTY IN WOMAN'S DRESS

His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, some weeks since sent a timely pastoral letter to the clergy of his archdiocese, in which he strongly inveighs against the immodesty of woman's dress so prevalent in our day. His Grace goes even so far as to decree "that women—old and young—who approach the altar table while indecently attired, should be refused Holy Communion.....It becomes the duty of the Catholic clergy," he adds, "to warn the faithful against the immodest dress evil which is the cause of so much sin and scandal, and to remind Catholic parents to restrain the natural vanity of their daughters."

Even non-Catholics the country over are becoming alarmed at the ever increasing immodesty in woman's attire, and not a few are taking a firm stand to stem the tide before it is too late. Tertiaries, who by their Rule are obliged to refrain from excessive cost and elegance in adornment and dress, and to observe the rule of moderation, must not be satisfied in scrupulously carrying out this command as far as they are personally concerned, but they should endeavor to the utmost to cooperate with every sane movement aimed at eradicating this degrading vice. This they can do by insisting resolutely that their daughters and wards dress according to the laws of feminine modesty, and by persuading their friends and acquaintances to adopt a similar course of action. That they will not have altogether smooth sailing in doing this, is self-evident. The *Chicago Tribune* said editorially in a late issue, "The fact is that although American women since the days of Amelia Bloomer have occasionally tried to reform the garments of their sisters, the sisters refuse to adopt anything not sanctioned by the prevailing fashions..... Women may dearly desire to reform politics or insanitary slums, but when it comes to clothes in which they meet their fellows on the street or at receptions—never!"

It is, therefore, owing to the great opposition the dress reformers meet with in their well-meant endeavors, that His Grace of Milwaukee has taken such drastic measures to eradicate the evil, at least as far as the women of his archdiocese are concerned, and it is earnestly to be hoped that these measures will not prove entirely futile. Tertiaries should consider it a duty and an honor to second the efforts of the clergy in combating the dress evil. In joining the ranks of the dress reformers, they will but follow in the footsteps of their great patroness, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who was wont to design garments and then send the patterns to her noble friends and relatives, so that they could dress in accordance with their high rank in society without offending against the laws of propriety and good taste. Were every woman of the fifty thousand Tertiaries in this country a St. Elizabeth in the matter of dress, this fact alone would go a long way in solving the perplexing and momentous problem of woman's attire.



### A NEW INDIAN QUARTERLY

We were agreeably surprised to receive, a few days since, a copy of *The Indian Sentinel* in its new dress as a quarterly, and we bespeak for it a



joyful welcome among all the friends of the Indian missions throughout the country. The *Sentinel* itself gives the reasons for the change.

"Every interest," it says, "missionary and otherwise, today has its medium of publicity—its quarterly or monthly publication. It is evident our annual, *The Indian Sentinel*, does not reach the people frequently enough. For a long time a quarterly has been contemplated, but the experiment has been delayed because the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions is scarcely able to carry its present burdens. It has been rough scratching and sailing for the Indian Bureau these past years to find the money necessary to the support of our Indian schools.

"With the hope of improving conditions we have now determined to inaugurate a quarterly which will convey to our readers more frequent accounts of our Indians, our schools and our missions. We aim to make this periodical what the annual publication has been in the past—the official organ of the Catholic Indian mission work. In this effort we rely largely on the missionaries and other workers among the Indians for contributions that will make our magazine reliable. We want the quarterly to compel the attention and command the respect of all kinds of people and our aim will be to render it interesting to all readers.

"To our old friends, the Promoters, and to all the members of the *Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children*, we look for assistance in this undertaking, shouldered in behalf of God's poor, neglected, down-trodden Indian, that we may preserve to him the rich inheritance of his faith."

The new quarterly will be under the able management of Miss Inno McGill, whose literary ability is well known in the East and vouches for the success of the venture. We highly recommend the *Sentinel* to our readers, and wish it a hearty God-speed and an ever increasing circulation for the greater honor of God and for the spiritual welfare of the poor Indians. The subscription price (which includes membership in the *Preservation Society*) is \$1.00 a year. Address, The Indian Sentinel, 1326 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.



## AN EXTRAORDINARY CONCESSION

A number of our weekly exchanges recently contained the following news item from their Roman correspondent:

ROME, JULY 10, 1916.

In order to honor the occasion of the celebration of the seventh centenary of the granting of the Porziuncola Indulgence, His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, in a pontifical brief addressed to the Most Rev. Fr. Saraphin Cimino, General of the Order of Friars Minor, has appointed Cardinal Giustini, who is at present Protector of the Order, Papal Legate to represent the Holy Father at the solemnities which are to be held at Assisi. In this brief, Pope Benedict extends the Porziuncola Indulgence throughout the whole year that will begin on August 1, 1916, and will end on August 2, 1917.

While it is not quite clear from this dispatch whether this concession regarding the famous indulgence is confined to the archbasilica of Porziuncola, as is most probably the case, or whether it extends also to



all the churches throughout the world that enjoy the privilege of the indulgence, every child of St. Francis will nevertheless greatly rejoice over this unusual favor granted by the Holy Father, which will surely be productive of much good.

Apropos of the Porziuncola Indulgence, we would suggest to our readers that, when gaining their indulgences, they be particularly mindful of the countless souls that have been and are daily being summoned before the judgment seat of God from the battlefields of Europe. The greatness of soul and the admirable spirit of sacrifice displayed by the soldier in leaving all that is near and dear to him out of love for his country, is certainly a God-given virtue, and, coming from God, will also be awarded by him. Moreover, the soldier, knowing full well that death is constantly staring him in the face, instinctively feels the necessity of keeping his conscience clean. Hence, in spite of the fact that the soldiers are exposed to great temptations and that many die without any special preparation and without the consoling ministrations of the priest, yet we are confident that most of them find a merciful Judge in Him, who is the God of battles as well as the Prince of peace, and who graciously gives ear to the dying soldier's cry for mercy as he offers that greatest sacrifice a soldier can bring—his life for God, home, and country. It is for the souls of these worthy heroes that we urge our readers to say a fervent prayer and endeavor to gain indulgences, that they may be freed from the cleansing fires of purgatory and be admitted to the Land where war and hatred are unknown, and where all united in the sweet brotherhood of Jesus Christ.



### A FRANCISCAN ALMANAC

The *Saint Antony's Almanac* for 1917 has already made its appearance and we extend it a hearty greeting. It fairly teems with reading matter interesting and instructive for the general reader and especially for Tertiaries and all friends of things Franciscan. Besides the calendar pages and the monthly list of indulgences, which will cause the *Almanac* to be frequently taken to hand during the course of the year as a handy book of reference, the *Almanac* also contains a number of poems and several excellent articles on timely subjects; e. g., "The Priest on the Stage" by Will W. Whalen, "St. Francis as Peacemaker" by Rev. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., "Texas and Her Indian Missions" by the well known historian of the Franciscan Indian missions in the Southwest, Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., "St. Francis' Times and the Present War" by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., and "Sunday Services in the First Christian Centuries" by Rev. Nicholas Reagan, O.F.M. Finally, there is a goodly assortment of short-stories and fine illustrations that will be sure to captivate both old and young. We would like to see *St. Antony's Almanac* in every Tertiary home and library. Those of our readers, who can afford the expense, will do very well to secure an extra copy and present it to some hospital or other charitable institution. Although the profits accruing from the sale of the *Almanac* go to support the poor students of St. Joseph's Seraphic College, Callicoon, New York, our readers must not suppose that the quarter paid for it is all charity; for the *Almanac*, as one can judge from the above list of articles, is worth many times the price demanded for it. Address orders to St. Joseph's College, Callicoon, N. Y., or to 174 Ramsey St., Paterson, N. J.



## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XXI

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

"The necessity of a presidio," writes Arricivita, "for the defense of the missions against the murderous and thieving Apaches was evident. Already three soldiers and four Indians had been killed and some horses driven away. If total destruction had not yet resulted, it was owing to protection from above. Finally, the viceroy did take action. Unfortunately, instead of sending fresh and trustworthy soldiers from Mexico, he ordered four detachments of soldiers from the Adays garrison and from Espiritu Santo Bay to hasten to the San Xavier. Eighteen soldiers under a captain from the San Antonio garrison were directed to aid the missionaries in teaching and supervising the Indians on the San Xavier, and, finally, all that could be spared at San Antonio were ordered thither under a lieutenant.

"These arrangements, indeed, increased the number of soldiers," says Fr. Arricivita, "but they brought no contentment to their ranks; for, since the various detachments had to look to their former distant officers for their wages, the changes caused the dis-

contented troops to conspire against the missions. Had the wise regulations of the viceroy been carried out, which in harmony with the missionaries directed that only soldiers of good morals should be despatched to Indian Missions, there would have been no trouble. As it was, the fiscal declared that the forty-eight men sent were soldiers of excellent qualities, despite the evidence; so the Fathers had to keep silent and prepare for the worst. On account of the loss of some of their soldiers through the viceregal directions, even the governor of Texas and the commander of Bahia del Espiritu Santo experienced resentment toward the offending missionaries.

"Almost constant attacks from the Apaches, the great distance from their wives and families, the lack of supplies and of proper nursing in sickness, the poor equipment in the way of arms and horses, and the total ignorance as to the duration of their privations, caused the soldiers to look upon the country as a dire exile, and they blamed the missions; and instead of helping them to the best of their ability, the



soldiers sought to break them up, so that all might return to their distant homes and families. They charged that the soil was not fit for cultivation, that there was not water enough for irrigation, and not a sufficient number of Indians to populate the region. Then they belittled the efforts of the missionaries, tried their patience with false imputations, and worried them in every possible way without regard to the effect of such unworthy conduct on the Indians."

When informed of these conditions, the viceroy appointed an inspector in the person of José de Ecay y Musquiz, lieutenant commander of Presidio Santa Rosa. According to Fr. Arricivita, who was the missionary on the spot, he found that the reports of the missionaries as to country and inhabitants were correct; and that despite the drouth of five months, the Rio San Xavier contained eight and one-half yards of water. Then he went to each mission, where the list of the Indians was read while Christian doctrine was given. Each one answered to the call of his name. Notwithstanding that many had gone to the mission fields, Musquiz counted at San Xavier Mission sixty-nine men, fifty-two children and unmarried persons, and forty women; at San Ildefonso were sixty-six men, fifty-two women, and fifty-eight children; and at Candelaria forty-two men, thirty-one women, and twenty-nine children responded to the roll call. Seventy-seven Indians had already died. Hence the labor of the Fathers, within

three years, by June 1750, when the inspection took place, had resulted in the reduction to mission life of five hundred and sixteen savages of all ages.

This gratifying success had not been effected without extraordinary hardships. As Fr. Arricivita, then on the ground, expressed it, "the field of these apostolic labors was not situated in a Garden of Eden which yielded fruit in tranquil peace. The Fathers not unfrequently, in return for their unselfish endeavors, reaped from the unappreciative Indians rudeness, impertinence, and many annoyances. Truly, they needed to go armed with unalterable patience, forbearance, prudence, and exemplary conduct, lest their relentless enemies among the military discover the slightest excuse for venting their hostile feelings. It was amid such drawbacks that the missionaries constructed their churches and shelters, cleared the land for cultivation, assisted the sick, and journeyed in all directions to attract the Indians, often at the cost of their own health and life, which they regarded as naught in comparison with the souls of the savages.

"The result of this unceasing solicitude," Fr. Arricivita continues, "the inspector could see for himself on the pages of the baptismal register, which contained two hundred and fifty-three entries, the majority of which represented adult Indians that had died during an epidemic of smallpox. At that time, in addition to the ever increasing labors and hardships, food be-



came so scarce that the missionaries were glad to satisfy their hunger with a bit of jerked beef and a tortilla. The neophytes meanwhile had to be allowed to look for food in the mountains. Nearly all the neophytes of San Ildefonso had taken up their quarters about two leagues from the mission. There the epidemic raged so furiously that from weakness the Indians could not walk and thus, besides instructing and preparing the afflicted for death, the Fathers also had to provide for food.

"It was evident that the Lord seconded these heroic men while they instructed and administered the Sacraments, and that he preserved them from the loathsome disease which so horribly disfigured and wasted the poor victims, that the bodies of the dead fell to pieces when taken from the hovels for burial. Another consolation that the Lord granted to the zealous missionaries was this, that of the forty Indians who fell victims to the epidemic not one passed away without Baptism. Among them was a former medicine man or sorcerer, who, to prove the sincerity

of his conversion, destroyed all his pagan paraphernalia, much to the chagrin of his pagan tribesmen but to the great joy of the Christians.

"A more direful mishap," Fr. Arricivita writes, "befell the missions when, four months later, four Indian messengers arrived from the Texan and Navidacho Indians and summoned the neophytes to join them in a general campaign against the Apaches. Before leaving to go on the warpath, the deluded Christians promised to return within two months." This gives Fr. Arricivita occasion to remark that it was evident the missionaries alone could not reduce such roving savages to a sedentary and quiet life. Had there been a garrison near, for which the Fathers had pleaded time and again, such outbreaks on the part of the neophytes, which did so much damage to the material well-being, not to speak of the spiritual loss, would have been prevented. "Only for this reason, indeed, the Fathers desired a sufficient military force, but not for the purpose of compelling Indians to become Christians, as some ignorantly and rashly charged or insinuated."

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Life glides away in many a bend,  
 In chapters which begin and end;  
 Each has its trial, each its grace,  
 Each in life's whole its proper place.  
 Life has its joinings and its breaks,  
 But each transition swiftly takes  
 Us nearer to or from  
 The threshold of our heavenly home.  
 —Father Faber, Tertiary

# NEW TRAILS THROUGH THE LAND OF THE PAPAGOS

By *Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M.*

(Continued)

THE news that the priest is making his rounds of the various missions, spreads like wild fire from village to village, so that when the Father arrives, he usually finds everything in readiness for divine service, the chapels nicely cleaned and decorated, and provision made for his personal comfort. Thus, for instance, to enable us to camp over night at Pisinemo, a young Indian had hauled a barrel of water a distance of twelve miles to refresh my thirsty mules.

At this place, the good Indians had 2,000 adobes ready for a church and a school, and they were anxiously awaiting rain so that they could continue this work. A small house, built of corrugated iron, is already on the premises chosen

for the proposed mission. Unhappily, this village is about one hundred miles from the railroad, and hence the hauling of wood, cement, and other building material, which in themselves are already very dear, is a heavy drain on the missionary's funds. Still, we will not despair, for God will provide! Besides gathering the necessary material for

constructing the chapel and the school, the Indians are also making other preparations for the opening of the mission. Thus, they are earnestly engaged in learning the prayers and Spanish hymns that are used in all our Arizona missions.

Bidding farewell to Pisinemo, I continued my trip toward the southwest, making my next stop at Komvoo, of which I have spoken above.

As the pond at this place was the only one in this section of the desert that contained water at that time, I determined to tarry here for some days to rest and refresh myself and my faithful team. Besides, the energetic Komvoo Indians had a most pleasant surprise in store for me; for, during my absence, they had built a neat



Arizona Indian Boys

little adobe church covered with lime plaster. With the exception of the metal shingles and the doors, which I had to furnish, they erected the building entirely at their own cost. I promised them at that time that I would strive to secure a bell for their tower, and in the meantime have been so successful as to be able to fulfill

my promise. The bell that now calls the swarthy faithful of the desert to divine service, hung formerly in our church at Hermann, Missouri. If there are any other parishes in the country that have a superfluous number of church bells hanging heavily on their hands, the missionaries of Arizona will gladly relieve them of their burden, and we can assure our kind benefactors that the bells will not hang idle in our mission towers. During my sojourn at Komvoo, I had the happiness of instructing

of the Indians living to the northwest of Komvoo. On my last trip, the extensive fields of these Indians were verdant with grain, but as they failed to receive the necessary rain this season, everything was scorched and burnt up by the sun.

If rain falls even as late as July or August, the Indians plant squash, watermelons, corn, beans, and other seeds, all of which will mature before winter. It is for this reason that the heathen Indians celebrate great feasts during the summer months in order to persuade their



Indian Procession at Komvoo, Arizona

many neophytes and of preparing three adults for their first Holy Communion. A large number of Indians also received the grace of holy Baptism.

While I was at Komvoo, ministering to the spiritual needs of the Indians, a Mexican informed me that no priest had visited the mining camps at Ajo since I had last been there, and that a number of children had died and were awaiting Christian burial. Early on the following Monday morning, I departed for Ajo, halting in the afternoon at Guevoo, a valley town

god Eetoi to send them the necessary rain. Their prayers, however, consist chiefly in dancing and drinking to excess.

Toward five o'clock on Monday evening, we arrived at Tonoka, a hillside village about thirty-five miles from Ajo. I sought out the chapel, but to my great regret found it a heap of ruins. The incessant rains in this section had made the earth roof so heavy that it forced the adobe walls apart. But the Indians had learnt of my coming, and had fitted out the best house in the village as a chapel. In this village



we dined, too, right royally on roasted Indian cheese and dried minced meat. All the villagers were zealous in attending the rosary devotion in the evening.

On the following day, as most of them departed to round up their horses, I continued my journey through the mountain pass to Ajo, where I arrived at sunset, and remained for several days. At present, a railroad is being built to Ajo, and when completed it will not only make this camp one of the greatest copper mining centers in the country, but it will also be of invaluable service to the missions, for it will enable us to procure building material and other supplies for the distant interior villages far more easily than formerly. Before leaving the camp, I had the great joy of baptizing a large number of children.

We left Ajo on Friday, and after losing our way for a while, we arrived at length at Pozo Redondo. Contrary to my previous experiences, I found the Indians at this place now quite willing to attend the instructions in Christian doctrine. The local chief, a one-eyed old man whose face still bears the marks of youthful encounters, volunteered to go about with my little bell and summon all the villagers to



Indian Teacher and Pupils in Arizona Desert

the devotions, and he succeeded very well. As my Indian guide, who also acted as my catechist, was somewhat under the weather, I was forced to do all the talking myself. We also measured off a plot of ground to be used for church and school purposes, and the Indians readily agreed to make the necessary adobes for the buildings.

The Indians of this village would not permit me to depart until I had given them my word that I would return as soon as possible and instruct them more thoroughly in our holy Faith. All that day, we traveled through the barren desert, where not a drop of water was to be seen. At about five o'clock, we again came to the mountains and the roads became bad beyond description. Late that night, we reached Pozo Colorado, or Saucedo.

The Indians of this place now had their new church completed, and we celebrated All Souls' Day at this mission.

Saucedo is the only place in the desert, excepting in the high hills, where the water in the creek runs above ground, and need not be pumped. The town lies in a narrow gulch, which is very difficult of access. Owing to the fact that my supply of altar breads and wine was giving out, and that I had no more fodder for my team, we went from this mission to Gila Bend, a railroad station on the Southern Pacific. Having obtained the necessary supplies, I proceeded northward toward Gila Bend Reservation, where our Fathers from Phoenix and St. John have a little mission house, built of railroad ties, that serves the double purpose of school and chapel. The school was organized by Rev. Fr. Ferdinand, O.F.M., who has charge of the Mescalero Indians in New Mexico. I tarried here for two days, and then continued my journey northward toward Muevafia (many wells) a mission which I had never yet visited.

The day was hot and sultry, and the clouds grew denser and darker as we proceeded slowly over the rough roads. I feared that the impossible would happen; namely, that we should have rain. But my Indian guide assured me that my fears were groundless; so we allowed our mules to plod onward. At last, it became so dark that we had to light a lantern in order to keep the road. But this precaution availed

little, for before long we noticed that we had left the road in spite of ourselves. As a light drizzle was falling, we decided to halt and take our supper, which consisted of corn beef and crackers. By the time we had refreshed ourselves, we became convinced of the truth of the saying that "it never rains but it pours." My guide crept under the wagon for shelter, and I wrapped myself in a piece of canvas and remained in my place on the wagon seat. Toward midnight, the poor lad, although already drenched to the skin, thought it better policy to change his bed for the wagon seat, and so clambered up beside me.

When morning broke, we soon discovered that we had encamped in the rain just one mile from the next village. Here we found a large wooden box serving as an altar in the little chapel, where I said Mass for the few Indians that had remained at home. The majority of the villagers had gone to Kaka for the harvest. We remained, however, in Muevafia long enough to dry our blankets and to give the Indians at Kaka time to prepare for my coming. After a fourteen mile jaunt, we arrived Monday at the harvest fields of Kaka, where we found the inhabitants of three villages busy gathering their crops. Many of them were ready to depart for their homes, but they remained when they learnt that the missionary was coming.

As there was no chapel of any kind here, they hastily constructed

a rude hut of Salmaro cactus and plastered it with mud, which was still wet when we arrived. The people, however, were very well disposed and they attended the instructions and devotions with commendable zeal. I would gladly have remained in their midst for some days; but as we could get no water for our mules in spite of the heavy downpour, and as they had already gone a day and a half without water, we were forced to make all haste to the next village.

At Juepo, our next stop, I baptized several children. This mission is visited regularly by one of our Fathers. On the next day, November 10, we reached Silvafia, where I had stopped at the beginning of my trip, on October 8, and on the following day we were back again at home sweet home, Tshuchutsho.

But even here I was rather unpleasantly reminded that I was still in Arizona. During my absence, many an unbidden guest had taken up quarters in my little room, and one or the other managed to escape my vigilant search to oust them on my return. Thus, it happened,

that during the night I was stung by a scorpion, whose bite is not unfrequently fatal. I was unconscious as a result of the sting until the following night, and on coming to, I experienced acute pains in my whole body. My faithful old friend, the Indian chief at Tshuchutsho, however, remained with me all the time, and it is owing to his practical care that I soon recovered entirely from the effects of the sting.

The kind reader can judge from this brief and imperfect description of a missionary trip through the Arizona desert in search of God's stray sheep, that the missionary's life is one replete with spiritual joys in spite of the bodily annoyances and trials to which it is necessarily subject. Every trip convinces us more and more that God is with us and is blessing our work. New schools and chapels spring up on every side, the fruit of the generous alms of our benefactors, and the Indians once converted daily become more and more fervent in their new-found faith. Also, they are not unmindful in their prayers of the benefactors to whose charity they owe this priceless treasure.

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There is one wish ruling over all mankind; and it is a wish which is never, in any single instance, granted. Each man wishes to be his own master. It is a boy's beatific vision, and it remains the grown-up man's ruling passion to the last. But the fact is, life is a service; the only question is, "Whom will I serve?"



## RECRUITED

*By Miriam Navaro, Tertiary*

IT was morning on a sultry day in mid-August near the battle front in northern France. As the sun arose, it gazed on a lone hospital made of sheds and tents and filled with thousands of wounded soldiers. Some were torn beyond recognition by shot and shell; others overcome by poisonous gases; others laid low by raging fever—almost all suffering most painfully. Ever now and then a long-drawn pitiful gasp was heard that sent a thrill into their ranks, for they knew that another soldier had passed from the battlefield of this life to the land beyond the grave.

The night was now spent;—but what a night it had been! A night that knew no sleep; a night whose calm had been rudely disturbed by the roar of cannon and the weird shriek of bursting shrapnel. But now it was past; and although the wounded soldiers knew that the sun would burn down on them through the live-long day, yet they welcomed its bright rays, for it enabled them to watch the “angels of the battlefield” with their wing-like headdress, as they glided silently from cot to cot, dressing those terrible wounds with all the tenderness of a mother, and whispering soothing words of comfort and good cheer with all the devotion of a wife or sister. They were veritable angels of peace in the midst of war, these unassuming

Sisters of Charity, whom an infidel government had banished from the country as long as it enjoyed the blessings of peace, but whom it welcomed when it lay bleeding in the throes of war.

The rising sun revealed, too, the latest arrivals from the front, poor victims of the last dread charge made to gain a few yards of trenches. War-worn and scarred veterans, that had borne the brunt of many a fierce engagement, had now fought their last battle and were being brought in to die. Young, fair-faced youths, who had smilingly bade their mothers and sweethearts farewell, and had gone bravely into battle, were lifted by gentle hands from the field ambulances and assigned to cots in this vast city of pain and sorrow, here to suffer and languish far from home and mother, far from the dear ones that were waiting and praying for the return, which, perhaps, never would be.

Among the latter, was a fine young lad of twenty summers, who had left a beautiful home on the banks of the St. Lawrence and gone to Europe to fight the battles of his king. Hardly had he landed in England, when he was sent to the front in northern France, where the conflict raged fiercest and the dead fell fastest. But he was a stranger to fear, and with a stout heart he had stormed the enemy's lines, until, pierced with bullets, he fell

fainting to the ground.

As he lay in his cot, propped up carefully on his pillow and scanning the faces of his wounded comrades, the softly moving figures of the sweet-faced Sisters of Charity attracted his attention. One of them passed him, smiled kindly, and then went quietly on her errand of mercy. When she was out of hearing distance, he turned toward the cot to his right and said in an undertone:

"I say, comrade, can you tell me who that white-capped dame is that walks this beat?"

"A Sister of Charity," came the surprised reply.

"That much I know from her wide-winged bonnet. But what's her name, and what's her fame?"

"Her name is Sister Mary Paul. What her position or rank is I don't know; but, in military parlance, she's in command of all the Sisters here."

"Well, I hope she won't come too near me; I have a perfect dread of these religious fanatics. I begged the doctor extra not to send me to a hospital where I should be under the care of these Catholic nurses, who would pry into my church and creed, and try to win me over to their abominable idolatry. But he didn't heed my request."

"And 'tis well he didn't, my friend, for you can't find a better nurse on God's earth than these Sisters. You abhor them simply because you don't know them. Why, I've known a wounded comrade to refuse to take a cup of

refreshing tea from her, because he was a Methodist. But he soon changed his opinion of the good nun. Her sweet charity overcame his sour disposition, and he laid down his weapons and surrendered. It will be the same with you, comrade, if you stay here long enough. For I can assure you that Sister Mary Paul is not only a self-sacrificing woman, but a lady of culture as well, and she will be the last one to pry into your creed. I'm a Presbyterian myself; but during all the four weeks that I'm here she never so much as asked me whether I'm a Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Mohammedan. One thing she has done, however, and that was to nurse me with the tenderness of my own mother, and to preach a silent sermon of Christian charity and kindness that I shall never forget to my dying day."

"Ah, I understand," said the young Canadian, "Sister Mary Paul has also bewitched you already, and I can readily grasp the reason, for she is both young and beautiful; still, I suppose, there's no romance here."

"There is no romance on that gentle Sister's side, you may be certain, my friend; for she has given up every comfort that a woman could to embrace the life she is leading. I had occasion to visit this camp before I myself was wounded, and I found that these Sisters were housed in miserable tents and were underfed and overworked day and night; nevertheless, they continue to wait on us poor

cusses as if we were their own flesh and blood, and not a grumble ever passes their lips. You'll be glad enough this evening, when your fever begins to rise and your wounds to smart, to have Sister Mary Paul place an ice bag on your burning brow and moisten your parched lips with a cooling drink."

"Comrade, your name?" asked the Canadian abruptly.

"John Newton, Seventh New South Wales," was the reply. "And yours?"

"Franklin MacSweeney, of the Canadian volunteers. Say, but it's hard to be here in this tent suffering from fever and wounds, while the rest of the boys are at the front fighting like tigers. How much better for us if we had died on the field instead of being brought here to waste away in this fearful August heat."

"But since this is our unhappy lot, why not show our bravery by suffering like men? Sister Mary Paul says that a soldier that knows how to wait and suffer, serves his country just as well as one who knows how to fight and die. And I think she's right."

At this moment, Sister Mary Paul again came down the aisle, and stopping at Newton's bed rearranged his pillow and coverlet. Then she passed over to MacSweeney and welcomed him kindly to her ward.

"You were fortunate to secure a cot next to Lieutenant Newton," she said smiling; "for he is a great talker and will help to speed the otherwise long and dreary hours

quickly onward. Then, in a week or two, I hope, you will both be sufficiently restored to exchange this hospital for more comfortable quarters."

As the days passed, Newton began to improve, while MacSweeney gradually became weaker and weaker. It was generally during the long hot afternoons that his fever increased, and it was then that Sister Mary Paul did all in her power to relieve his pain. And she did this in such a matter-of-fact way and with such motherly kindness, that the young soldier boy could hardly believe his senses.

"Well, comrade, what do you think of that white-capped dame by this time?" enquired Newton one evening, after the good nun had left MacSweeney's bed to send a ray of sunshine into another poor soldier's heart.

"Oh, don't remind me of that conversation we had the other day, Newton," MacSweeney answered. "I'm heartily ashamed of myself for saying such harsh things about these angels in human form. In fact, every time she comes around, I feel as if I ought to beg her pardon for being so uncharitable in my judgment."

"I surmised as much" replied Newton with a smile. "In fact, all the boys here change their opinion of these queer women, after they've been here a few days. When I first came, I was dreadfully lonesome, as the men on each side of me were unable to speak, and the hours seemed interminable. So I asked Sister Mary Paul for some-



thing to read. But she said that since she had come to the hospital she had seen neither book nor paper and didn't know where to procure anything of the kind. 'Unless you care to read this,' she said, drawing forth a small pocket edition of the New Testament. 'I always obtain great consolation from reading it, and, perhaps you will be equally fortunate,' she concluded, handing it to me. I thanked her for loaning me the volume, and the first thing my eyes alighted on when I opened its pages, was the passage, heavily underlined, 'The end of the commandment is charity;' then on other pages, I found the following passages, likewise underlined: The charity of Christ presseth me.—Charity is patient, is kind, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil. Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—Let all your actions be done in charity.' Here I had in a nutshell the creed of Sister Mary Paul, the mainspring of her life's work, the secret of her happiness and constant peace of mind."

"She is certainly a wonderful woman," commented MacSweeney, after which both men lapsed into silence, each occupied with the same thought—the extraordinary power of Christian charity.

But Sister Mary Paul and her white-capped Sisters went about their duties all unconscious of the thoughts to which their unfeigned charity was giving rise. Mac-

Sweeney daily grew worse in spite of the tender care he received, and his enforced idleness made him impatient and peevish. But Sister Mary Paul, whose charity had learnt to endure all things, never wearied cheering him up and whispering words of comfort.

"Sister, would that I had died on the field of glory," he exclaimed bitterly one day when more than usually despondent, owing to the fact that his companion, Lieutenant Newton, had left the hospital and returned to the front; "or at least, that I could soon return to the ranks and gain glory by bravely fighting for my country."

"Glory, my boy," replied the Sister, her voice growing in tenderness as she spoke, "consists in doing one's duty, whatever it may be, and in striving to please God. Indeed, there is far more glory and merit before God in bearing your present sufferings with patience and resignation than in leading armies to victory, and then listening with proud heart to the plaudits of your fellowmen."

"That sounds very well, Sister, but I can't look at it that way. As soon as I heard the call to arms, I hastened to enlist, my very soul burning for military renown. The tears of my aged mother and the entreaties of my sister availed nothing to change my resolution. My great grandfather fought under the Iron Duke and died bravely on the bloody field of Waterloo; my grandfather won distinction in India, and my own father wears the epaulettes of a colonel, gained in South Africa.

And it has been the dream of my boyhood and youth also to become a famous soldier and to perpetuate the honorable traditions of our family. But now all my air castles have burst like soap bubbles. Don't you think I shall ever get well, Sister?" he asked at length, turning his languid eyes pleadingly toward his nurse.

"Not if you continue to talk and worry as you are doing," she replied. "You must try to rest. Close your eyes now and think of the words of the Master, 'Come ye all to Me, who are burdened and heavily laden, and I will refresh you.' Perhaps this thought will calm your troubled spirit."

"But, Sister, I'm not a Catholic, you know."

"Even so, my boy, Christ lived and died for us all. Close your eyes now and try to sleep."

"But I'm not a believer in Christ, Sister," he went on, unmindful of her injunction to rest. "In fact, I don't believe in anything at all, except, perhaps—" here he paused and blushed deeply.

"Perhaps in what?" questioned the nun kindly.

"Except in your unbounded charity and goodness, Sister. And, Sister, I want to beg your pardon for something. You've been so extremely kind to me, and I want you to forgive me for jesting about your queer bonnet."

"Is that all I have to forgive?" she asked. "Well, then with all my heart. The bonnet is really a queer looking headdress to most persons, and I'm not at all surprised that it

seems so to you."

"But what would you have done, Sister, if you had known that on the day I was brought here, I told Newton that I hoped you would never come near me?"

"Precisely what I have done all this time, not knowing that you expressed such a wish," she replied calmly.

"And if you had known I had said, as I really did, that I didn't want you to pry into my creed and try to win me over to your abominable idolatry—what would you have thought of me then?"

"Merely that you were a poor ignorant boy who didn't know what he was saying; and I should have begged our blessed Savior to enlighten your mind so that you would see that my holy religion is not an abominable idolatry."

"Really, Sister?" enquired the wounded soldier eagerly. "Then, will you pray to your Christ for me now? Who knows, if he makes you so good, perhaps he will do something also for poor me."

"Most gladly will I pray for you to Him, my boy. But now you must stop talking and go to sleep, while I pray that you may become a soldier of Jesus Christ." And placing an admonishing finger on her lips, the good nun continued her rounds of love and mercy.

Many a lukewarm and fallen-away Catholic, placed at death's door by the cruel war, had Sister Mary Paul brought back to the Good Shepherd by her gentle admonitions. But here was a soul still groping about in the darkness

of unbelief, and she longed to gain it, too, for Christ. On the following morning, at the earnest entreaty of the young soldier, she told him in a few words the wondrous beautiful story of the God-Man. She spoke of his infinite love for us, especially of his love and condescension toward the sinner; she related the parables of the prodigal son and of the lost sheep, and finally told in glowing words how the Good Shepherd gave his life's blood to redeem his sheep from the slavery of satan.

As she spoke with sweetly subdued voice, the sick youth listened in breathless awe. Never before had he heard the glad tidings of the Gospel and the Sister's story opened up to him a new, undreamed-of world of peace and happiness. When she finished her narrative, tears stood in the eyes of her patient.

"Sister," he said, his voice quite choked with emotion, "do you think I could join your Church, that I could become a Catholic like you?"

"Indeed, my boy," exclaimed the nun, overjoyed at the workings of divine grace. "I will at once call Father Daniel, the hospital chaplain. He will give you all the necessary instructions, and before long the Good Shepherd will admit you into his fold."

A week passed. The youthful warrior, who had gone forth so

bravely to win temporal glory for his king and country, was about to gain for himself an eternal crown of glory in heaven. Washed in the saving waters of Baptism, fed with the Bread of the strong, and strengthened for the struggle with death by the anointment with holy oil, he lay on his cot quietly awaiting the summons of his Divine King to quit the battlefield of this life.

As Father Daniel, after giving him the last blessing, left to bring the consolations of religion to others, Sister Mary Paul took her place at the bedside of the young man and began to pray aloud with him.

"Sister," he whispered huskily, "Sister, it is growing dark."

"Yes, my child, it is growing dark, but it will soon be light again."

"Look, Sister, it is growing light already," he said with more animation; and he pointed his finger toward the roof of the tent. "Oh, I see a man with long flowing hair, bearing a sheep on his shoulders; and he is smiling and beckoning me to come."

"It is the Good Shepherd leading you home," replied the nun quietly.

"Yes, it is the Good Shepherd, and I am his sheep!"

A gasp—a smile—and the noble soldier boy had gained the victory, and had gone home to receive his reward.





## APACHES CONFIRMED AT MESCALERO

*By Fr. Ferdinand Ortiz, O.F.M.*

FOR a considerable time, I had been drumming on the words "Confirmation" and "Bishop," which are not to be found in the Apache vocabulary, and it is little wonder then, that the Indians of the Mescalero mission awaited the coming of the Bishop with more than usual curiosity. At last the day came. It was Saturday, May 20, when his Lordship, the Right Rev. Bishop Schuler, of El Paso,

way to the sanctuary, for the chapel was literally packed, in spite of the fact that the organ loft, recently built, was being used for the first time to help accomodate the crowd. The superintendent of the agency kindly lent us chairs for the occasion, but many Indians had to be satisfied to look on from without, and a number thus missed being confirmed.

The Mass was as solemn as the



First Communicants at Mescalero, N. M.

arrived from Tularosa, and the Apaches were so absorbed in eyeing him from head to foot, that they forgot all about my instructions to kiss his ring when greeting him. But the Bishop was kindness itself, and the Indians took to him at once; so much so, that a woman and her daughter immediately applied to him for Baptism. In all, there were fifteen Baptisms, mostly of adults, on this occasion.

On the morning of the following day, we went in procession to the mission chapel, the Bishop wearing the cappa magna. It was with great difficulty that we made our

Bishop and one assistant could make it. After Mass, the Bishop addressed the Indians through an interpreter, whereupon he confirmed one hundred and fifteen persons, seventy of whom were Apache Indians; the remainder being Mexicans from the neighboring cañons.

Bishop Schuler was greatly pleased with his visit, and promised to return some time this summer to escape for a few days the heat of El Paso. His visit also did much good at the mission, among other things, correcting a number of false ideas the Indians had entertained regarding the Catholic Church.



## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**— On June 20, the Cardinals and their Consultors assembled for the second time to examine two miracles ascribed to the Blessed Theophilus de Curte of the Order of Friars Minor. They had been proposed to the Congregation by the Rev. Procurator of the Order, so as to introduce the canonization of this blessed servant of God.—

Notwithstanding the sad conditions brought on by the war, the feast of Blessed Luchesius, the first Franciscan Tertiary, was again celebrated this year with great pomp. A large number of the faithful from the surrounding cities and villages came to take active part in the celebrations. Thanks to the zeal of the curate of Poggibonsi, Giovanni Neri, and to the aid of the municipal council and many benefactors, the restoration of the basilica of the Blessed Tertiary is well under way.—

Through the initiative of the Cardinals who were raised to that dignity by the late Holy Father Pius X, a fitting monument will be erected in the basilica of St. Peter in Rome to the memory of that glorious Tertiary Pontiff. Plans drawn up and presented by two young artists, a sculptor and an architect, have already been approved. The sculptor, Peter Henry Astorri, is busy with the execution of the plans. The splendid monument will represent the Holy Father vested in his pontifical robes and the tiara and extending his arms to heaven as if imploring peace on war-stricken Europe. The statue will be of

white marble. Of the two marble slabs designed for the monument, one will symbolize Faith, for which the late Pope carried on such a lively campaign when he combated modernism; the other will represent the Holy Communion of little children, which the Holy Father introduced and so ardently fostered.—

When the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII so earnestly recommended the Third Order of St. Francis to the faithful, it was his ardent wish to see the clergy give the good example by joining the Order of Penance. His wishes were soon fulfilled. In their first fervor, many seminaries organized fraternities and Rome saw the foundation of the priests' fraternity, of which, it is interesting to note, His Holiness Pope Benedict XV was the first prefect. In the last years, a movement has been set afoot to revive the first fervor of the clergy for the Third Order. Among the seminaries where the Third Order is again in a flourishing condition, the Seminary of Cremona is a striking example, where all the students and professors have expressed their desire to become Tertiary children of St. Francis.

**Hungary.**—At the recent annual reunion of the Catholic Association of St. Stephen, His Eminence Cardinal Czernoch, Primate of Hungary, held a discourse in which, among other things, he remarked that in Turkey there is a Catholic population of 750,000 souls. Before the outbreak of the war, French and Italian missionaries had, so to say,



the monopoly of the schools in the Ottoman Empire. But owing to the war, their stay in Turkey has become impossible. Their work in the schools is being continued by the clergy of Hungary. In Constantinople and in Jerusalem, a Hungarian Institute has been founded and placed in charge of the Franciscan Fathers.

**Assisi, Italy.**—The venerable convent of Porziuncola, near Assisi, the cradle of the Franciscan Order, shelters 140 wounded soldiers within its hallowed walls. Eighty soldiers have already regained their health in the selfsame apartments, which popes, bishops, and other high personages have in the course of time occupied, and which our holy Father St. Francis made sacred by his presence.

**Paris, France.**—So far, 138 members of the Capuchin province of Paris have been called to arms by their country. Of these, forty-eight have received military distinctions in recognition of the zeal and bravery they manifested on the field of battle.

**Lerida, Spain.**—At the annual Feast of Flora, celebrated at Lerida in the coliseum of the Elysian Fields, the literary prize was won by the Franciscan poet, Rev. Fr. Francis Iglesias. His name is familiar to readers of Spanish periodicals.

**Frascati, Italy.**—The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, who have distinguished themselves by their devoted care of wounded heroes of the battlefield, are nursing at Frascati four hundred sick and wounded soldiers, and as great a number of convalescent have been entrusted to their love and zeal in the Villa Borghese. In Grotta Fara-ta, half of the novitiate convent is likewise at the disposal of 150 convalescent soldiers.

**Colombia.**—Rev. Fr. Alphonse Zawadski, O.F.M., has been elected member of the Academy of History

in Colombia. This distinction has been accorded the learned and zealous Father in recognition of his many and important researches bearing on the history of the Franciscans in Colombia.

**Three Rivers, Canada.**—Rt. Rev. F. X. Cloutier, D. D., Bishop of Three Rivers, Canada, has ordained that the Third Order of St. Francis be organized and fostered in all the parishes of his diocese. His Lordship is wont to publish every year a pastoral letter in which he discusses questions pertaining to the spirit and rule of the Third Order. In this way, he has succeeded in erecting forty-eight fraternities of Tertiaries in his diocese with a total membership of about 6,000. These figures speak volumes for the apostolic zeal of the good bishop and the corresponding good will of his spiritual children, if we bear in mind that, according to the census of 1916, the diocese of Three Rivers numbers fifty-five parishes and 95,000 Catholics. It may also interest our readers to know that in the city of Three Rivers the Franciscan Fathers are conducting a college, where ninety-two young men are preparing themselves for the sacred ministry.

**Spokane, Wash.**—The convent of the Poor Clares, who came to Spokane in July, 1914, is now completed, and on July 8, the first Holy Mass was sung in the chapel. Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., was the celebrant. He was assisted by Rev. C. F. Carrol, S. J., as deacon, Rev. Fr. Burchard, O.F.M., as subdeacon, and Rev. James Kiely, S. J., as master of ceremonies. After the Mass, the habit of the Poor Clares was given to two postulants, Sr. Mary Antony and Sr. Mary Francis. On the following day, July 9, the Right Rev. A. J. Schinner, Bishop of Spokane, dedicated the new chapel and the convent. At the pontifical High Mass, celebrated by



the Bishop, Rev. Geo. Bailey, S. J., and Rev. James Kiely, S. J., acted as deacon and subdeacon respectively; Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., was assistant priest, and Rev. James Brogan, S. J., and Rev. C. J. Carrol, S. J., were deacons of honor. Mr. Edw. Menager, S. J., acted as master of ceremonies. The dedication sermon was preached by Fr. Hugolinus, whereupon His Lordship also delivered an able and appropriate address. The choir of the Franciscan church sang the High Mass on both occasions. Following the dedication services, dinner was served for about seven hundred persons, and during the remainder of the day, thousands came to inspect the new convent, which is undoubtedly one of the finest on the Coast. In the evening, the convent was closed to the public, and the rule of strict enclosure, customary in the convents of the Poor Clares, will henceforth be enforced. At present, the community consists of seven cloistered and three extern Sisters.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.** At the recent meeting of the Definitors of our province, Rev. Fr. Alphonse, O.F.M., was appointed superior and pastor of St. Boniface Church in Sioux City, Iowa. The many friends he made during his stay at St. Peter's sincerely regret his departure, and wish him success and God's blessing in his new charge. Rev. Fr. Fortunatus, O.F.M., for many years rector of St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill., will succeed him.

The community at St. Peter's was greatly concerned lately for Rev. Fr. Bonaventure, O.F.M., who was quite ill at St. Alexius Hospital. Happily, his condition has improved considerably, and he is expected to be able soon to resume his work again.

**Hermann, Mo.**—On July 9, the beautiful new church of St. George,

in charge of the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province, was solemnly dedicated by the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis. The impressive ceremonies were witnessed by the large Catholic congregation and hundreds of visitors from far and near. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by our Very Reverend Fr. Provincial, with Rev. Fr. John B. Meyer O.F.M., a child of the parish, as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Donulus Evers, O.F.M., as subdeacon. Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. W. Tallon and Rev. J. McGlynn acted as deacons of honor to the Archbishop. Rev. Fr. Martin Strub, O.F.M., was master of ceremonies. A large number of the neighboring clergy and friars attended in the sanctuary. The dedicatory sermon, a glorious tribute to the zeal and spirit of sacrifice of pastor and people, was delivered by His Grace.

At 7.30 P.M., solemn thanksgiving services were held in the new church. The chanting of the *Te Deum* with band accompaniment concluded the ceremonies.

The new Gothic church is located on an eminence commanding a view of the entire town. Clear blue and yellow tones predominate in the color scheme of the interior decoration, and two large art windows from the Frei Studio, St. Louis, add greatly to its beauty. There are two handsome marble groups, one on each side of the altar. All the accessories of the church, including organ, bell, and pews, have been installed. The church will seat about 800 persons.

**Lindsay, Neb.**—As stated in the March issue of the *Herald*, the congregation at Lindsay, had been conducted by the Franciscan Fathers of St. Bernard, Neb. However the parish at Lindsay has grown so large, that it was decided to establish there a small Franciscan community. The new monastery was

dedicated June 25, by Rev. Fr. Pacificus of Omaha. Rev. Fr. Herbert of Chaska, Minn., who founded the congregation at Lindsay, sang the solemn High Mass, with Rev. Peter Regalate, O.F.M., as deacon and Rev. W. J. Borer, a child of the parish, as subdeacon. Rev. Fr. Cyriac, O.F.M., from St. Bernard, preached in German, and Rev. Ed. Muenich from Madison in English. A number of friars were in attendance. In connection with the dedication, a home-coming of former members of the parish was celebrated. Some journeyed even from distant Colorado, while many others sent greetings by letter or card.

In the evening a beautiful cantata entitled "Every Soul" was rendered by 103 children of the parish, and greatly appreciated by all.

The members of the congregation are much elated over the new monastery, and worked very hard to make the festival a success. Even Protestants manifested their good will towards the Sons of St. Francis by making various donations.

**Quincy, Ill.,**—From June 18-22, Rev. Fr. Honoratus, O.F.M., of Sioux City, Ia., conducted a retreat in St. Francis Church for the members of the Third Order and their interested friends. The reverend missionary spoke very convincingly of the sublime purpose, and rich spiritual endowments of the Third Order, and his words deeply impressed his devout hearers. In the evening of June 21, several new members were enrolled in the Third Order. The retreat closed with a general communion of the Tertiaries and Papal Benediction on the morning of Corpus Christi.

**Union, Mo.,**—For the first time in the history of the parish of the Immaculate Conception, the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated with an open-air procession. The whole congregation took part bearing burning candles, while the

little girls carried bouquets of flowers. Many Catholics of Union had never before witnessed such a celebration, and many non-Catholics also gathered at the church to witness the unique service. The event gave rise to very favorable comments on the part of non-Catholics, and will not soon be forgotten.

**Cleveland, Ohio., St. Stanislaus Church.**—Before the Franciscan Fathers took charge of this parish, in 1906, there were among the parishioners some eighty or hundred Tertiaries who belonged to the fraternity of St. Joseph's Church. Through the efforts of Rev. Fr. Theobald, O.F.M., these were organized into a separate branch, the Rev. Father assuming the duties of Director. Last May, the fraternity numbered 405 members. Since 1915, the men, the women, and the young ladies have their own prefects. Every month, on the second Sunday, a joint meeting is held after Vespers in the basement of the church, which serves also as a preparative meeting for the novices. On the third Sunday, a public conference on the Rule of the Third Order forms a part of the afternoon services in church. Moreover, every three months, the Rev. Director holds a discreditorium or meeting of the officers, to discuss measures conducive to the welfare of the fraternity. The activity of our Tertiaries is very edifying. They are engaged in charity work not only toward fellow members, but toward the needy in general. Every week, a committee visits the hospitals of the city, distributing books and religious articles, and bringing cheer and solace to neglected foreigners. Another committee has for its object the distribution of Catholic books and pamphlets among the members of the parish. Last year, the young ladies of the Third Order fraternity formed an educa-



tional circle which is doing signal service to many. A very consoling and edifying phase of Tertiary life in our parish is the many daily and frequent communions. Our Tertiaries are regarded as model Catholics and we hope that their good

example will in time add many more members of the parish to their fraternity. Within the past year, twenty of our young lady Tertiaries have entered the convent, and two young men of our fraternity have become lay brothers.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

We had thought that, as the students and most of the Fathers had left college, we should have nothing to report for the month of July; but half a week of vacation had not elapsed when an event occurred which we cannot pass by in silence. This was the death of Brother Conrad, on June 26, in the thirty-seventh year of his religious life and the seventy-second of his age. He was laid to rest in the vault of the local monastery, June 28.

Death came to Brother Conrad very suddenly; but it was not wholly unexpected, as he had been ailing for some years and, especially during the last months, had become so weak that he was obliged to shift the greater part of his work as gardener to younger shoulders. Difficult, however, as it was for him to drag his bent body along, he fulfilled his other task of waking the Fathers and Brothers at 4:30 or 4:45 a. m., until the very last, he having waked them as usual on the morning of the day he died. No one who was an inmate of St. Joseph's College at any time during the thirty years Brother Conrad spent there, and who observed him plodding back and forth in his cumbrous wooden shoes in the broken ground of the garden; who saw him bearing the heavy pails of kitchen refuse to the grunting porkers that caused

him so much worry; and who beheld him in the chapel telling his beads, going the Way of the Cross, approaching the Holy Table, or serving Mass, could fail to be impressed with the lesson of his life; namely, that religious obedience and prayer can dignify even the lowliest labors, and that the path of duty and the path of sanctity are one. Though his external appearance was not unlike that of the typical "man with the hoe," Brother Conrad stands in no need of an apologist. Even death already wrought a wonderful transformation on his homely features; and we do not doubt that the glory of his transfigured body on the day of resurrection will far surpass that of many a person that had a loftier calling, but who did not fulfill its obligations with the zeal and self-abnegation of the humble gardener of St. Joseph's College. God rest his soul in the garden of Paradise.

The following changes were recently made in the college community. Fr. Juvenal was transferred to St. Francis College, Quincy, Ill., and Fr. Conrad was appointed for St. Joseph's. Though Fr. Roger remains Rector, he will probably be absent during the first two or three months of the next school-year, owing to his appointment as visitor of the Franciscan Province of St. Antony in South America. He will leave New York, July 29, on the steamer Vestris. Other familiar



faces that will be missed in September are those of Br. John, Br. Francis, Br. Andrew, and Br. Giles. Genial and jovial Br. Francis will no doubt be missed most of all, as he has been identified with "Old St. Joe's" as "chef" in the cooking department for the last twenty-three years. God bless him and all the Brothers, wherever they be or go!

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

"At the recent chapter of the Sacred Heart Province a number of important changes were made, some of which visibly affect our citizens. The change which has touched Quincyans most, is the removal of Rev. Fr. Fortunatus Hausser, O. F. M., rector of St. Francis College, after twenty-eight years of continuous service. Fr. Fortunatus has helped the college to rise to prominence among educational institutions, and during the years spent within its walls has seen it grow in size, and, to his credit let it be said, it was largely due to his executive ability. His position was an arduous one; besides financing a large and growing institution, known far and wide, there was the still greater task of looking after the spiritual welfare of the young men, — a double responsibility, from which, we are sure, any man would welcome relief and rest. Ever since completing his theological studies, he has been at St. Francis College, the first ten years as professor (1888-1898); the next twelve years he was sub-rector (1898-1910); and six years ago he was advanced to the rectorship. His entire career at St. Francis is an honor and credit to himself and to the college. Nothing but the best wishes of his many friends in Quincy, will follow Fr. Fortunatus to his new

field of labor in one of the busiest churches in Chicago, good old St. Peter's at Twelfth and Polk streets." — *Western Catholic*.

Rev. Fr. Gabriel Lucan, O. F. M., for many years professor at St. Francis College, Quincy, and at St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, has been chosen to succeed Fr. Fortunatus in the rectorship. His experience in college work and his well known ability and energy give promise that he will successfully uphold the traditional reputation and prestige of St. Francis.

Besides Fr. Rector, the faculty has lost three other members; Fr. Liberatus Presser, O. F. M., who will teach philosophy at West Park, O., Fr. Conrad Reisch, O. F. M., who goes to St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill., and Fr. Augustine Schwarz, O. F. M., who will henceforth labor among the Indians in the Franciscan missions in Arizona. Fr. Alfred Tritz, O. F. M., from Petoskey, Mich., Fr. Juvenal Emanuel, O. F. M., from St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, and Fr. John B. Meyer, O. F. M., from St. Louis, have been added to the staff of our professors.

## OBITUARY

**Santa Barbara, Cal., Old Mission:**

Rev. Fr. James Nolte, O. F. M.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph's College:**

Ven. Br. Conrad Kuenzler, O. F. M.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

St. Louis Fraternity:

Mary Humes, Sr. Ellen,

Mary Sammon, Sr. Cecilia.

German Fraternity:

Teresa Hildenberg, Sr. Scholastica,

Margaret Faber, Sr. Frances.

**Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:**

William Clay, Br. Francis.

**Fort Madison, Ia.:**

Christina Schuitker, Sr. Clare.

**Dubuque, Ia., St. Francis Home:**

Antony Digmann, Br. John Baptist.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE  
MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

AUGUST, 1916.

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Tues.	St. Peter's Chains.—The Seven Machabean Brothers, Martyrs. <i>The Plenary Indulgence of the Porziuncola can be gained from to-day noon until to-morrow midnight, as often as one visits a Franciscan church or any other church that has the privilege. The conditions are: Confession, Holy Communion, and some prayers for the intention of the Pope. The Confession may be made already on July 30, and the Holy Communion received either on August 1 or 2. Persons that go to Confession every week, need not make an extra Confession to gain the indulgence.</i>
2	Wed.	Feast of the Dedication of the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Mary of the Angels, also called the Porziuncola Church.—St. Stephen, Pope, Martyr.
3	Thur.	St. Alphonse Liguori, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.—Finding of the Body of St. Stephen, Protomartyr.
4	Fri.	St. Dominic, Confessor. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
5	Sat.	Our Lady of the Snow.—Bl. Cichus, Confessor of the 1st Order.
6	Sun.	<b>8th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Transfiguration of our Lord.—SS. Sixtus and Companions, Martyrs.
7	Mon.	St. Cajetan, Confessor.—St. Donatus, Bishop, Martyr.
8	Tues.	SS. Cyriac and Companions, Martyrs.
9	Wed.	Bl. John of Alverna, Confessor of the 1st Order.—St. Romanus, Martyr.
10	Thur.	St. Lawrence, Deacon, Martyr.
11	Fri.	Octave of feast of St. Dominic.—SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs.
12	Sat.	St. Clare of Assisi, Foundress of the Poor Clares, Virgin. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i> <i>To-morrow begins the devotion of the Five Sundays in honor of the Sacred Stigmata of St. Francis. A plenary indulgence can be gained on each of the five Sundays.</i>
13	Sun.	<b>9th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Bl. Peter, Confessor of the 1st Order.—SS. Hyppolytus and Cassian, Martyrs.
14	Mon.	Bl. Sanctes, Confessor of the 1st Order.—St. Eusebius, Confessor.—Vigil of the Assumption. <i>Day of fast and abstinence.</i>
15	Tues.	<b>Assumption of the Bl. Virgin. Holyday of obligation.</b> <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
16	Wed.	St. Joachim, Father of the Bl. Virgin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
17	Thur.	St. Roch, Confessor of the 3rd Order.—Octave of the feast of St. Lawrence. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
18	Fri.	St. Helen, Empress, Widow.—St. Clare of Montefalco, Virgin of the 3rd Order.—St. Agapitus, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
19	Sat.	St. Louis, Bishop, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
20	Sun.	<b>10th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Bernard, Abbot, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.
21	Mon.	St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.
22	Tues.	Seven Joys of the Bl. Virgin.—SS. Timothy and Companions, Martyrs. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
23	Wed.	St. Philip Benitius, Confessor.
24	Thur.	St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
25	Fri.	St. Louis IX, King of France, Patron of the Third Order. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
26	Sat.	St. Hyacinth, Confessor.—St. Zephyrin, Pope, Martyr.
27	Sun.	<b>11th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Joseph Calasanz, Confessor.—Bl. Timothy, Confessor of the First Order.
28	Mon.	St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.—St. Hermes, Martyr.
29	Tues.	Beheading of St. John the Baptist.—St. Sabina, Widow, Martyr.
30	Wed.	St. Rose of Lima, Virgin.—SS. Felix and Adauctus, Martyrs.
31	Thur.	St. Raymond, Confessor.







The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin

# Franciscan Herald

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## Through Peace to Light

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;

I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright—

Though strength should falter, and though hearts should bleed—  
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;

Better in darkness just to feel thy hand  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night.

Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,  
Through Peace to Light.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

## ST. JOSEPH OF CUPERTINO

OF THE FIRST ORDER CONVENTUAL

SEPTEMBER 18

THE great wonder-worker who is the subject of this sketch was born at Cupertino, a little town in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1603. His birth, like that of his Divine Master, was in great misery. His father, a carpenter by trade, having contracted heavy debts which he could not pay, his mother was turned out of her house by the creditors and had to take refuge in a stable, where Joseph was born. From his earliest years Joseph was favored by God with marvelous gifts of contemplation, so that he seemed to live in heaven rather than on earth. His parents had him taught the trade of shoemaker; but they soon observed that their child was not made for this world. Accordingly he offered himself, at the age of seventeen, to the Friars Minor of the Conventuals, but was refused admittance. He then went to the Capuchins and was there admitted as a lay brother. Soon, however, the superiors, thinking him too eccentric to fulfil his services to the community, deprived him of the habit and sent him away.

Joseph left the convent weighed down with grief and humiliation. His father was dying and his mother in great misery. In these straits he once more sought aid of the Conventuals, and after some difficulty was finally admitted as a lay helper to take care of the mule of

the convent. But God allowed him to pass through all these humiliations only to raise him to a higher degree of sanctity and to make his virtues shine with greater lustre. Joseph showed such humility, obedience, and love of penance in his humble station, that the brothers soon discovered what a treasure they possessed, and he was received into the Order as a cleric. His natural gifts, it is true, were of little account; but his supernatural gifts and infused knowledge were so great, that already after three years, in the month of March, 1628, he was elevated to the priesthood.

After his ordination Joseph was assigned to the monastery of Grottella, where he had been admitted. There he remained for many years, during which he worked numerous miracles and was favored by God with numberless ecstasies. The servant of God wished to have three crosses erected in honor of the passion of our Lord, on a little hill near Cupertino and the convent Grottella. The largest cross was of walnut wood, and it being very heavy, the workmen could not manage to fix it. Throwing off his mantle, the Saint rose in the air, took hold of the cross as if it was as light as a straw, and placed it in the hole prepared for it. On three other occasions, as he prayed at the calvary, he fell into an ecstasy, rose with a cry into the air, and rested



on the middle cross until the ecstasy was over.

Our Lord's favors to the Saint did not end here; He gave him also the gift of prophecy and knowledge of the hearts of others. Cardinal Facchinette once sent a servant to him with a letter. The Saint looked at the servant and said: "Are you not ashamed, you who are in the service of the good cardinal, to have such a dirty face? Go, wash your face." The messenger went at once to Confession and returned to the Father, who congratulated him. On another occasion, a man of rank took a young nobleman to see the Saint. The Saint exclaimed: "Who is this Moor you bring to me?"

Then, turning to the youth, he said: "My son, go and wash your face." The youth understood, and going made a good Confession to one of the Fathers. On his return, Father Joseph embraced him, saying: "Now, my son, you are handsome indeed."

The Provincial, wishing all his subjects to see so perfect a type of



St. Joseph of Cupertino

a true son of St. Francis, ordered the Saint to visit all the houses of the province and to remain three or four days at each house. Joseph set out, therefore, with a companion, without knowing the motive of the order he had received; nor did he dream of asking it. Blind obedience was his guide; it carried him, he said, to heaven in

a carriage. Be this as it may, it certainly did not carry him over a smooth road. During the whole course of his life the Saint had to sustain long and severe trials. Now it was a superior who tried him by treating him as a hypocrite and giving him public penance. At another time the devil assaulted him under the most horrible forms. The heaviest cross, however, came from the hand of God; desolation and trouble flooded his soul. Divine consolations were withdrawn by degrees; the ecstasies ceased; the holy Sacrifice had no sweetness for him, and a dark melancholy clouded his soul. During this violent tempest, our Saint persevered in patience, humility, and prayer, and after two years the trial ceased.

To love, to glorify, and to accomplish in all things the adorable will of God, was Father Joseph's one thought. As he himself said, "He who always does the will of God, is always praying; we must work at nothing, not even for our salvation, if it is not in conformity to the adorable will of the Most High." For such a soul, the thought of sin was like a sharp sword. When the Saint thought of the amount of sins

and wickedness in the world, he could not control his sobs and tears, and sometimes felt such keen pains that he vomited blood. Still, though his hatred of sin was so great, he was full of compassion and love for sinners; no trouble was too great to take for their conversion. He prayed most fervently for them and inflicted severe penances on himself. Like the Apostle of the Gentiles he chastised his body; he macerated it by fasts, watchings, iron chains, and by all sorts of instruments of penance. Thirty years after his death, traces of his blood were to be seen on the walls of his cell.

After having spent well-nigh forty years in the religious life, the time drew near for his perfect union with his Beloved. On August 10, 1663, he was taken with fever, and he celebrated Mass for the last time on the feast of the Assumption. At his last hour a wonderful brightness illumined his face, and after saying the holy name of Jesus, his soul departed to take possession of that glory of which he had caught glimpses even in this life. He died on the eighteenth of September, 1663, and was buried in the church of the monastery of Osimo.

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**Live the true life of a man to-day. Not yesterday's life only, lest you become a murmurer, nor to-morrow's, lest you become a visionary; but the life of to-day, with happy yesterdays and confident to-morrows. — Father Faber, Tertiary.**



## THE REWARD OF SACRIFICE

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

IT was evening, and the setting sun was sending long rays of soft light from behind the rugged mountain tops that brightened the somber, war-scarred battlements of an ancient castle in Scotland. Numerous pennants and banners floated gaily from the towers on the evening breeze. Above the doors and windows were hung festoons of sweet-smelling pine intertwined with clusters of thistle, lilies, and roses, while the gray stone walls were tastefully draped with costly tapestries emblazoned in wonderful embroidery with the arms of the ancient houses of Huntly and Forbes. The servants were hurrying to and fro putting the last touches to the decorations and making the old halls ring with their joyous laughter and happy chatter. In the courtyards and salons were groups of lords and ladies, counts and countesses, dukes and princesses, discussing with great vivacity the coming event or listening dreamily to the sweet strains from the harps of the minstrels as they sang of love and war.

All were gay and happy, for on the morrow, Margaret, the fair daughter of the widowed Countess Gordon of Huntly, was to give her hand in marriage to young Count John of Forbes, and thereby put an end to the feud that had estranged these two old and powerful families for many years. All rejoiced over

this long desired reconciliation—all but one. It was Margaret, the espoused bride. Nor was it because she did not wish for peace between the warring families, but because she loved God more than man, and because she had long entertained the secret resolve to have Him alone as her spouse and to serve Him alone in the solitude of the cloister.

Hence, her heart was heavy, while all about her rejoiced. What added special bitterness to her cup of sorrow was the fact that the young man chosen to be her husband was not of her faith, and she dreaded to think of what the future had in store for her. For it was during the troubled days of Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots, when religious differences so frequently severed the most intimate bonds of blood and love and changed friends into bitterest enemies.

"But, my dear child," remonstrated her mother, the Countess of Huntly, "consider the present miserable condition of our noble house and remember what this marriage will mean for the whole land. I, too, as a girl would gladly have entered the convent had I foreseen the endless trials and sorrows of my married life. Yet, had I chosen the nun's veil instead of the bridal wreath, where would now be the brave sons I have offered to my Savior in defence of our persecuted religion? Resign yourself, therefore, to the inscrutable will of



Heaven in this matter. God has brought this about for reasons known to himself, and who will dare to question Him why he has acted thus and not otherwise? And then do not forget, my darling child," concluded the fond mother, who was yielding merely to the inevitable in regard to this marriage of her daughter, "that God will reward in a special manner those women who in holy obedience bow their necks to the heavy yoke of matrimony."

Margaret listened in respectful silence as her mother spoke, and when the latter had finished, she said not a word, but stretching forth her hand placed the bridal wreath on her brow.

The first years of Margaret's married life were peaceful if not happy, but the storm which had long been brewing, at last broke out in all its fury bringing shame and sorrow in its wake. The Count of Forbes, apparently weary of his saintly wife and seeking an excuse for putting her aside, demanded that she renounce her holy Catholic faith and profess Calvinism. But Margaret remained firm in her refusal, and declared stoutly that she would rather suffer torments and death itself than prove recreant to her God and religion. Enraged at what he styled her unreasonable stubbornness, the wicked man cast his holy wife into prison and broke his plighted troth to her.

Thoroughly disgusted with the scandalous life of his father and sorely grieved at the humiliating and shocking treatment accorded

his innocent mother, Margaret's oldest son secretly left home and country and sought an asylum on the mainland. The poor captive mother deeply deplored the departure of her son, whereas the un-Christian father rejoiced that he was thus rid of one whose presence had been a constant reproach to him. The mother's sorrows, however, had just begun. Knowing that she derived great consolation from her remaining child, and desiring to secure his affections for himself, the cruel husband deprived the countess of the little boy and entrusted him to Presbyterian tutors. This was the worst blow of all. The heart-broken mother wept day and night and mingled her tears with the prayer that Heaven might have pity on her misery and direct all things to a blessed end.

Although brought up in the religion of Calvin and closely guarded by his suspicious father, the young Count John of Forbes never lost his love for his maltreated mother nor his tender affection for his absent brother. "Whither has the ship carried thee, brother mine?" he often exclaimed, when he thought of his brother across the sea. "Where dwellest thou to whom I feel myself so strongly drawn?" But for years he sighed and sought in vain for the absent one. At last, when hope had all but died in his breast, John received a letter from his exiled brother, which bore the simple and curious signature "Friar Archangel, Capuchin."

With mingled joy and sorrow, John read his brother's letter, which in-

formed him that for some time he had dwelt at the court of Alexander Farnese at Brussels and had then entered the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin, which Farnese had introduced into Flanders. The noble youth declared that he had been induced to take this step in order to do penance for the sins of his house and to gain for his father the grace of conversion to the true faith.

This letter had a remarkable effect on the sixteen year old count. True peace and happiness of heart did not, after all, consist, as he had been made to believe, in enjoying to the full the pleasures and goods of this world. This truth had formerly often perplexed him when he thought of his mother's peace of soul in spite of the maltreatment to which she was subjected, but he had considered it to be a case of making a virtue of necessity. But, that a noble youth, to whom the courts of Europe held out their arms in glad welcome, should of his own free will shut himself in a cloister and submit to a life of penance out of love for those who hated him, and should find in this kind of life supreme peace and happiness of heart—this was beyond all that young Count John had learnt from his Calvinistic tutors; this surpassed his understanding, and long hours did he spend revolving in his mind the paradox that peace and happiness were to be found in sacrifice and self-denial.

Other letters from Friar Archangel followed the first; and soon the tiny spark of faith enkindled in the heart of the young nobleman,

increased to a great flame and revealed to him in all its sublime beauty the true Church of Christ Crucified, typified, as it were, in the lives of his persecuted mother and exiled brother; and from the depths of his soul ascended the fervent prayer, "O God, give me yet more light and show me still more plainly the path that leads to thee and to eternal happiness."

This light was granted him, when, in 1586, his maternal uncle, Count James Gordon of Huntly, made his way to Scotland as a Jesuit missionary and was tolerated, on account of his high birth, to minister to the spiritual needs of his persecuted Catholic countrymen. James had fled the country in his youth to escape imprisonment and perhaps even death at the hands of the fanatical heretics. While in Rome he entered the Society of Jesus, in which he distinguished himself for more than fifty years by his great learning and by his wonderful success as missionary in Germany, Denmark, and Ireland, and finally in his native land, where he found the true faith all but extinct.

It happened one day, that his nephew, seeking enlightenment in his doubts, paid Father Gordon a visit. No sooner did the great Jesuit behold the young man, than he exclaimed, "Oh, blessed son! How wonderful is the grace of God that has pierced thy heart and has led thee for guidance to me, who am engaged in combating thy own and thy father's religion." To this the youth replied, "The bitter tears

and ardent prayers of my suffering mother, and the loving admonitions and self-sacrificing spirit of my dear brother have made such an impression on me and have so thoroughly enlightened my mind regarding the darkness in which I have hitherto walked, that I could not but see the road whereon God wishes me to tread. Nevertheless, I am still encompassed with many black clouds of heresy, with which my poor misguided father has surrounded me, and I most earnestly desire to be freed from them, that I may embrace with all my heart the true faith of Christ."

Uncle and nephew remained long in holy conversation, and the youth's conversion, begun by the tears and prayers of his mother, and strengthened by the self-immolation of his brother, was now happily consummated by his uncle. An *Agnus Dei* which the young count wore about his neck from the day of his reception into the bosom of the Church, soon disclosed the secret to his father, who was highly incensed at him, but he dissembled his anger, trusting the while to his crafty arts to bring his son back to Calvinism. Recalling the words of Holy Writ that a woman is as a hunter's snare and her heart a net, (Eccl. 7, 27) he promised the young man in marriage to a Presbyterian princess, who was known far and wide for her exquisite beauty as well as for the many accomplishments of her heart and mind. The wily old count had laid his snare well.

Power and riches, honors and pleasures, and above all a charming

bride were held out to the young count as inducements to give up his newly found religion, and he experienced a fierce combat in the depths of his soul. He beheld himself, as it were, at the parting of the ways. On the one side, he saw the world in the form of his betrothed bride beckoning him to follow her, and to give himself up to a life of ease and pleasure. On the other hand, he perceived a road that offered him little as regards worldly happiness, but on this road he saw his beloved mother and his brother—his mother laden with chains, his brother clothed in the habit of poverty and penance.

The youth's heart is filled with fear. He has no one to whom he can unburden his soul. The castle becomes too close for him. He longs for the woods, for the refreshing woods that will cool his feverish brow and bring peace to his troubled heart. He leaves the castle and makes for the mountain forest nearby. Onward he goes breathing in with deep drafts the invigorating aroma of the stately pines. Deeper and deeper does he plunge into the trackless woods, until finally he sinks down to rest on a large moss-covered stone overhanging a murmuring brooklet that winds its serpentine way through the dense mass of trees and underbrush.

"Oh, how beautiful it is here," he exclaims, seating himself on the great boulder and taking notice of the enchanting gorgeousness of the scene. "How I should like to re-



main here forever far from the sin and trouble and anxiety of the world. Here, indeed, I could be happy alone with God."

But what is that on the other side of the mountain torrent? Who are those venerable men, clothed in coarse garments, with long flowing beards, walking in solemn procession through the silent woods, and rapt in prayer and holy contemplation? The young count rubs his eyes to assure himself that he is not asleep. No, he is wide awake, he is not dreaming. And now, as the mysterious procession draws nearer to him, he hears the strangers raise their voices in sweet melody chant-

ing the praises of the celestial peace which beams so brightly on their chaste and saintly features.

Then in an instant the hymn ceases, and the wonderful procession disappears as suddenly as it had come, leaving the young man alone beside the brook. But no, he is not alone. The fear that has hitherto filled his heart has fled and has given place to a heavenly peace, and he feels that it is the same peace that has made his illtreated mother and exiled brother rejoice amid all their sufferings—the peace that proceeds from the spirit of sacrifice and self-immolation on the altar of Divine Love.

*(To be continued)*

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## To A Withered Rose

Thy span of life was all too short—  
 A week or two at best—  
 From budding time, through blossoming,  
 To withering and rest.

Yet compensation hast thou—aye!—  
 For all thy little woes;  
 For was it not thy happy lot  
 To live and die a rose?

—J. K. Bangs

## COLOR OF FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA'S HABIT

*The subjoined scholarly letter from the pen of Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M., to the editor of the San Francisco MONITOR. (August 5, 1916) will, no doubt, be perused with lively interest by our readers, as it clearly puts an end to the discussion begun in the columns of AMERICA regarding the color of the habit worn by Fray Junipero Serra, the founder of the famous Franciscan missions on the California coast. We give the letter in full.*

To the Editor of The Monitor:

Complying with your request for an answer to the question whether good Fr. Junipero Serra's habit was brown or blue, the reply of an Irishman concerning the correct pronunciation of the word "either" would be to the purpose. It was neither brown nor blue, for it was gray. With that the dispute might terminate, and it might not. Therefore it will be necessary to state the reason for the decision.

St. Francis left no regulations on the subject, except that the habit should be in keeping with the vow of poverty as he would have it observed. "Let the Brethren be clothed in poor garments, and they may patch them with pieces of sackcloth and other things" (Rule II). That is all. The Order was to extend over the world. What was considered poor material in one country might not so be regarded in other regions. This soon caused diversity, in color as well as texture, and not a little wonderment. In Mexico, for instance, three different colors obtained.

A general law became necessary, and this was enacted at the Chapter General, which convened at Assisi, in 1547. The decree adopted reads, "The habits shall be of an ash-color, in which, however, neither the white nor the black shall predominate, but it shall be an intermediate, such as the Most Rev. Minister General has ordered exhibited." This was adopted by the Friars of the Regular Observance, or Franciscans proper. The

Chapter General held at Valladolid, Spain, June 3, 1593, reaffirmed the decree thus, "the habit shall always be of an ash-color."

The General Statutes or Constitutions adopted, in 1621, at Segovia, Spain, for the Cismontane family of Franciscans, which embraced Spain and its possessions in America and the Philippines, Great Britain and Ireland, Germany and Belgium, declare: "The habit and cloak shall be of woolen cloth of the color of ashes, as has been declared many times by the Chapters General, and is the custom of our Order."

The Chapter General, celebrated at Rome in June, 1688, enacted this significant decree: "In all provinces uniformity of color in the habit shall be observed; it shall not be of bluish color (*nec cerulei coloris tinctura*), but of white and black or dark wool, in such a way that neither of the said natural colors shall much exceed the other."

So much for the legislation on the subject. What was the practice?

In Spain, the Friars of the Regular Observance, to which Fr. Serra belonged, wore the gray habit down to the time when Pope Leo XIII directed the Franciscans the world over to use a brown habit.

In Mexico, four out of the five provinces, through necessity, it is said, introduced, and by permit of the Holy See later retained, a habit of bluish color, for which reason they were known as *Frailes Azules*, Friars in Blue. The fifth province, that of San Diego, embracing the

Friars of the Alcatarine Reform, wore a habit of coffee (cafe) color.

Outside these regular communities, by the time Fr. Serra as volunteer for Indian missions reached Mexico, three Apostolic Colleges of the Propagation of the Faith had been established for the training of Indian missionaries. These communities operated independently of the provinces, subject only to the Commissary-General in Spain, who was represented in Mexico by a Vice-Commissary. Their Constitutions had been approved by Pope Innocent XI. In the matter of habit-color they strictly adhered to the regulations laid down by the Chapter-General named. Consequently the members wore a gray habit just as in Spain. It was one of these missionary colleges or seminaries, that of San Fernando at the Capital, which Fr. Serra with Fr. Palóu and Fr. Crespi joined, in 1750.

The Very Rev. Fr. Alfonso Maria Sánchez, O.F.M., Commissary General for all the Franciscans in Mexico, who, owing to the peculiar liberty of religion secured for the Catholics through the recognition of Archbandit Carranza, has taken refuge at Old Mission San Luis Rey, Cal., writes: "Los Frailes de los Colegios de Propaganda Fide siempre y endondequiera usaron el habito cenizientes en la Capital, en Texas, y endondequiera." "The Friars of the Colleges of the Propagation of the Faith always and everywhere used a habit of ash-color, at the Capital, in Texas, and



Fr. Junipero Serra

everywhere."

In California, Fr. Serra and all the Fathers in the twenty-one Missions, being subject to San Fernando College, wore only a gray habit. Early settlers laugh at the idea of Fr. Serra in a blue habit.

Likewise, the Franciscans from the missionary College of Guadalupe, Zacatecas, who came to California, in 1833, headed by the later Bishop García Diego, traversed the country in a gray habit. People knew of no other, and never heard of another. The evidence to that effect may be seen at the Museum, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, where a habit of Fr. Francisco Sánchez (the "Fr. Salvadierra" in Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona") is preserved and on exhibition.

Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. Santa Barbara Mission.





## FR. ROCH AND ST. PETER AGREE

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

"I don't care what you say," pouted Marion Ribeau, emerging from St. Delphine's Tertiary Hall with a number of sister Tertiaries after the regular monthly meeting of their fraternity. "Father Roch is good and pious and kind and jovial and all that, but he's altogether too strict and old-fashioned when it comes to passing judgment on women's styles."

"Why, Marion Ribeau, I'm surprised to hear you speak so disparagingly of our Reverend Director," exclaimed Jane Adams reprovingly, "and I for one think that Fr. Roch has very sensible ideas as to what we women and girls should and should not wear."

"I'm of the same opinion," rejoined Jenny Riordan, with emphasis, "and I think it would be a real shame if we Tertiaries didn't have sense enough and courage enough to dress decently in spite of the tyrannical dictates of fashion."

"Oh, you two needn't worry, as you both look charming in the style of gowns Fr. Roch wants us to wear, but I must follow the fashions if I want to appear attractive."

"That's all nonsense, Marion, and you know it," retorted Jane. "You'd look just as well in the dresses we are accustomed to wear and even better than in the ugly and improper gowns you persist in putting on."

"I beg your pardon, they're not improper," Marion said quickly,

her temper rising, "and my conscience is quite at ease on this score."

"Excuse me, Marion, I did not mean to wound your feelings," Jane hurried to assure her friend, "but what about others?"

"Let others take care of their own consciences and I'll look to mine," came Marion's very un-Tertiary answer. "And, as I said before, you and Fr. Roch can say what you please, I'll continue to follow the fashions, and dress according to my state in life, as our Rule expressly says we should."

"I trust you'll never have reason to regret it," said Jenny, as she and Jane parted company with Marion at the street crossing.

Three days after, Marion Ribeau returned late at night from a birthday party at the home of one of her friends. She was in high spirits, for had she not been voted the queen of the party and the most stylishly gowned young lady present? Entering her bedroom, she sank into the soft cushions of a large easy chair to live over again in sweet recollection the happy events of the evening. But, thoroughly fatigued as she was, she soon began to nod and before long she was in the land of dreams.

She dreamt she died and immediately after death soared aloft to seek admittance at the great golden gate of Heaven. She knocked

rather loud and boldly at the glittering portal, in the assurance that St. Peter had a warm welcome in store for her. In response to her knocking, the massive door swung noiselessly open, and Marion almost lost her breath as she caught sight of the wonderful golden streets, and beheld myriads of angels and saints, clad in garments that rivaled the rainbow in beauty and color, moving about from place to place and singing, to the accompaniment of countless harps, the praises of the Most High. Her heart beating with joy, she stepped forward to enter the dazzlingly beautiful City of God, when she was startled by a gruff voice:

"And what's your business here?"

She turned toward the speaker, and saw St. Peter seated near the door at a table of the most precious marble studded with costly jewels of every hue. Before him lay a number of ponderous tomes, while numerous angels stood by ready to do his bidding.

"Oh, dear St. Peter," Marion began in her most winning tones, although she wondered why her voice quivered and why St. Peter wore such a forbidding countenance, "don't you know me? Why, I'm Marion Ribeau. I just died a few minutes ago and I beg you kindly to admit me into the joys and glory of Heaven."

"In such a dress?" asked the holy doorkeeper with a lark frown.

Marion noticed now for the first time that she was still clothed in her party gown, and she was much grieved that, in her hurry to leave

the earth, she had forgotten to take her coat with her—the one she had been accustomed to wear when she used to visit Fr. Roch at the convent. But it was now too late, for St. Peter had already perceived how she was dressed. Still, it would never do to give up at once her endeavors to enter Heaven, so she thought she would gain the good will of St. Peter by counting up all the good works she had done.

"I led a good and pious life on earth, dear St. Peter," she began, folding her hands devoutly and assuming as pious an appearance as she could, "and I used to go to holy Mass every morning."

"In such a dress?" repeated St. Peter, his face growing darker.

Marion acted as if she had heard nothing.

"And almost daily to Holy Communion."

"In such a dress?" came the same question with increasing sternness.

"And I often visited the poor and the sick and—"

"In such a dress?" thundered St. Peter, for the fourth time.

"Well, how could I have dressed otherwise?" she asked, somewhat piqued at the Saint's persistent questioning. "It was the style. I merely followed the fashion."

"I know no style but modesty," was St. Peter's curt reply.

This was too much for poor Marion, and she began to weep bitterly, saying:

"Is this the way to treat a child of Mary?"

"A child of Mary?" reiterated the heavenly janitor, bringing down

his clenched fist with a tremendous thud on the volumes before him and frightening the little cherubs that hovered near. "You a child of Mary, the paragon of all that is pure and modest? You dare to tell me this to my face, dressed as you are in that immodest gown? A child of Mary, forsooth, that went about on earth to church, to the theater, to the parks, to parties, and on the public thoroughfares dressed in the garments of sin and shame!"

"Oh, my God!" moaned Marion, covering her face with her hands.

"And don't think that I'm making things worse than they are," he continued, taking up one of the great books and turning to Marion's record. "Just listen to what the Recording Angel has written about you."

While he was adjusting his broad-rimmed spectacles and jerking nervously at his fine white beard, Marion noticed that all the records in the book he held were written in ugly black ink, and her heart with fear sank over the outcome of her interview with the stern Apostle. At last, St. Peter found the place and began to read slowly and solemnly: "Unchaste thoughts and looks and desires—all in countless number."

"No, no, that can not be!" interrupted Marion, excitedly. "My thoughts and looks and desires were not immodest."

"Your thoughts and desires may have been pure, but not those that you caused in others by your immodest attire," replied St. Peter stiffly. "Or do you suppose for a

moment that people on earth go about blindfolded? And were you not taught in school that one may sin when one is the cause of the sins of others? And do you imagine that all men are angels in the flesh, so that temptations have no effect on them? Nonsense!"

Then the Saint went on reading from the records: "Irreverences innumerable against Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament."

"Impossible!" cried Marion, "I was always so devout and recollected in church."

"But was it not a crying sin of irreverence to appear in such a costume in church, in the presence of your Lord and God, where, instead of directing the minds of the faithful to Him in the tabernacle, you invited the immodest glances of some to your bare shoulders, and scandalized others by your utter lack of propriety?"

Here Marion suddenly became unpleasantly aware of the fact that Fr. Roch and St. Peter seemed to share the same old-fashioned ideas regarding woman's dress, and again she rebuked herself for having forgotten to put on her coat.

"Didn't you have a mirror at home, so that you could have seen how improper your dresses were?" enquired the Saint, looking sharply at Marion over the rims of his spectacles.

"Indeed, we had, dear St. Peter; but the dresses didn't seem immodest to me," Marion replied apologetically. "I considered them very beautiful."

"O blindness of human vanity,"



exclaimed St. Peter, throwing his hands to his head in astonishment, "that an innocent young lady should unconsciously become a stumbling block for so many a young man! She looked into the mirror and saw there not sin but only beauty! O insidious Fashion, how thoroughly dost thou blind those that follow thee! Thou art the helpmate of Satan, the destroyer of virtue, the sworn enemy of all that is pure and chaste!" And the venerable keeper of the celestial portals closed his book with a crash that set the bottles of golden, silver, and black ink fairly dancing on the table.

By this time Marion had almost given up all hopes of mollifying her judge, when suddenly she thought of the many traveling bags, band-boxes, and trunks the angels had brought with them when she departed from the earth. Surely, they must contain the numerous good works she had performed during life, since these were not to be found in the book of the Recording Angel.

"Perhaps my good works are in there?" she suggested humbly, pointing to the great pile of boxes and valises.

"Open them," said the Saint gruffly.

Marion's Guardian Angel produced a bunch of keys and proceeded to carry out St. Peter's directions. This done, he had the various trunks and band-boxes placed before him, so that he could easily view the contents.

"Good works, did you say?" asked St. Peter, laughing sarcasti-

cally as the Guardian Angel, assisted by several others, began to take out the various articles—dresses, hats, perfumes, face powder, hand mirrors, powder puffs, rouge, false curls, rings, brooches, and a thousand and one other toilet articles. "Good works, did you say?" he asked again, and Marion, utterly dumbfounded on beholding the contents of her baggage, saw his face twitch angrily. "Nothing but dresses and hats and vanity articles galore! Oh, had you but taken a few of these superfluous ribbons and laces from the hats and placed them on your dresses, those boxes might have contained a few good works. As it is, you have nothing. You may go!"

St. Peter waved his hand toward the door, and Marion turned sadly to quit the glorious city of the blessed.

"Hold, what's that?" enquired the Saint suddenly.

Marion looked about and saw her Guardian Angel take her Third Order scapular and cord from the bottom of the last trunk.

"Well, well, well! That caps the climax! A young lady, claiming, no doubt, to be a child of St. Francis, and unable to wear his scapular and cord on account of her dress. Indeed, this surpasses all my experience at the gate of Heaven," and the aged Saint shook his great white head in evident perplexity. Then, of a sudden, "Is this really your scapular, young lady?" he asked.

"Yes, dear St. Peter," replied Marion shamefacedly.

"And you claim to be a member of the Third Order of St. Francis?"

"Yes, dear St. Peter," more humbly than before.

"Well, this is a unique case, and I suppose I will have to lay the matter before St. Francis himself."

Hereupon he called little St. Rose of Viterbo, Marion's patroness in the Third Order, who just happened to be passing by at the time, and begged her to inform her holy Father St. Francis that he wished to consult him on a matter of the gravest importance. After a short interval, St. Francis arrived accompanied by St. Louis, St. Elizabeth, St. Elzear and St. Delphine, St. Rose of Viterbo, and a host of other saints and blessed of the Third Order. Marion noticed that, in spite of the glory that surrounded them, all were dressed in very poor garments, that were mended in various places. Strangest of all, the very patches seemed to shine with special splendor.

"Excuse me, for troubling you, good St. Francis," began St. Peter in altogether a different tone of voice than he had used while speaking with Marion, "but there is a person here who claims to be one of your children. Her garments, however, seem to belie her words; for they are enough to try even my patience. I can't possibly admit her in the dress she has on, and we have gone all through her baggage and have found that one dress is worse than the other. So, what's to be done? She declares solemnly that she did not consider the dresses immodest, but that doesn't

blot out from these books the countless sins of scandal of which she has been the cause."

"Have you anything else to say in your defense, my child?" asked St. Francis kindly.

"Nothing, holy Father, except that I thought Fr. Roch was too strict, and that the styles were not so bad as he made them."

"Foolish girl, not to give more credence to your Reverend Director," answered St. Francis reprov- ingly. "Now you know how vanity can blind the eyes of poor mortals. And, as it is impossible to admit you into the city of the all-holy God clad as you now are, I can only advise you to return to the earth and have other dresses made. Use St. Elizabeth, St. Delphine, St. Rose, and my other blessed children as your models in the choice of apparel, and never put on a gown in which you would be ashamed to appear before me, and in which you would not wish to see our heavenly Queen, Mary Immaculate, clothed. In this way you will always remain within the limits of decency and propriety. Go now, and thank God that he has granted you this special grace through the merits of your sainted sisters of the Third Order."

"And thank Heaven, too," St. Peter interrupted, as Marion prepared to leave, "that we discovered your Tertiary scapular in time. And I would advise you to place it in future where it belongs—about your neck and not at the bottom of your trunk, lest you fare worse the next time."

Marion, thoroughly frightened at

the threatening look on St. Peter's face as he spoke these parting words, hastened to make her departure, entirely forgetting to thank St. Francis for his timely intervention. As she came to the door, it opened of itself and—

in walked her mother exclaiming:

"Marion Ribeau! Have you actually been sleeping in that chair all night?"

Marion opened wide her eyes and for an instant could not realize where she was. At last it dawned

on her that she had been dreaming. Mumbling an incoherent excuse about being so tired after the party, she dismissed her mother with the assurance that she would soon be down for breakfast.

After her mother had gone, Marion fell on her knees and thanked God from her heart that he had opened her eyes so completely to the vanity of the world, and she solemnly promised him then and there that neither Fr. Roch, nor St. Francis, nor St. Peter would ever again in future have reason to complain about her garments.

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### A WAYSIDE SERMON

The little Indian girl stood on the railway platform, and a group of restless travelers, glad of whatever broke the monotony, had gathered in a circle about her, examining her wares. On every hand the desert stretched away, meeting the bare, black mountains, their sides scarred by gorges, and barren of vegetation. Against this somber background the bright clothing of the Indian maid showed to good advantage.

"You pay two prices for what you buy here," said the man with his hat on one side, who had the air of knowing it all. "But the tourist is robbed everywhere. You might as well make up your mind to be cheated in the first place."

"This is no cheat," the Indian girl protested. "I make the baskets myself, and they take me days."

"Oh, of course, they all declare they are selling cheap," said the man with his hat on one side. "And why shouldn't they cheat if they can? I'd do the same in their places." He winked at a man on the other side of the crowd and laughed unpleasantly.

The next remark of the Indian girl was unexpected. "For what shall it profit a man," she said, in slow, painstaking English, "if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" That is what they taught us at the mission school, and I will not lie that I may sell my baskets, even though I go hungry."

It was a silent company that climbed aboard the Pullman at the conductor's signal. "It wasn't long for a sermon," said the man with his hat on one side, "but it's the kind of one you can't forget in a hurry." —*Catholic News*.



# **-:- Franciscan Anecdotes -:-**

## **A BROTHER'S SACRIFICE**

An edifying letter was received a short time since at the Franciscan monastery in Metz, Germany, by one of the young clerics from his brother who took part in the terrible campaign of the Carpathians. He wrote: "Perhaps we will soon have to encounter the dangers of battle again; but with brave and undaunted hearts we will fulfill the task imposed on us." Then he enquires about his dear ones at home, and continues: "Also in our breast there beats a heart warm for those whom we were forced to leave. My dear brother, please write me a letter that I may have something again from dear hands. Did you write to mother that you are on the point of being enlisted? Alas! another blow for mother's loving heart! May God give ear to her prayer and grant her the joy of seeing her children once more. Still, should the good God have destined one of us as a sacrifice, then may he deign to choose me, and preserve you, my dear brother, for his sacred service, so that as a priest of God you may one day perform your duties fully and entirely for the salvation of souls." The young man who penned these lines was wounded last fall on the feast of All Saints and died six days later.



## **HOW A FRIAR SEIZED A BULL BY THE HORNS**

It was after the year 1217, when the sons of St. Francis began to spread over the whole of Europe, that a few friars, unknown, indeed, to the world but greatly loved of God, made their way to the royal city of Toledo, in Spain. Here they were given a small convent outside the walls and quite remote from the city. One day, as the nobles of the town were enjoying the excitement of a bull fight, as is customary in that country, two friars passed the place and begged for an alms. One of the nobles replied, on hearing their request, "Brother, if thou wishest to seize yonder bull, he is thine for the love of Jesus Christ." Then he added with the other noblemen, "Yes, Brother, if thou dost succeed in taking the steer, we will give thee both it and this plot of ground whereon to build a convent." The friar, piously recommending himself to God and to St. Francis, went boldly toward the indomitable and infuriated animal and took it by the horns. At once the bull became as gentle as a lamb, and permitted the friar to lead him about as he pleased. Rejoicing greatly in the Lord, the Brother cried out, "My lords, the bull is ours as well as the plot of ground." Filled with awe at the great miracle wrought before their eyes, the nobles gladly kept their promise.

Now this property adjoined the royal palace, and the queen frequently saw the friars from the windows of her apartments. But being a haughty and worldly-minded woman, she could not look at them without experiencing disgust over their abject poverty and deep humility.

It happened that once, as the Brother questor went on his usual rounds to beg bread for the friars, the queen glancing through her window beheld a wicker basket covered with fine napkins descending from the sky and hovering near the door of the convent. Suddenly a youth of marvelous beauty appeared, who took the basket and gave the bread to the Brother porter to lay before the brethren as they sat at table.

Astonished beyond measure by what she saw and realizing from the miracle the great sanctity of the poor despised religious, the queen immediately despatched a servant to the convent and begged to be given some of the heavenly bread. The friars willingly gave her the two remaining loaves, which she received with due reverence. Part of the miraculous bread she gave to several sick persons to eat, and they were at once restored to health, while the other portion of the bread she put aside with her other relics. Cherishing now the greatest love and affection for the friars, whom she had hitherto despised, the queen requested the king to present them with the palace, to do with as they pleased. The pious king generously acceded to her petition and gave the palace to the brethren as a convent, and the plot of land they had received from the nobles served thenceforth as their garden.—*Analecta Franciscana*.



## VISION OF THE LADDERS

Brother Leo once saw in a dream how preparations were being made for divine judgment. In a large field, while the angels were sounding the trumpets, a countless multitude of all nations assembled. And behold! two ladders, one white, the other red, extending from earth to heaven, were placed at the two ends of the field. On the top of the red ladder, stood Christ as if in great anger; somewhat below him was St. Francis. Descending a little from the ladder, the Seraphic Father called aloud to his brethren saying, "Come, brethren, come, approach the Lord, who summons you. Have confidence, fear not." Thereupon, many brethren followed the admonition of their father, and began to ascend the red ladder. But during their ascent, one of them fell from the third rung, another from the fourth, another from the tenth, others from the middle, and others from the very summit. Now St. Francis touched with compassion at this great mishap of his friars, pleaded with the Judge in their behalf. But Christ showed his hands and side. The wounds seemed to be renewed and blood flowed from them. "Behold!" he said, "what thy brethren have done unto me." But St. Francis continued to ask mercy for his sons, and after a short time he descended a little from the red ladder exclaiming, "Have confidence, brethren, do not despair. Hasten yonder to the white ladder and ascend, because there you will be received, and by it you will enter Heaven." While the brethren hurried to follow the advice of their holy father, lo! the Blessed Virgin appeared at the summit of the white ladder; she received the brethren kindly, and forthwith they entered the kingdom of God.—*Analecta Franciscana*.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### ST. FRANCIS AND THE PRESS

If St. Francis were alive to-day, he would not only go about preaching but support the press whenever and wherever he should be able to do so. In the spring of 1215, Francis suffered from a severe attack of fever. It was then, his biographers tell us, that the Saint, unable to preach, was moved by the zeal that devoured him, to put his message into writing. As a result, we have a long letter from his pen, addressed "to all Christians, religious, clerics, and laics, men and women, to all who dwell in the whole world." He begins his letter with the words:

"Being the servant of all, I am bound to serve all and to administer the balm-bearing words of my God. Wherefore, considering in my mind that, because of the infirmity and weakness of my body, I can not visit each one personally, I propose by this present letter and message to offer you the words of our Lord Jesus Christ who is the Word of the Father and the words of the Holy Ghost which are 'spirit and life.'"

Here is a simplicity in the superscription and opening words of the letter characteristic of the Middle Ages. Then was the time when men believed that if they had a good idea or a deep feeling on any subject, the world at large had but to learn of this idea or feeling and it would immediately adopt it. That St. Francis was not mistaken in the people of his times, may be learned from the fact that hardly was the letter published when its contents were devoured with great avidity by great and small, by rich and poor.

Whether the people of our own day would receive his message with the same enthusiasm, is beside the question. The point we are trying to make is this: if St. Francis, already in the thirteenth century, thought it worth while to take up the pen in the service of mankind, how much more readily would he do so to-day when the facilities for communicating one's thoughts are innumerable and the possibilities of benefiting others unlimited.

As followers of St. Francis and partakers of his spirit, Tertiaries should bear in mind that they have a very strict duty to perform in regard to the press. Their Rule obliges them "to promote pious practices and all that is good." And Pope Pius X expressly enjoins on them not only to read what is written in defence of religion but work to have such writings spread. The business of supporting the good press and of combating the evil press is a vast one and needs the cooperation of many. Let each fraternity study the particular needs of its community, and let each Tertiary study his own capacity. Then let them decide on a definite plan of action, and we assure them that their efforts for the spread of truth and for the benefit of others will not be in vain. In fact, there are few works of charity that are easier to perform and at the same time surer of results.



### AS TO DEVOTIONS

Devotions are helpful and even necessary to lead a spiritual life. Without the Mass, for instance, we should forget the Sacrifice consummated for our salvation on Calvary; without Confession we should live in



sin, unmindful of the danger of eternal perdition; without the Blessed Eucharist we should faint by the wayside; without indulgences we should make little reparation for our sins; without holy images and symbols we should give little thought to things spiritual and divine. But in selecting devotions we should take care not to magnify or multiply unduly what is merely accidental. We must not "pass over the great mysteries of religion," to use the words of Cardinal Vaughan, "for devotional practices, that appeal more directly to the senses. Much injury has been done to souls, both within and without the Church, by a neglect of what is solid and fundamental."

There is a class of namby-pamby Catholics—every parish has its quota of them—devoted to the frivolous pursuit of what is novel and sentimental in religion as well as in other things. They are ready to affiliate with every pious society or confraternity just so long as it is new, and they are prepared to adopt any devotion if only they can find therein something sweetly mawkish. This type of Catholic is thus described in the *Imitation of Christ*: "Some carry their devotion in books, some in pictures, and some in outward signs and figures. Some have Me in their mouths but little in their hearts. Many run to divers places to visit the relics of the Saints, marvel at the records of their lives, gaze at the noble temples built in their honor, and kiss their sacred bones wrapped in gold and silks. Oftentimes in these things men are moved with curiosity and the novelty of the sight and hardly any amendment of life is the result. They are Christ's true followers who lay out their entire life to improvement and amendment."

It has been well said that what sufficed to sanctify the Apostles and the early Christians should not be neglected or diluted by the faithful of modern times. Yet, it does sometimes happen, as we may see with our own eyes, that the great truths of religion are neglected for something that is purely accidental, that sweetmeats are substituted for solid food, and that pious practices which are good in themselves are rendered enervating and dissipating by their multiplicity and excess. Such neglect has "generated," as Cardinal Vaughan again says, "a superstitious and foolish type of character, lacking depth and strength, and, as a consequence, has alienated many from the Church which, they say, is a nursery for women and children."



### WHO IS TO BLAME?

It has become quite the vogue with some Catholics to blame the avowed enemies of the Church for all the evil that exists in the world. If the Catholic Church were free to exert her influence, they say, Catholicism would stand vindicated before the world, and the world would be forced to embrace it. This form of reasoning, besides being not quite conclusive, is altogether nugatory. For, it is useless to inveigh against others if there is no hope of making them realize their guilt. Besides, have we not reason to strike our own breasts? Is it not written somewhere, "Destruction is thy own, O Israel"? and again, "Thy humiliation is in the midst of thee"?

We have the authority of the Vatican Council for it that the tendency of the times is, by means of rationalism or naturalism, to drive Christ out of the hearts and life and morals of the people and to substitute the reign

of nature and reason. Unfortunately, also many a son of the Church has allowed himself to be led astray. Thus it happens that they enervate the truths of revelation, impair the Catholic spirit and imbibe altogether novel ideas. They confound nature and grace, mix human knowledge and divine faith, distort the true sense of the doctrines of faith, and thus themselves greatly imperil the true faith.

These strictures of the Church are as true now as when they were first made. Therefore, it is of no avail to make the wicked world responsible for all the evils of the time. It is useless also to expect help from God alone without any effort on our part. He will not send us an angel from heaven to show us how we can help ourselves. Neither will he raise up among us a legion of saints to renew the face of the earth. We do not deny that the world is sorely in need of saints. But, as we are now disposed, not even Enoch and Elias could hope for much success among us. We should be the first to thwart their efforts and regard them as unwelcome reformers and troublesome fanatics bent on destroying by their blind zeal our own work of reconciliation with the world.

Under such circumstances, we need not be surprised, if our age is so lamentably poor in saints and other great men. Indeed, why should Almighty God send us saints if we have no room nor appreciation for them? If we only knew wherein consists our true strength and honor, we should not ask for miracles and wish for saints. We should ourselves become saints. What more could we need or desire to become saints? God's grace and his Church are all-sufficient. He is with her to the end of the world. To her he has entrusted all truth. She is the pillar and ground of truth. His spirit and his truth will not depart from her. She has the innate power to renew herself and all those that receive her spirit.

Therefore, whoever wishes to undergo this process of self-renovation, must embrace and cling to the Church with all the powers of his mind and will and with all the enthusiasm of his heart. He must become one with the Church, as a grafted branch becomes one with the stem from which it draws its life and nourishment. In other words, he must in all things think, feel and act in union with the Church. Let Catholics remember that all true reform, like charity, begins at home. Once, they have learnt this lesson, they will cease to complain of the faults of others and will give more attention to their own.



## POLITICS AND BIGOTRY

Under the title, "What's Behind It All?" the Very Rev. John J. Dunn, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, has contributed an article to the *Extension Magazine* on the New York Charities Investigation that has attracted so much attention the country over. In this article, he lays the blame where it belongs, at the door of a number of crafty politicians who are striving to gain control of the Catholic charitable institutions, and failing in their purpose are trying to vent their spleen on those by whom they have been thwarted.

After naming a number of more or less charitable associations as parties to the conspiracy against the Catholic child-caring institutions of the city, Father Dunn says: "There is one thing more 'behind it all'. It is a grievous thing to have to say it, but there is no use denying or blinking it: It is the revival of bigotry. It is here, not dead, as we had hoped,



but alive and to be reckoned with. How far it will go toward breaking up the cordial relations existing among institutional workers of all faiths, remains to be seen. We hope and pray it has already spent itself, and that when this storm is all over, we may have a lasting peace."

We echo a fervent Amen, but we are loath to say that we can not share Father Dunn's hopes for lasting peace. Bigotry, like the fabled Hydra, is many-headed. So long as it is carefully nursed by large bodies of citizens to further their own political aspirations, it will be sure to recrudesce, no matter how serious the wounds it receives in the battle against justice and truth. The movement for state inspection, if not state control, of private institutions, charitable as well as educational, is gaining ground rapidly, and unless Catholics everywhere rise like one man in defence of them, it may not be long before these institutions are altogether a thing of the past. Catholics should not allow themselves to be browbeaten by certain loudmouthed persons who love to pose as social reformers but who are in reality nothing but impudent meddlers or wily politicians. They should be told in plain English to mind their own business. It is a mistake to suppose that such persons can be silenced by throwing open to them the doors of Catholic institutions. In fact, we never could understand why privately owned houses should be so ready to invite public inspection and so anxious to submit to the annoyances entailed thereby. We think they would serve their interests far better if, instead of hanging out the "All Welcome" sign, they would post a notice, "No Admittance to Cranks and Bigots." We, therefore, heartily concur with Father Dunn when he says, "All that Catholic institutions demand is justice, and that in full measure. They do not ask more, but they will not accept less."



### WHICH SCHOOL?

Vacation is on the wane, and to many a Catholic father who intends to give his son or daughter a higher education the question presents itself, to which college shall I send my child? One should suppose that, in making the choice of a college, Catholic parents would be influenced chiefly, if not solely, by considerations of their children's welfare. That this is not always the case is evident from *The Catholic Educational Association Bulletin* for August, which contains a report on the attendance at Catholic colleges and universities in the United States. From a study of the tables it appears that only about one-half of our normal quota of collegiate students are enrolled in our colleges. "There appears to be no good reason," says the paper, "for supposing that Catholic young men are more backward than others in going to college, and the conclusion may therefore be drawn that about one-half of the Catholic young men who go to college, attend non-Catholic institutions."

Whatever may be the reasons for the large Catholic attendance at secular or sectarian institutions of learning, the proportion seems to us to be unduly large. The report advances as one of the chief determining factors in the selection of a college the attractive power that lies in the nearness of a college to a prospective candidate. Making all due allowances for this and other attractive powers that non-Catholic institutions of learning are supposed to possess, we still think that the number of students in our higher institutions of learning would be much greater if it were not for a lack of appreciation for what is Catholic in education.





## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XXII

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

When Viceroy Revilla Gigedo received the report of Lieutenant Muzquiz, he convened his council, which by a majority of votes decided to establish a presidio, as requested by the missionaries. One of the six Fathers destined for the three San Xavier missions was to act as chaplain for the troops, much to the disgust of the commander, Captain Felipe de Rábago y Terán, and to the consternation of Fr. Miguel Pinilla, the unhappy victim; for, if there was one position the Fathers from the Apostolic Colleges dreaded, it was that of chaplaincy for Mexican soldiers. "Right here lay the source of endless subsequent troubles," Fr. Arricivita warns us in advance.

"As soon as the captain arrived, he showed that the conditions at the presidio and in the country were not according to his ideas. The solitude to him was frightful. The cottonwood along the river appeared a poor substitute for the promenade to which he had been accustomed, and the chirping of the cricket and the beetle a most disagreeable orchestra. In the end, the country seemed to him

more insufferable than Siberia. To this state of mind the fact contributed much that he possessed no more education for administering justice than what he had picked up in drawing up accounts and warrants. The result was that in all the cases brought before him the captain's only associate judge was irascibility. From it emanated all his decisions, which he would execute in fury, inconsiderately, and without taking time to think.

"The very first case was the cruel imprisonment of an unfortunate married man whom the captain amid derision and much unnecessary noise had arrested on the road from San Antonio. On Christmas night the prisoner seized the opportunity and fled to Mission Candelaria, where he took refuge in the church," which according to Spanish law sheltered any culprit against civil or military officials until such officials had in writing promised to the priest in charge that the culprit should have a fair trial. A good arrangement, indeed, which protected against the insane frenzy of mobs as well as of usurping officials. "Rábago's fury, however,

would not let him stop to think of the consequences of violating the right of sanctuary. Nor did the solemnity of the great feast of the Nativity restrain the haughty officer. Mounting his horse in a rage he galloped to the Mission, burst into the church while holy Mass was being celebrated, and sacrilegiously dragged the poor refugee out, despite the supplications and protests of the missionary."

Not satisfied with this brutal act, which excommunicated him, the infuriated captain ordered the torture to be applied to the prisoner. The poor fellow was stretched on the ground, arms and legs extended and tied to four stakes. Three other stakes served to keep his neck as if in the stocks. The missionary, who acted as chaplain of the presidio, hearing of the affair, expostulated with the officer, and finally, under threat of publishing the excommunication incurred, ordered Rábago to restore the culprit to the church whence he had been violently taken. Fear of the consequences and the loud protests of the presidio inmates at last moved the irascible man to release the prisoner.

Such bad example and open disrespect for ecclesiastical authority could not but have a bad effect upon the soldiers. They began to despise the missionaries and yielded to their unbridled passions openly, since no punishment was to be feared for any scandalous conduct or outrage. Furthermore, they would annoy the missionaries in every way possible, stir up discon-

tent, and make false accusations, tacitly, at least, encouraged by the disgruntled Rábago.

One occurrence, says Fr. Arricivita, who writes from personal knowledge, raised the hatred for the missionaries, to the highest degree. A sick soldier, after having made his confession to the chaplain, complained to him that his wife was unduly familiar with a corporal of the military post. He begged the priest to correct the wife. Though the petition was made outside the confessional, and the conduct of the two sinners was notorious, the Father hesitated. Finally, he did very kindly and privately warn the unfaithful woman. Whether the creature took the advice and thereafter avoided the soldier, as was her duty, or whether she told her companion in sin that she had been rebuked by the priest at the instance of her husband, is not known. At all events, the wretched corporal seized this opportunity to revenge himself and others like him upon the zealous chaplain. He addressed a paper to the commander, demanding punishment if he was guilty, and if not guilty, that the Father restore his good name, which the priest had robbed by charging all the soldiers with concubinage. The captain knew very well that the sick husband could easily offer abundant proof of the wrongs suffered from the corporal. In order to escape investigating the case, which would have brought out the guilt of the soldiers and the innocence of the priest, he shrewdly hushed the feigned indignation of

the troopers, and at the same time, forbade the chaplain to enter the garrison, thus making it appear that the missionary was guilty as charged. The notification was sent through a lieutenant and some soldiers. The Father demanded that the notice declaring he could no longer administer the sacraments at the presidio be handed to him in writing, so that it might be on record. Though intensely grieved, Fr. Pinilla preserved his presence of mind. Fearing that if he let the matter go, a precedent might be established and knowing that his superiors were out of reach and the matter urgent, he resolved to exercise the extraordinary faculties granted to the Indian missionaries of the early days in the case of those defying ecclesiastical authority. Accordingly he declared the captain and all who had cooperated with him in this affair excommunicated. This sentence he published by fixing it to a tablet so that all could read it.

Such a proceeding Rábago had not expected. He grew violently angry, ordered the edict to be torn down, and tried to persuade all that the excommunication counted for naught. At the same time, he wrote an insulting letter to Fr. Pinilla with a view to have him revoke the sentence. The fearless chaplain could not be cowed. On the contrary, he proceeded to the presidio, and there in a paternal yet apostolic manner sought to make the culprits realize the enormity of their shameless excesses. Many of the soldiers acknowledged their guilt and asked forgiveness, which

was at once granted. Not so the irate captain; but more of this in our next installment.

Professor Bolton in "Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century," relates the story somewhat differently, adding from documents some details which Fr. Arricivita scrupled to narrate. Thus the names are suppressed with the missionary historian, though he was on the spot. He wrote for edification, and therefore shied at giving the names of mission enemies when they were coupled with crimes, lest he be thought uncharitable, but in this way he caused his "Crónica" to be obscure at times and to the historian of to-day not a little difficult. It is disagreeable for a religious to have to narrate criminal facts about individuals; but such facts, when the crimes have become notorious, is something the historian cannot suppress without doing injustice to others. At all events, the historian must have the facts and circumstances so that he can form an accurate judgment, and present the occurrences truthfully. Such is the practice to-day. History is judgment, and just judgment can not be rendered until all the facts and circumstances have been unearthed. Would that history had always been written with this end in view, especially after the mis-called Reformation, since which time it has indeed been a conspiracy against truth. As to Texas, everything is being sifted to the bottom by Dr. Herbert E. Bolton and the school of young historians trained by him. The result is as would be the case in



every country—the Catholic Church only gains by critical investigations.

From Bolton we know that the wicked corporal was one Nicholás Carabajal, who appears to have re-

mained stubborn after the manner of libertines; for he was sent to Mexico to report to the government, and thus cause more trouble for the missionaries.

### A FAMOUS FRANCISCAN CEMETERY

On July 4. the annual ceremony, originated by the Sons of the American Revolution in honor of General Lafayette, took place as usual in the cemetery of Picpus at the grave of the famous soldier. M. H. Cleveland Cose, late vice consul of the United States, in the name of the society deposited a flag and a bouquet of flowers on the tomb. He also read an address, which was to have been delivered by Doctor Herbert Adams Gibbons, who, however, had been shortly before recalled to the United States to give an account of his mission concerning the Armenian massacres. Another speech was given by M. Charles Prince, who spoke in glowing terms of the War of Independence. It will certainly be of interest to American Tertiaries to know that the cemetery of Picpus belongs to a congregation of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis and that in this cemetery the great Frenchman and intimate friend of George Washington, Marquis de Lafayette lies buried. Picpus was many years ago a small village on the outskirts of Paris, but it has since been incorporated into the city. In 1601, a congregation of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis founded a monastery and church in this village, and they soon became known as the Friars of Picpus. They were suppressed in 1790, but were reorganized toward 1815 and they continued to render the greatest services to men especially by their missionary labors in Oceania. Unhappily, the iniquitous laws of 1903 have compelled them to disband again. The cemetery in which Lafayette lies buried belonged to these Franciscan Friars and it contains only a small number of tombs, among which Lafayette's is naturally the most prominent. — Leon de Lillo, Paris, France.



## BEFORE THE DAWN

By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.

THE Catholic Church embraces all men without distinction of race, color, or nationality.

"Go and teach all nations; preach the Gospel to every creature," said

Christ to his

Apostles.

Although the

Church has

been obedient

to this divine

command,

there are still

many lands

where the

Gospel has

not been

preached and

where men

sit in the

shadow of

death and in

the darkness

of heathen-

ism. This is

true also of

the land of

the Indian.

The glad tid-

ings of salva-

tion have

been an-

nounced to

the natives

of America

for centuries;

yet there are villages and settlements where no Catholic priest has ever set foot. Nor is this because of a lack of zeal, but simply because, as our Lord himself declared,

"The harvest, indeed, is great but the laborers are few." (Luke x, 2).

In the year 1887, a number of young men were ordained to the holy priesthood. Soon after their

ordination,

they were

sent to differ-

ent parts of

the globe.

Some of them

went to

China, one

went to the

Holy Land,

while the

others re-

mained in

this country.

Among the

latter, was

the writer

of these

lines, who

felt himself

singularly

favorable in

being sent by

his superiors

to the In-

dians of

northern

Wisconsin,

where he

has now

labored for



Photo By Grace C. Horn

A Warrior Bold

almost forty years among the Chippewa and Menominee tribes. In past issues of *Franciscan Herald* I have related some incidents of Indian missionary life, and I now in-

tend to give my kind readers an insight into Indian missionary work. I shall begin my narratives with the Chippewa Indians, as they were the first with whom I came in contact.

The aborigines, whom Christopher Columbus met on landing in the New World, belonged to the race of red men whom he called Indians. The name Indian, which in fact is a misnomer, was given them because Columbus and his companions believed that the islands they had discovered were part of India. The mistake was soon learned, but the name remained, and it is now used to designate the native tribes of the entire Western Continent.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, there lived in Wisconsin three nations of Indians representing three of the greatest linguistic stocks of the aborigines—the Iroquois, the Sioux, and the Algonkin. The Iroquois occupied the country surrounding Lakes Ontario and Erie, which extended eastward to the Hudson river and southward through Pennsylvania as far as Chesapeake Bay. The original home of the Sioux was on the Atlantic coast, but later they journeyed westward to the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. The Algonkin nation inhabited the greater part of the North Atlantic sea-coast as far south as Cape Hatteras and north beyond the St. Lawrence River. Most of Canada nearly to the Rocky Mountains was settled by the Algonkins. Also, a considerable part of the country south of the Great Lakes, including West Virginia, sections of Pennsyl-

vania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois was peopled by Indians of Algonkin stock. The natives that treated with William Penn regarding the site of the present city of Philadelphia, belonged to this wide-spread nation, which now has dwindled down to but 90,000 souls.

The Chippewas, Menominees, Ottawas, Crees, Sacs and Foxes, Potawatamies, and others belonged likewise to the Algonkin family. The Chippewas originally inhabited the Atlantic seaboard, where they lived for many centuries, but it seems that the fierce Iroquois raided the tribes of the Algonkin and Siouan families driving them gradually westward. The Chippewas moved from the St. Lawrence River to the Georgian Bay, Sault Sainte Marie, and finally pitched their wigwams in Wisconsin and northern Minnesota. There are at present about five thousand Chippewa Indians and half-breeds in Wisconsin and about ten thousand in northern Minnesota. At least one half of these Indians are Catholics, a few are Protestants, and the rest are pagans.

These Indians as a race or distinct people call themselves "Anishinabe." They are, however, commonly called Chippewas, and this name is officially used by the Government. This is a corruption of the word "odjibway" (or according to the Latin pronunciation, "odjibwe"), which is composed of the words "odjib," which means to pucker up, to wrinkle, or to shrivel, and "abway," which signifies to



wait. Hence, "odjib-way" would mean, to wait until puckered up.

This queer name was given to the Chippewas because they were wont to torture their enemies by burning them at a fire until the flesh shriveled up. This cruel practice was not an ancient tradition with the Odjibways, but was learnt, it is said, from their neighbors, the Fox Indians. Honorable William War-

contempt for his Odjibway uncle, planted two stakes strongly in the ground, and, taking his uncle by the arm, he remarked that he wished to warm him before a good fire. He then deliberately tied his arms and legs to the two stakes as far apart as they could be stretched, and then built a large fire in front of the unhappy victim. When the unnatural nephew had burned the naked



Chippewa Indians of the Present Day

ren, a half-breed Chippewa, relates the origin of the hellish custom as follows.

"A noted warrior of the Odjibways was once taken prisoner by his nephew, who was a young warrior of the Foxes, a son of his own sister, who had been captured when young, adopted and married into the Fox tribe. This young man, to show the Foxes his utter

body of his uncle to a blister on the one side, he turned him about with his back to the fire. When this had also been frightfully roasted, the young man unbound his uncle, and turning him loose, he bade him return home and tell the Odjibways how the Foxes treat their uncles.

"The uncle, however, recovered from his fire wounds, and in a subsequent war, he succeeded in cap-

turing his cruel nephew. He took him to the village of the Odjibways, where he tied him to a stake, and taking a fresh elk skin, on which a layer of fat had purposely been left, he placed it over a fire until it became ablaze; then throwing it over the naked shoulders of his nephew, he remarked, "Nephew, when you took me to visit the village of your people, you warmed me before a good fire. I now in return give you a warm mantle for your back."

Whether this incident really happened or is merely one of the many Indian legends, it is a fact that the Odjibways and the Sioux ("Bwanak," which means roasters) were accustomed to burn their enemies at the stake.

How different this practice from the command given by our Blessed Savior, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be children of your Father who is in heaven." (Mt. v, 44.) Yet, what can one expect of a people whose animal instincts have never received the sweet curb of the Gospel?

And the New World was inhabited not only by one or the other of such cruel tribes. For, as its vast tracts were one great wilderness which the bright light of the noonday sun could scarcely penetrate, and where the wild beasts roamed at will, so, too, were the minds and hearts of the countless savages that dwelt here buried in the darkness of heathenism, which the bright rays of the knowledge of God failed to pierce. They possessed, indeed, the same God-given reason as the Christians, but they used it merely in the interests of their brutish passions. With them, cruelty and all animal passions were virtues, and charity, modesty, and other Christian virtues were regarded as vices or at least as the marks of a coward. •

Who could bring light and love to the minds and hearts of these benighted people? Who could disabuse them of their superstition? Who could tame their warlike nature and change these ravenous wolves into meek and docile lambs of Jesus Christ? The Catholic missionary. And, thank God, he was not long in coming.

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**Every day is a fresh beginning;**

**Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,**

**And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,**

**And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,**

**Take heart with the day, and begin again.**

**—The Ave Maria.**

## RED BIRD

*By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

THE death of a bachelor uncle, who had always idolized his odd, lively little niece, had made Shirley Richards suddenly wealthy. Now the portals of exclusive society swung wide to receive her. But somehow Shirley found more real enjoyment with her old associates than with her more recent acquaintances.

She resolved that her thousands in the bank must not be allowed to rust; accordingly, she set about spending them. After her unpretentious home had given place to an elegant mansion with furnishings a princess would not despise, Shirley bought a high-priced automobile of a vivid crimson color. Soon Miss Richards and her car, which she christened "Red Bird," became a familiar sight on the streets of the city.

Shirley's father advised her to hire a chauffeur, as became one of her position in society. "You very correct old daddy," she objected, "you'd be for having me take a back seat and fold my hands, or maybe sit and hug a dog with a jeweled collar. Nothing like that for me! I'll learn to run the car myself." Mr. Richards could not be persuaded to ride with his daughter at the wheel, even though she declared that she had completely mastered the art of running an automobile. She drove with a reckless sort of abandon, at least so he thought. However, Shirley's motor

trips were singularly free from accidents of any kind.

There was a young artist, Homer Graves, by name, who, as Shirley expressed it, exhibited his inferior taste by falling passionately in love with her. She simply exasperated the young man by refusing to ride in his automobile. He must share hers, she declared, and invariably she insisted on driving it herself.

When the unconventional miss adopted the wearing of a red suit with hat and veil to match the machine, the patience of the distraught lover was exhausted.

"Homer Graves," she exclaimed, when he voiced his disapproval of her vivid attire, "surely you are artist enough to note that this shade of costume and auto serves to bring out the entrancing color of my hair and eyes. You don't know how adorable you yourself look in a red setting. You see, that's why I insist upon Red Bird in preference to your melancholy looking car. My machine has a soul, really!"

After this outburst the young man observed a discreet silence.

Under a rose-hung pergola, Shirley Richards was entertaining a party of girl friends one afternoon. Any little affair with Shirley as hostess was sure to be delightful. Her charming vivacity and inexhaustible good humor made her very popular. Besides, underlying



her natural levity was a deep, loyal nature, and as a friend, Shirley Richards was as true as steel. The girls she had invited were the "Old Guard," as she called them—former friends who, although ineligible to exclusive circles that welcomed the charming young heiress, were more companionable, in Shirley's opinion, than any of her newer friends.

"I'm very partial to the plebeians," she would say in her droll way, "for I can't forget that I once belonged to the common people myself."

"Well, Shirley," said Christine Miller, as the hostess handed her a cup of tea, "what have you been doing of late to distinguish yourself?"

But a few weeks before a masked bandit had attempted to hold up the red automobile one night when she had motored into the country with Homer Graves. By some stratagem she had driven on unscratched.

"Nothing doing these days," answered Shirley, "nothing worthy of note. My existence has become quite flat, and unprofitable. I'd like to go out and do a highwayman stunt, hold up a train or something. Can't you imagine me with a knife in my teeth and a gun in each hand.—" Here she simulated the act of covering a trainload of passengers with her weapons, while the girls laughed merrily. "It would be awfully easy to manage."

"Indeed, you could do anything you made up your mind to," chided her friends.

"You'd make another Joan of

Arc if the opportunity presented itself," declared Irene Powers.

Shirley made a grimace. "Comparisons are odious, particularly in this instance. You owe dear little Jeanne an apology. I love her very, very much."

"O say Shirley," spoke Clara, "here's a bit of news that will interest you—unless you're wise already. Do you know there has been a new assistant pastor appointed to Saint Philip's Roman Catholic Church?"

Shirley who was an adept at acting sank back limply in her chair gasping in feigned astonishment, "Spare me! O how could you!" One of the party playfully seized a palm-leaf fan lying near and vigorously plied it before Shirley's closed eyes.

"One should always be prepared to hear something overwhelming from Clara," exclaimed Shirley, suddenly sitting upright.

"O, but I caught a glimpse of the newcomer," continued Clara, and he's a most superb looking fellow—that's the point I'm trying to elucidate."

"How did you know he was the new assistant? Couldn't it have been the sexton?" suggested Irene, as she helped herself to sandwiches.

"But the Roman collar was there. You see, I was coming up the street when a tall, striking—"

"Whom did he strike?" interrupted Shirley with a horrified expression of countenance.

"Keep still, you incorrigible," laughed Clara.

"Go on then," advised Shirley,

"this majestic, awe-inspiring person—what did he do?"

"Well, he turned into the walk leading to the Catholic rectory, but I was near enough to observe that he was immensely good-looking, and no mistake. Then on reaching home, I happened to pick up the evening paper and read that a new assistant—I can't recall the name—had come to St. Philip's church. Now, as I know the clergy there by sight, at least, this handsome personage who crossed my path must be the stranger within our gates, see?"

"There's a logician for you—wonderful intellect," remarked Shirley, nodding in the direction of Clara. "But, for the life of me, I fail to see why the advent of a new priest to our city could possibly prove of any moment to a pagan like you."

"Well, aren't you forever rhapsodizing on looks, classical profiles, poetical brows, and all that sort of a thing?" answered Clara. "So, naturally, I thought my tale would thrill one of your artistic temperament. You'll be driving up to the rectory like a red streak one of these days to get a look at the splendid object I've just described."

"You have said it!" Shirley spoke with an air of finality.

"O say, you wouldn't do anything so bizarre—" began Christine.

"Just watch me!" interrupted Shirley. "I'll get a look at that charming ecclesiastic or die in the attempt. Yes, and I'll beg permission to go over to Rome. You know, I've seriously considered taking up Theosophy or Buddhism, but now

I've been hit hard by another idea."

"Why, you're not going to the trouble of becoming a Catholic?" exclaimed the girls with one voice.

Shirley nodded emphatically.

"Swallow all the Popish doctrines, and even confess your sins!" exclaimed Irene.

"Won't pass up anything," declared Shirley. "Say, it will be some sport getting initiated into the inner workings of the Papacy. And then to have an Apollo with a halo around his head for an instructor—won't it be just too romantic though!"

"Yes, and suppose you don't even get as much as a look at the one who has caused all the furore," remarked Christine. "That'll be one on you, Shirley."

"Leave it to me to get an audience with his handsome reverence," said Shirley. "He must hasten and rescue me from heathendom." And Shirley assumed a most doleful expression, while her friends went off into peals of laughter. Despite their knowledge of her reckless spirit of adventure and fun, most of her friends were skeptical of Shirley's determination to carry out her latest scheme.

"Bon voyage!" they said as she reiterated her intention of "sailing Romeward." "Buy a round-trip ticket!" "Look out for floating mines and submarines!" These were their parting admonitions.

\* \* \*

"I should like to see the new assistant, please." The housekeeper who answered the bell scrutinized the fashionably dressed young wom-

an before her. She had never seen such bright, sparkling eyes, she thought.

"Oh, it's Father Henderson you wish to see." She led the way to the parlor.

"I don't know his name," explained Shirley, "but it's the priest who came only recently."

Before long, a quick, firm step was heard approaching. Then a tall, clerical figure stood in the doorway. Clara was right, certainly he was immensely good-looking. For an instant Shirley's self-poise deserted her as the priest glanced enquiringly at the visitor. But her embarrassment was only momentary.

"Father Henderson?" The priest nodded. "I am Miss Richards," in low, clear tones.

"Be seated, Miss Richards, please." The priest pulled a chair forward.

Shirley began at once: "I just came to enquire—I presume, Father Henderson, that you are always eager to make converts?"

Father Henderson assured her that he was more than happy to assist any one seriously in quest of the truth.

My! his grey eyes seemed to look into one's very soul. She began to wonder whether he suspected her of being an imposter. Maybe these priests were mind readers!

"Well,—er—I am very anxious to investigate the claims of the

Catholic Church. I am keenly interested. What must I do? Would you please tell me what is required of me?"

Father Henderson informed her that, if she desired to receive instructions, she should come and have an interview with Father Bradley, who was absent just then.

"Oh"—there was a hint of disappointment in her voice. "Then you do not give the instructions yourself, Father Henderson?"

The priest smiled. "No, and perhaps it is a fortunate thing for the converts. Father Bradley is very successful as a catechist. Never fear that you will be unable to give a reason for the faith that is in you once you emerge from Father Bradley's hands."

Shirley did not feel exactly elated over her interview with Father Henderson. So he wouldn't be her instructor, after all. Well, she'd take a peep at Rome anyway. It wouldn't do to be a quitter—not at once, anyhow. If she found the pastime too dull, why she'd look elsewhere for fun. Strange, wasn't it, that Father Henderson did not seem especially jubilant over her announcement that she was tending Romeward. Why, she always thought that priests would simply gloat over a victim. He had a wonderful personality, although a trifle frigid. And certainly he was decidedly handsome. And what a rich, vibrant voice he possessed!

*(To be continued)*





## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—On June 28, the canonical investigation regarding the miracles and heroic virtues of the Venerable Fr. Louis de Casoria, O.F.M., was completed. The ceremony took place in the archiepiscopal palace at Naples, where the documents were signed by all the judges and notaries of the cause and stamped with the official seals. Then an authentic copy of these documents was taken to Rome together with a letter of His Eminence Cardinal Guiseppe Prisco and of the delegated judges, and on July 8, they were forwarded to the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

The venerable servant of God, whose cause of canonization was thus formally introduced, is styled the Apostle of Charity in Naples and in whole Italy. After founding many works of charity, the saintly friar died in the hospital of Prosilipo, in the year 1885. In the following year, on July 14, his body was exhumed, identified by ecclesiastical authorities, and in March, 1887, transferred to Naples, where it was placed in an ordinary tomb.

After the preliminary proceedings of the archiepiscopal curia of Naples, the Holy Father Pope Pius X declared the servant of God venerable on March 5, 1897. Then in 1898, the body was again identified and placed in a new tomb, whither the faithful now flock in great numbers to implore Friar Louis's intercession in their spiritual and temporal needs.

**Holland.**—In the quiet of the convent and without exterior pomp,

the Rt. Rev. Fr. John Hofman, O. F.M., titular bishop of Telmissee and ex-Vicar Apostolic of South Shensi, China, recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his religious profession in the Order of Friars Minor. Born in 1834, he entered the Franciscan Order in the Province of Holland, in 1854, and a year later pronounced his holy vows. Three years later, he was raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood. In 1870, when the Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor issued a request for Franciscan priests to take up missionary work among the Chinese, Fr. John generously offered his services and subsequently departed for the distant East to spread the faith of Christ and gain immortal souls for heaven. After laboring indefatigably for twenty years in the missions of East Hupéh, he was called to the vicariate of South Shensi, which shortly before had been entrusted to the Franciscan Province of Lower Germany. Here, in the capacity of Vicar Apostolic, the experienced and untiring missionary unfolded a glorious activity, building many churches and residences and bringing many pagans to the fold of Christ. Finally in the year 1901, the venerable bishop and missionary returned to his province, where he has ever since been exerting his influence with the Bishops of Holland in behalf of his dear missions in China.

**Paris, France.**—It is interesting to learn from our Paris correspondent, M. Leon de Lillo, that one of his fellow Tertiaries of the Capuchin

Third Order fraternity, M. Simon Klein, Brother Lawrence of the Blessed Sacrament, died on March 13 last, at the ripe old age of ninety-one years. Of these, he spent seventy-four years, one month, and seventeen days as a member of the Third Order.—

From the same source we were informed that another member of this venerable fraternity, M. Honoré Bour, Brother Mary-Joseph, died at Blois in France May 5, aged seventy-seven years. He received the habit of the Third Order February 26, 1865. Unfortunately, the war prevented the celebration of his golden jubilee as Tertiary last year.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—As usual, great crowds visited St. Peter's Church on the feast of the Porziuncola to gain the plenary indulgences for themselves and for the suffering souls in purgatory. The festive sermons in both English and German were delivered by Rev. Fr. Victorine, O.F.M., of Oak Forest.—The biennial retreat for the German Tertiaries of St. Peter's will be held from October 22-29.—

A public chapel of perpetual adoration is to be erected in this city. It will adjoin the convent of the Poor Clares on Fifty-third and Laflin streets and will be entrusted to the special care of these nuns. The Blessed Sacrament will be exposed day and night. His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago, by whose authority this new work will soon be undertaken, thinks perpetual adoration of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist is very becoming in a city which never sleeps and in which business and pleasure seeking do not rest night or day.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.**—This year being the seventh centenary of the granting of the famous indulgence of the Porziuncola, a special celebration was held at St. Joseph's Church for both the English and the German-speaking

branches of the Third Order to commemorate the great event. Rev. Fr. Timothy, O.F.M., preached a very timely and stirring sermon on the occasion to a vast audience of fervent Tertiaries.

**Cleveland, O., St. Stanislaus Church.**—At the last meeting of the Tertiaries of this parish, on the suggestion of their secretary, the women Tertiaries organized ten Red Cross sewing circles of ten members each. This charitable activity is truly Tertiary in character, and the Tertiaries of St. Stanislaus are to be congratulated on the great zeal they are displaying in putting their holy Rule into practical action in this as well as in other fields of charitable and social affairs.

**New Orleans, La.**—On the evening of August 1, at the monastery of the Poor Clares in New Orleans, the solemn commemoration of the seventh centenary of the Indulgence of the Porziuncola was opened with a powerful and highly instructive sermon by Rev. Leander M. Roth, Director of the Third Order in the upper parishes. Father Roth chose as his text the words of the Book of Leviticus, "Thou shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of thy land; for it is the year of jubilee," and after dwelling on the origin and the spread of the famous indulgence, he exhorted his hearers to make good use of the time granted to gain the indulgences. On the following morning, he sang a High Mass, assisted by the choir of St. Teresa's church, and delivered another interesting and impressive sermon, reminding his audience of the great benefits God has bestowed on mankind through the mediation of St. Francis and the three Orders he founded. The celebration was brought to a worthy close on the evening of August 2 with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by Rev. J. J. O'Brien,



S. J., of Loyola University, chaplain of the monastery. —

The feast of St. Clare, August 12, was fittingly celebrated by her cloistered daughters in New Orleans with a solemn High Mass, sung by Rev. Jose de la Maza, S. J., assisted by Rev. Raymond Carra, as deacon, and Rev. Matthew A. Donahue, S. J., as subdeacon. Mrs. Teresa Canon-Buckley's excellent choir of highly gifted singers gave an exquisite rendition of De Melier's Solemn Mass on the occasion, while Very Rev. John D. Foulkes, S. J., preached an eloquent sermon on the First Daughter of St. Francis. After the solemn Benediction, Rev. John S. Wood, C. M., presented a relic of St. Clare for the veneration of the faithful, during which ceremony the choir sang a beautiful hymn in honor of the Saint.

**Milwaukee, Wis.**—The annual pilgrimage to Holy Hill of the Tertiaries of St. Francis parish this city took place on July 9. It is estimated that between five and six hundred persons took part in the pilgrimage, which was made especially in the interests of peace among the warring nations. At 11.30 a High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Sebastian, O. M. Cap., the Director of the Tertiaries. After the Mass, another Capuchin Friar, Rev. Fr. Thomas, delivered a German sermon, while Rev. Fr. Sales, O. M. Cap., preached an English sermon at the same time in the lower chapel. At 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, the Way of the Cross was recited. The stations are beautifully located on the side of the hill, beginning at the foot and winding their way through the shady woods toward the top, and it was, indeed, a very edifying sight to see the hundreds of pious pilgrims wending their way slowly up the hill, meditating on the mysteries of our Lord's passion and singing hymns in honor of his Blessed Mother. The stations over,

Rev. Fr. Sales preached another English sermon. At 5 o'clock in the evening, there was a short devotion and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, followed by the *Te Deum* whereupon the pilgrims returned to their homes.

**Quincy, Ill.**—From August 21 to 25, the clergy of the Belleville diocese had their annual retreat at St. Francis Solanus College. About one hundred priests together with their Bishop, the Right Rev. Henry Althoff, took part in the spiritual exercises.

**San Fernando, Cal.**—An interesting celebration was recently held by the Landmarks Club of California at Old Mission San Fernando, Cal., to commemorate the beginnings of this venerable mission, which is now hardly more than a heap of ruins. After the low Mass celebrated by Rev. Fr. Theophilus, O.F.M., of Los Angeles, the official buglers of Candle Day, as the occasion was designated, drew the vast crowd that had gathered for the occasion to the speakers' stand, where Mr. Charles Lummis, president of the Club, officiated as chairman and gave the introductory address. Other speakers followed, notably Mr. John D. Mitchell, president of the Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Uriburu, acting consul-general of the Hidalgos, and Miss Lucretia Del Valle, leading lady in the "Mission Play" and great-granddaughter of the last administrator of the San Fernando Mission. After an old-time barbecue dinner had been greatly relished by the more than five thousand persons present, an elaborate afternoon program, consisting of speeches interspersed with vocal and instrumental numbers, was carried out. As the evening twilight threw its shadows on the hallowed ruins of the once flourishing mission, a score of girls dressed in white brought from within the mission five thousand



wax candles and placed them in rows along the parapet of the corridor of the monastery. Hereupon, while the great throng of visitors stood with bared heads at a respectful distance, Miss Del Valle with taper in hand proceeded to light the candles, and it seemed as if the spirits of the departed padres, Junipero, Crespi, and their saintly brethren, still hovered about their beloved mission in the flickering light of the candles that shed so soft a radiance on the memorable scene.

**Santa Barbara, Cal.**—A venerable and familiar figure has disappeared from the Old Mission in the person of Rev. Fr. James Nolte, O.F.M., who died here on Sunday, July 16. Fr. James was born at Geseke, in Westphalia, August 8, 1851. He made his classical studies at Geseke and Paderborn, and was received into the Franciscan Order at Warendorf, November 5, 1872. In July, 1875, Fr. James came to this country, and was ordained priest at St. Louis, Mo., two years later. After completing his theological studies, he was sent as professor to St. Joseph's College, Cleveland, O., but was soon transferred to St. Francis College, Quincy, Ill. At this place, besides teaching in the college, he also attended several small parishes in the vicinity, notably at St. Antony, Ill., Palmyra, and Clarkesville, Mo. From the fall of 1888 till the spring of 1892, he filled the office of superior and pastor of the Franciscan church at Humphrey, Nebr., and collected the funds for the splendid new church which has since been erected there. Poor health compelled him to go to California, where he continued to labor in various parishes, until 1902, when he took up his abode at the Old Mission, remaining here until his death. Unable longer to do active parochial work, he spent the time not given to his religious exer-

cises in cultivating the flowers in the inner, so-called sacred, garden of the Old Mission, the beauty of which, under his loving care, attracted the admiration of the numerous tourists that visit the Old Mission annually. On July 6, he suffered what at first appeared to be a slight stroke of apoplexy; but soon his condition became so alarming that the last sacraments were administered. The end came on July 16, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The solemn funeral services were held on the following Tuesday by the Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, and the remains were interred in the friars' vault in the Old Mission cemetery. R.I.P.

## OBITUARY

### Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity (North):

Ellen Connelly, Sr. Agnes,  
Mary Prendergast, Sr. Anne.

St. Louis Fraternity (South):

Nora Doyle, Sr. Frances,  
Sarah Seymour, Sr. Mary.

German Fraternity:

Arthur Renk, Bro. Peter,  
Anna Nahl, Sr. Elizabeth.

### Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church:

Andrew Hammer, Bro. Francis,  
Sarah Moran, Sr. Agnes,  
Johanna Kinklar, Sr. Elizabeth,  
Agnes Uline, Sr. Mary.

### Superior, Wis., St. Francis Xavier Church:

Mary Bardon, Sr. Bridget,  
Ellen Moran, Sr. Mary.

### Springfield, Ill.:

Dora Harbauer, Sr. Elizabeth.

### Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart Church:

Catherine Kirschner, Sr. Clare.

### Milwaukee, Wis.:

Ph. Odenbrett,  
Anna Kufner,

### Quincy, Ill., St. Francis, Church:

Julia McCloskey, Sr. Teresa,  
Mary Rudden, Sr. Rose.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER, 1916.

DEDICATED TO  
THE HOLY ANGELS

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Fri.	Bl. Isabella, Virgin of the 2nd Order.—St. Giles, Abbot.—The Twelve Holy Brothers, Martyrs. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
2	Sat.	St. Stephen, King, Confessor.
3	Sun.	<b>12th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —BB. John and Peter, Martyrs of the 1st Order.
4	Mon.	St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
5	Tues.	Bl. Gentil, Martyr of the 1st Order.
6	Wed.	SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops, Confessors.—Bl. Vincent, Confessor of the 1st Order.
7	Thur.	St. Lawrence Justinian, Bishop, Confessor.
8	Fri.	Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—St. Adrian, Martyr. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence. A plenary indulgence can be gained on one of the nine days before the feast of St. Joseph Cupertino, September 18, to be selected at discretion.</i>
9	Sat.	Bl. Seraphin, Widow of the 2nd Order.—St. Gorgonius, Martyr.
10	Sun.	<b>13th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.
11	Mon.	Bl. Bonaventure, Confessor of the 1st Order.—SS. Protus and Hyacinth, Martyrs.—Bl. Bernard of Ophida, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
12	Tues.	Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.
13	Wed.	BB. Apollinaris and Companions, Martyrs of the 1st and 3rd Orders.
14	Thur.	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
15	Fri.	Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin.—St. Nicomedis, Martyr. <i>To-morrow is the first of the twelve Saturdays in honor of the Immaculate Conception. A plenary indulgence can be gained each Saturday.</i>
16	Sat.	SS. Cornelius and Cyprian, Martyrs.—SS. Euphemian and Companions, Martyrs.
17	Sun.	<b>14th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Feast of the Sacred Stigmata of St. Francis. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
18	Mon.	St. Joseph Cupertino, Confessor of the 1st Order Conventual. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
19	Tues.	SS. January and Companions, Martyrs.
20	Wed.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —SS. Eustace and Companions, Martyrs.
21	Thur.	St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist.
22	Fri.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —St. Thomas, Bishop, Confessor.—SS. Maurice and Companions, Martyrs.
23	Sat.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Finding of the Body of St. Clare.—St. Thecla, Virgin, Martyr.
24	Sun.	<b>15th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Pacificus, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i> <i>A plenary indulgence can be gained on one of the nine days before the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, Oct. 4, to be chosen at discretion.</i>
25	Mon.	Our Lady of Mercy.
26	Tues.	Bl. Lucy, Virgin of the 3rd Order.—SS. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs
27	Wed.	St. Elzear, Confessor of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
28	Thur.	Bl. Bernardine of Feltre, Confessor of the 1st Order.
29	Fri.	St. Michael, Archangel. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
30	Sat.	St. Jerome, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.







Queen of the Most Holy Rosary

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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NO. 10

## My Beads

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part  
With one of you for richest gem  
That gleams in kingly diadem;  
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief  
In all the days of twenty years,  
And I have moistened you with tears,  
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,  
And joys have died; but in my needs  
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!  
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,  
My weary fingers wandered round  
Thy circled chain, and always found  
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell  
Of inner life, to all unknown;  
I trusted you and you alone,  
But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—  
A sign that I am but the slave,  
In life, in death, beyond the grave,  
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

—Abram J. Ryan.

# ST. SERAPHIN OF MONTEGRANARO

OF THE FIRST ORDER CAPUCHIN  
OCTOBER 12

**S**ERAPHIN of Montegrano, who in a humble, hidden life reached a sublime degree of perfection, was born in 1540. His parents, poor in earthly goods, earnestly strove to lead their child to the possession of the riches of heaven, and from his infancy implanted in his soul a great love of God and his Mother, and the desire to serve God with the utmost fidelity. His pious mother was his faithful guide and teacher in the practice of virtue, and she taught him especially to seek constant intercourse with God in prayer. Her instructions and her example did not fail to make a deep impression on her son, and assisted by divine grace, he "advanced in age and grace with God and men."

While still very young, Seraphin was confided to the care of a farmer and was employed by him as a shepherd boy. This occupation, which separated him from the frequent intercourse with men, helped daily to increase his fervor in prayer and in the practice of virtue. Faithfully carrying out the lessons received from his pious mother, he spent many hours in prayer before a cross which he had carved in the bark of an oak tree, and he implored God with all the ardor of his soul for the grace to avoid sin and to grow in virtue and perfection. And the grace of God was necessary, for the hour of trial was drawing near.

Left an orphan, at the age of seventeen, Seraphin was taken from his employment by his elder brother, who wished him to become a bricklayer like himself. In his new surroundings, Seraphin continued the practice of piety and mortification to which he had accustomed himself, and thereby drew upon himself the displeasure of his more worldly-minded brother. The Saint had to bear many harsh words and revilings, and even blows, but nothing could shake his patience nor alter his resolution of leading a holy and innocent life.

About this time, Seraphin became acquainted with the Capuchins of the convent of Loro, near his native place. And when, in his spiritual readings, the thought of the importance of eternal salvation and of the justice of God impressed itself most deeply upon his soul, he determined to join the sons of St. Francis in order to escape the dangers of the world and to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God. He, therefore, betook himself to the convent of the Capuchins at Tolentino and begged to be received into the Order as a lay Brother. His request was granted. And now the servant of God embraced the religious life with so great fervor that he soon rivalled the most perfect among his brethren in humility, charity, mortification, and obedience. Accustomed as he was from youth to frequent



intercourse with God in prayer, he now gave full vent to the ardor of his soul, and neither in his daily occupations, nor in his travels or dealings with men did he lose sight of the object of his love. He delighted especially in meditating on the mystery of the Holy Eucharist and on the greatness and power of the Blessed Virgin. Every night, when the brethren had retired to

rest, Seraphin went to the church and spent three hours in prayer before the tabernacle; then, after a short sleep, he assisted at Matins at midnight and continued in prayer until break of day. God rewarded the fervor of his servant with visions and ecstasies. The evil spirits, seeking to disturb this continual prayer, persecuted the Saint with threats,

temptations, and bad treatment; but their malice was of no avail. Often in the hour of trial, the Blessed Virgin, whose assistance he implored, came to console and strengthen him. In these visions she filled her servant with such gladness that it was to him as a foretaste of the joys of Heaven.

In the observance of holy poverty, Saraphin proved himself a true son of St. Francis. He chastised his

body with many and severe austerities. His fasts were frequent, and he ate so little at all times that men marveled how he was able to perform the exercises of religious life. In all things, in the ordinary duties of daily life as well as in the practices of piety so dear to him, he allowed himself to be led like a child by holy obedience. This ready obedience was the fruit of

his great humility; for the Saint looked upon himself as the last and least of men, so that his ambition was to be the servant of all. Pain, humiliations, and contempt awakened in him feelings of joy and gratitude toward those who injured him. The love of God which filled his heart inspired him with tender charity toward his neighbor, but most of all he



St. Seraphin

loved the poor. He did everything to relieve them, and for their sake he sometimes deprived himself of the needful. In time of famine, he contented himself with four ounces of bread a day so that there might be more to give those who were starving. While filling the office of porter and being charged to succor the poor at the convent gate, his zeal appeared to overstep the rules of prudence; sometimes he would

give away even all the vegetables which were growing in the garden, and when the superior upbraided him for his too great liberality, he declared his confidence in Divine Providence, which rewards every act of charity done to our neighbor. And God rewarded the confidence of his servant in a wonderful manner. The Saint was not less zealous for the spiritual needs of his fellow-men. By his kind exhortations, he brought many sinners to repentance whose heart great preachers had been unable to move. He longed to go among the infidels to make known to them Jesus Christ and to lay down his life for the honor of God, but his superiors did not accede to his desires. God was satisfied with the daily and the hourly sacrifice which Seraphin offered him in the cloister.

The Saint received from above the gift of reading the secrets of hearts, of prophecy, and of miracles. By making the sign of the Cross over them, he cured many sick people. The concourse of these at the convent gate was so great that the solitude of the religious was thereby disturbed and his superiors were on the point of forbidding him to work miracles. God was thus pleased to glorify this humble Brother, a man of no account before the world but great in the sight of his Divine Majesty.

Seraphin at length closed his saintly life by a holy death at the convent of Ascoli, in the March of Ancona, on October 12, 1604. The many miracles wrought at his tomb proved his power with God. He was canonized by Pope Clement XIII, in the year 1767.

## From Day To Day

Only from day to day

The life of a wise man runs;

What matter if seasons far away

Have glooms or have double suns?

Like a tide our work should be—

Each later wave the best;

To-day is a king in disguise,

To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life:

The present makes the flaw,

And the only field for strife

Is the inch before the saw.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.



## THE REWARD OF SACRIFICE

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.**(Continued)*

PENETRATED to the very depths of his soul with the heavenly peace so marvelously bestowed on him in the mountain solitude, the young Count John of Forbes quickly left the forest and retraced his steps to the castle. On his arrival there, he immediately sought an interview with his betrothed bride. When the maiden entered the room, she beheld the young man's face aglow with a supernatural light that seemed to consume his whole being. His every word breathed the same mysterious fire.

He spoke of love—but it was of the love of God that surpasses all understanding. He spoke of joy and happiness—but it was of the kind that is known only to the pure of heart, and that thrives best when surrounded by the thorns of penance and self-denial. He spoke of battles and warfare—but it was of the battles against self and of the warfare against the deceits of the world and the wiles and snares of the evil one. He spoke of glory and victory—but it was of the glory and victory gained by him who bravely forsakes father and mother, sister and brother, wife and children to follow Christ on the thorny road to Calvary. He spoke of royal favors and rewards—but it was of the reward bestowed by the King of kings on him who sacrifices all on the altar of Divine Love.

He spoke—and his words, that

had at first startled the fair young girl, sent a ray of that wonderful fire into her inmost heart, disclosed to her astonished gaze the vain and fleeting joys and pleasures of this world, and revealed to her the indescribable happiness that flows from sacrifices made out of love for the Divine Bridegroom of the soul. Grace touched her heart, and she, who had been chosen to lead John back to heresy, was herself won over by him to the truth; and in the fervor of her newly-found faith she gave her consent not to marriage but to a life of virginal purity and self-denial.

The sacred words had hardly left her lips, when the strange compact was sealed with holy vows, and the two parted never to meet again in this world. The young man at once quitted the castle, and seeking out a secluded spot he exchanged his costly garments with the rough garb of one of his father's shepherds and thus succeeded in making good his escape.

At the fall of evening, he sought food and shelter in a lonely wayside inn. On entering, however, he saw three well known friends of his seated at one of the tables, and he feared that they might recognize him in spite of his disguise. Happily, his shepherd's kirtle diverted their attention, and they took no further notice of him. Not to expose himself any more than necessary to the danger of



detection, John arose very early on the following morning and continued his journey toward the coast.

Haunted by the constant fear of being recognized and forced to return to his father's house, the young nobleman pursued the most forsaken paths, over hills and mountains, through forests and ravines, fleeing with as much fear from the pleasures of the world as a criminal flees from the reproaching eye of justice. On and on he went, his feet bleeding from the sharp stones and thorns that bestrewed his path, his whole body aching from the unusual exertion, his excited fancy conjuring up sleuths in hiding ready to pounce on him—and yet, strange to say, his soul was at rest and his heart rejoiced in a celestial peace—the first fruit of the great sacrifice made for the sake of Christ.

At last he heard the low dull thunder of the ocean surf as the waves rolled up the sandy beach and dashed themselves to pieces on the rocky cliffs. The welcome sound calmed his fears and the salt-laden air gave new life to his declining strength. With quickened step and throbbing heart he made his way to the nearest port in the hope of finding a ship ready to depart for the continent. Happily a ship was about to start, and he soon made his way aboard.

As the vessel ploughed sturdily onward through the tumbling waves and Scotland's shores grew fainter and fainter on the horizon, until at last the highest peaks of the mountains seemed to sink into the deep blue of the ocean's abyss, the

young count's heart beat quick with tender emotion. He felt that he was bidding a last farewell to the home of his childhood and to all that had been near and dear to him in the past. Still he never wavered for an instant in his resolution to forsake all for Christ, and never did a tittle of regret enter his heart for the step he had taken. There he stood on the deck, he the once envied and much sought for scion of a noble house, clad in mean garments, a stranger to all about him; and although his eyes grew dim with tears as the land of his birth became hidden from view, yet his heart remained firm, and he recalled with inexpressible consolation the words of his Beloved: "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not up his cross, and followeth me, is not worthy of me." (Matth. x, 37, 38).

In the meantime, there was great excitement at Castle Forbes. Bride and bridegroom had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, and no clew to their whereabouts could be found. It was soon learnt from the shepherd who had exchanged clothing with the young count, that the two missing ones were not in each other's company. What reason could they have had for fleeing and that in so unaccountable a manner? No one could say. The enraged father sent spies to all parts of the country, yes even to Holland, France, and Italy to seek his fugitive son, but to no avail. Not a trace could be found.

This fact aroused the suspicions of the young man's maternal relatives, who now claimed that he had been secretly murdered by the wicked woman who had supplanted his mother in his father's affections. Goaded to desperation by the supposition, the Huntlys determined to storm the castle, which Count Forbes had given to his paramour, and to burn it together with its mistress to the ground. All the plans for carrying out this act of revenge were carefully laid, and the conspirators were biding their time, when the awful deed was frustrated by her, who, humanly speaking, should have been the first to seek revenge—Margaret, the repudiated wife languishing in her dreary prison.

Hearing of the plan to avenge the supposed death of her beloved son and to vindicate her own grievous wrongs, Margaret at once sent for her relatives, and besought them by all they held holy and dear, by the precious blood of the God-Man shed in torrents on Calvary, and by the love they bore her, not to stain their hands with the blood of her unhappy rival. "God knows that I bear her no ill will and that I would rather die than that she should perish in her sin." As the noble woman spoke these words, her face was suddenly suffused with a strange radiance; and, as if she penetrated the dark veil hiding the future, she solemnly assured her relatives that God in his own good time would restore her son to his own.

When the ship that bore the self-exiled Count of Forbes to foreign shores, arrived at Lille, the young man was immediately made prisoner by the English garrison of that place and required to serve as soldier. Happily, however, he soon contrived to escape from this unwelcome service only to fall into the hands of some Spanish soldiers, who held him as a spy, owing to the fine silken underwear that the count had forgotten to lay aside when he exchanged garments with the poor shepherd. Brought to Antwerp, he was taken to Governor Mondregon and requested to show his passport. As he was unable to do this and unwilling to tell anything of his home and country, he was thrown into prison, there to await the rack and finally the gallows.

What a change from the life to which he had been accustomed in his father's castle. Beautiful rooms luxuriously furnished; soft, downy beds, delicate foods, numerous servants; in short, all that wealth and position could offer, had been his; and here in Antwerp his castle was the bleak prison, his bed a bundle of damp straw, his food a crust of coarse dry bread and a little water to quench his burning thirst, his servants the turnkey and his assistants who sought in every possible way to make life miserable for him. And what had the future to offer him? In Scotland it had promised him wealth, power, joy, ease and friends in abundance; here in Antwerp it had nothing to offer but poverty and disgrace, trials and tribulations, and finally the fright-

ful tortures of the rack and a shameful death on the scaffold.

And yet, in spite of all, the young man's peace of heart—the peace that was once so wonderfully instilled into his bosom during the heavenly vision in the forest solitude—never left him. And as it had transformed his features on that memorable day when he had spoken with his betrothed bride, so even now its wonderful luster was not dimmed on his emaciated countenance in the dark dungeon at Antwerp. Indeed, it seemed that the same heavenly calm that had filled the heart of the youthful St. Francis of Assisi as he lay in the prison at Perugia and had caused him to sing and make merry, also buoyed up the young Count of Forbes in his captivity at Antwerp, so that they who had reviled and persecuted him, soon learnt to love and revere him. In fact, the sweet behavior of the strange prisoner soon made such an impression on the jailer, that he granted John the freedom of the house.

The young man made use of this opportunity to exercise himself all the more in the holy virtue of humility by fetching wood and water, sweeping the floors, and seeking in countless ways to better the sad condition of his fellow prisoners. This whole-souled and thoroughly disinterested charity eventually proved the best argument for his innocence, and after some time, by order of the governor, he was set at liberty.

Then the once powerful and envied Count of Forbes sought to

imitate the extraordinary life of St. Alexius, the patrician beggar of ancient Rome, by roaming the streets of Antwerp in his mendicant's garb, begging his bread from door to door and slaking his thirst at the public fountain in the square. The greater part of each day he spent in the churches, visiting his Divine Master in the Eucharist; and when at nightfall he was forced to leave, he sought shelter in an old dilapidated guard-house, which was exposed to all the inclemency of the weather. But this dire poverty, far from discouraging him in the practice of penance, only served to urge him on to greater privations in imitation of his model, the God-Man, who was pleased to be born for love of us in a barren stable, and who had not whereon to lay his head; and John tarried whole nights on his knees in the poor shed absorbed in sweetest meditation on the poverty of the Babe of Bethlehem. Like St. Francis, he espoused Lady Poverty with all the ardor of his soul and strove through her to become daily more similar to his Divine Master.

One morning, after a night of rapturous communion with the Divine Babe in holy contemplation, John hastened to the Church of Our Lady and prayed with such fervor and devotion throughout the morning that he attracted the attention of a pious priest, who invited him to dinner in his own house. The humble beggar excused himself on the plea that he was not fit to appear at the table of so exalted a personage.



But the good priest insisted, and finally overcame the youth's objections.

As they sat at table, John informed his kind host that he was of Scotch birth and that he had come to Antwerp the more easily to practice his holy religion, but he carefully concealed the fact that the royal blood of Scotland flowed in his veins, and that he had given up wealth and position to follow Christ. While they were thus engaged in pleasant conversation, the young man began to tremble and turned quite pale. He sat opposite a window that looked out on the street, and his eye rested on two strangely clad religious with long flowing beards who were just passing by.

"Reverend Father," he gasped, as the priest enquired into the cause of his excitement, "what manner of men are those passing yonder?" "Why, they are Capuchins," replied the priest, much surprised that the sight of these poor men should arouse such emotion in the stranger. "Capuchins!" repeated John, still more affected, for the name recalled, the fact that his dearly beloved brother, now sleeping the sleep of the just in the Capuchin vault at Ghent, had belonged to this Order, and he now realized for the first time that they were Capuchins he had seen in that

mysterious procession years before in the forest solitude of his native land.

"Oh, Reverend Father," he exclaimed, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks, "the sole desire of my heart is to become one of these poor sons of St. Francis!"

Accordingly, the priest introduced his youthful friend to M. Louis Claris, the well-known benefactor and spiritual friend of the Capuchins at Antwerp. The man's heart went out at once in love toward the holy beggar and he recommended him warmly to the Capuchins for admission into their Order. The humble and lovable character of the Scotch stranger likewise made a most favorable impression on the religious; nevertheless they insisted that he must study Latin and Flemish before he could be admitted. John humbly suggested that the knowledge of these two languages was unnecessary for him as he sought admission merely as a simple lay brother. But the friars, who surmised from the noble bearing and polished manners of the stranger, that in spite of his rags he had not always been poor and lowly, declared firmly that they would receive him only as a cleric, and John, who had long since forgotten what it was to have his own will, acquiesced in their wishes.

(To be continued)





## Franciscan Anecdotes

### ST. FRANCIS AN EXAMPLE TO HIS BRETHREN

Whenever the hardness of his own life was blamed, St. Francis answered that he had been given to the Order for a pattern, that, like an eagle, he might incite his young ones to fly; and accordingly, though his innocent flesh, which was already subjecting itself voluntarily to the spirit, needed no scourge for offences committed, still, for example's sake, he renewed his chastisement of it, only keeping to these hard ways on account of others. And rightly, for more regard is paid to the deeds than to the words of those in authority. It was by his deeds that the father discoursed most sweetly, persuaded most readily, and proved most surely. —*Celano.*



### ST. FRANCIS, MODEL OF HUMILITY

St. Francis was staying once on a time in the convent of Porziuncola with Brother Masseo of Marignano, a man of great sanctity, discernment, and grace in speaking of the things of God; for which reason St. Francis loved him much. And one day, as St. Francis was returning from his prayers in the wood, at the entrance of the wood Brother Masseo met him; and, wishing to test how humble he was, asked in a mocking manner, saying, "Why after thee? why after thee? why after thee?" St. Francis replied, "What is it thou wouldst say?" And Brother Masseo answered, "Say, why is it that all the world comes after thee, and everybody desires to see thee, and to hear thee, and to obey thee? Thou art not a man either comely in person, or of noble birth, or of great science; whence then comes it that all the world runs after thee?"

Hearing this St. Francis, filled with joy in his spirit, raised his face toward heaven, and remained for a great while with his mind lifted up to God; then, returning to himself, he knelt down, and gave praise and thanks to God; and then, with great fervor of spirit, turning to Brother Masseo, he said, "Wouldst know why after me? wouldst know why after me? why all the world runs after me? This comes to me, because the eyes of the most high God, which behold in all places both the evil and the good, even those most holy eyes have not seen amongst sinners one more vile, nor more insufficient, nor a greater sinner than me; and therefore to do that wonderful work which He intends to do He has not found on earth a viler creature than me; and for this cause has He elected me to confound the nobility and the grandeur and the strength and beauty and wisdom of the world: that all men may know that all virtue and all goodness are of Him and not of the creature, and that none should glory in His presence, but that he who glories should glory in the Lord, to whom is all honor and glory in eternity." Then Brother Masseo at this humble and fervent reply feared within himself, and knew certainly that St. Francis was grounded in humility. —*Little Flowers.*







### THE SWALLOWS OBEY ST. FRANCIS

One day when St. Francis was come to Alviano to preach the word of God, he went up on an eminence where all could see him, and asked for silence. But though all the company held their peace and stood reverently by, a great number of swallows that were building their nests in that same place were chirping and chattering loudly. And, as St. Francis could not be heard for their chirping, he spoke to the birds and said, "My sisters, the swallows, it is now time for me to speak, too, because you have been saying enough all this time. Listen to the word of God and be silent and quiet until the sermon is finished." And those little birds, to the amazement of the bystanders, kept silence forthwith, and did not move from that place till the preaching was ended. So those men, when they had seen this miracle, were filled with great admiration, and said, "Truly, this man is a saint, and a friend of the Most High."—*Celano*.



### ST. FRANCIS AND THE GRAPES

When St. Francis was at Rivo Torto, a certain Brother, a spiritual man and of long standing in the Order, lay sick there and in great weakness. St. Francis was moved with compassion toward him as he looked on him, but because the brethren used no medicines in their sickness, and did not even ask for them, but rather had pleasure in taking things prejudicial to the body, Francis said to himself, "If this Brother were to eat some ripe grapes early in the morning, I believe they would do him good." And he carried out his plan, for he rose very early one day, called that Brother secretly, and brought him to a vineyard that was close by. Then he sought out a vine on which were grapes fit to eat, and sitting down by the vine with the Brother, began to eat some of the grapes, that the Brother might not feel ashamed at eating alone. And as they were eating, the Brother was delivered from his sickness, and they praised the Lord together. And all his life long that Brother remembered the kindness and compassion that the most holy Father had shown and done toward him, and he would often tell the story among the brethren with great devotion and with tears.—*Speculum Perfectionis*.



### HOW "BROTHER FIRE" DID NOT HURT ST. FRANCIS

While suffering from an infirmity of the eyes, St. Francis was advised by the physicians and urgently persuaded by the brethren to allow himself to undergo the remedy of cauterization. He humbly submitted. The surgeon came, and told him that he would cauterize his face from the jawbone to the eyebrow of that eye that was most affected. When the iron had been put into the fire, Francis, to encourage himself, so that he might not fear, spoke to the fire in these words, "My brother fire, noble and useful among all creatures, be kind to me in this hour, for I have loved thee of old, and will love thee for the sake of him who created thee. I also pray our Creator that he may so temper thy heat that I may be able to bear it." And having finished his prayer, he made the sign of the cross over the fire. When the cauterization was over he said to the brethren, who had fled and were now returned, "Faint-hearted men and of little faith, why did ye fly? I tell you truly I felt no pain nor heat of the fire." And turning to the surgeon who had witnessed the power of the Spirit in the weakness of the flesh said, "I tell you brethren, I have seen wondrous things to-day."—*St. Bonaventure*.

## BATES' CAMP

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

"FATHER Roch, I presume?"  
"Yes, madam," replied the priest affably, "and may I ask what I can do for you?"

"I've called to make enquiries regarding a certain young man who belongs to this parish and who has been keeping company with one of my daughters for the past three months. His name is Sharp, Mr. Will Sharp. I am Mrs. Brentwood of Bigelow Park."

"I see," rejoined Fr. Roch. "Please be seated. I shall be happy to give you any information in my power."

"I suppose you are acquainted with Mr. Sharp, for he often speaks of you; and if I am not mistaken, he said that he belongs to your fraternity of the Third Order."

"Yes, I am very well acquainted with Mr. Sharp, and it gives me great pleasure to inform you that he is one of the most promising young men of the parish. He is the eldest son of Mr. Sharp, the well known criminal lawyer of the city, and a most enthusiastic Tertiary."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Brentwood with unconcealed pleasure; "why I'm really delighted to hear this. You see, Father, as the mother of a family, I am deeply aware of the grave responsibility resting on my shoulders, and I often tremble at the thought of the strict account I shall one day have to render God for the five children he has

given me."

"Your sentiments in this regard, madam, do you honor," replied the priest, greatly edified that a woman, whom at first sight he had supposed to be rather worldly-minded, should in reality be possessed of the highest ideals of motherhood. "Would to God that all our Catholic mothers shared them," he added fervently.

"I am, of course, greatly concerned about the material well-being of my children," Mrs. Brentwood went on, "still, their spiritual welfare is to me of far more importance; and that is why I have come to enquire regarding the character of Mr. Sharp. My daughter met him at a church social some months ago, and although I must acknowledge that I, too, took a great fancy to him from the first, nevertheless he is a comparative stranger to me, and I wish to know more about him, his family, and his habits, before I permit my daughter to become more intimate."

"Your prudence is very commendable, Mrs. Brentwood," remarked Fr. Roch, more than ever pleased with the character of his visitor.

"From appearances I judge Mr. Sharp to be a manly, straight forward character, well educated, of sound morals, refined manners, an accomplished musician, an interesting conversationalist, — in short, just the kind of young man I should like to see my daughter marry."

But appearances, you know, often deceive."

"Well, hardly in this case, Mrs. Brentwood, and I am pleased to assure you that your estimate of Mr. Sharp's character is quite correct."

"But, Father,—and I hope you will pardon my suspicions!" Mrs. Brentwood interrupted, "there is one thing about Mr. Sharp that troubles me as well as my daughter Leonora very much, and prevents us from giving him our full confidence."

"And what may this be?"

"Perhaps you do not know, Fr. Roch," she began excusingly, although blushing slightly at her fears, "that Mr. Sharp goes regularly every Sunday, generally in the afternoon, to Bates' Camp, which, as you are aware, hasn't the very best reputation. We learnt of these visits only recently but were unable to discover what draws him there so regularly. Leonora at once supposed it to be another girl whom he is courting; whereas I, knowing the character of the village, feared it might be one of those gambling resorts that draw so many of our young people to the camp of a Sunday. Of course, we may both be wrong and I do hope that we are; but, Father, I will not rest nor will I permit Mr. Sharp to continue his attentions to my daughter until I am convinced that what takes him to Bates' Camp is both legitimate and honorable."

"I fully approve of this determination, Mrs. Brentwood; and I would advise you to go to the camp

and observe for yourself where he goes. I suppose he takes the 12:45 car, as the next car does not leave until three o'clock. It will be an easy matter for you to accompany him unnoticed."

"Thank you, Father, that's exactly what I'll do. I never realized how simple the matter is."

The following Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Brentwood, heavily veiled, entered the 12:45 interurban car for Bates' Camp, she noticed with great satisfaction that Will Sharp had already taken his seat well to the front. He was occupied in reading a book, which wholly engrossed his attention; for he seldom if ever glanced out the window at the fields and woods in the full blush of autumn, which, she thought, should have charmed a man of his tastes. Wondering what kind of book it might possibly be, she drew forth her handsome pearl rosary, and settled herself to pray for the success of her little journey into the hills of Bates' Camp.

The shrill shriek of the air whistle as the car neared the station, put an end to her devotions, and brought on an uncanny presentiment regarding the outcome of her investigation. As soon as the car drew up at the ugly, weather-beaten shed and platform that served the purpose of station for the little mining village, Will Sharp closed his book, placed it in his coat pocket, and quickly left the car. Mrs. Brentwood followed immediately, lest she should lose sight



of him. Some fifteen or twenty other persons, mostly men, also got off at the camp and made straight for the saloons and gambling houses that occupied the greater portion of the only street the place could boast of. To Mrs. Brentwood's surprise, however, Will Sharp did not accompany the crowd, but, without looking to right or left, turned toward the west and walked briskly several blocks in that direction. Then he entered a poor old frame house that stood forsaken and alone and half hidden by the trees in a small lot at that end of the village.

What on earth had he—the son of highly respectable parents, an enthusiastic Tertiary, and one of the most promising young men of a large city parish—to do on a Sunday afternoon in such a place! Surely he was there for no good purpose; of this Mrs. Brentwood was quite convinced. Leonora, too, was wrong in her surmise regarding the probable attraction that drew her suitor to Bates' Camp every Sunday; for the building in question was evidently not a home, but a gaming den, set apart, no doubt, for a special clique of gamblers from the city. This was a settled conclusion in Mrs. Brentwood's mind, and she determined to take the very next car back to the city.

What a disappointment it would be for Leonora to learn that her highly accomplished and polished lover was, after all, nothing but a gambler! And how well he could play the pious and gentlemanly hypocrite so as to deceive even so

experienced a priest as Fr. Roch! Truly, this is a world of riddles and blighted hopes! These and similar thoughts flashed with lightning speed through the good woman's mind, and she longed impatiently for the coming of the car, lest she, too, should be contaminated by the moral filth of the place.

"But who told you that yonder house is a gambling den?" asked a voice deep down in her soul. True, she had merely taken this for granted. "Well, why not investigate?" came the same voice again. To be sure, why not? That's what she had come for. Turning to a sorry looking specimen of humanity that sat on the edge of the platform swinging his legs idly in the air and blinking drowsily across the street at the row of saloons and poolrooms that were doing such a thriving business, Mrs. Brentwood accosted him in her most condescending tones.

"Would you kindly inform me regarding the nature of yonder solitary building at the end of the village?"

The man suddenly stopped kicking the air and turned his red bloated face toward her with a look that chilled the blood in her veins and made her heartily wish she had not put the question.

"I ain't a furriner," he drawled. "Yerr'd bett'r say tha' agin in English."

Mrs. Brentwood did not know whether to get angry at the man's impertinence or to laugh at his stupidity. She decided to adopt a middle course, and repeated her

question in as simple language as she could.

"Oh, yer tawkin' 'bout tha' ol' house down yonder. Wha, tha's th' Katlik church, tha' is. Some ol' Russians had a fight las' night on relijun wid some furrin Poles an' 'Ungarians, an' they went down there an' raised rough house wid tha' ol' church, an' broke all the winders; an' blame me, ef they didn't have a blasted good time of it." And the man began to swing his legs again and to laugh loudly over the incident. "Yas, mam, tha's th' Katlik church, tha' is."

A Catholic church! In Bates' Camp! Impossible! Who had ever heard of such a thing? And Mrs. Brentwood looked incredulously in the direction of the supposed church. At this moment, a few laughing children ran across the platform and then down the street toward the lonely building. She watched them and saw them enter. They were soon followed by others, and she noticed that they seemed to be mostly of foreign parentage.

"Where are you children going?" she enquired kindly of a little tot of about eight years, who was hurrying toward the church with a chubby little brother on each hand.

"We goes to church," came the quick reply. "Mister Will is goin' to tell us some pooty stories," and the children went tripping happily down the street evidently rejoicing already over the "pooty stories Mister Will" was to tell them.

While deliberating what to do, Mrs. Brentwood saw also a number of grown persons, men and women,

making their way to the church, and she resolved to accompany them to see for herself what was doing in that poor shanty they called the "Katlik" church. Drawing her veil well down over her face to conceal her identity as much as possible, Mrs. Brentwood entered the church and succeeded in obtaining a place behind two stalwart miners so that she could not easily be seen from the front. This done, she began to look about herself.

She was in a church, indeed! There in the front stood a small but neat altar decorated with a clean linen cloth, some candles, and a few paper flowers. Above the altar hung two brightly colored prints of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The only other furniture in the room was a small table, a chair, and some dozen plain benches without backs. All this, as she learnt later, had been given by Fr. Roch's young men's fraternity. Owing to the frequent religious brawls between the schismatic Russians and the Polish, Hungarian, Irish, and German Catholics of the camp, the Tertiaries were satisfied for the present with furnishing merely the bare necessities for holy Mass, which was celebrated there twice a month by a neighboring priest.

As Mrs. Brentwood entered, Will Sharp was engaged in teaching catechism to the children. This over, he read the Sunday Epistle and Gospel together with a brief explanation from the Goffine. Then followed rosary and litany, after which the strange congregation

broke up and returned to their homes evidently much the better and happier for the unique service.

It now also dawned on her that Fr. Roch must have been very well aware of what Will Sharp was doing at the camp, and she readily divined the reason why he had advised her to go there in person to observe him. Deeply edified by what she had witnessed, she hastened to the station, where a car was just about to leave for the city. She had hardly settled herself in her seat, when Will also boarded the car and again took his seat well toward the front. This time, however, he did not read, but sat gaz-

ing out the window at the beautiful tints of the autumn woodland, and the happy, contented look on his fine, manly features gave evidence of the pleasure the afternoon had afforded him.

About a year later, Fr. Roch was invited to St. John's Church to unite in the holy bonds of matrimony his young two friends, Will Sharp and Leonora Brentwood. And now Ben Woodbury, Tertiary and Will's bosom chum, is teaching catechism and praying the rosary in the "Katlik" church at Bates' Camp in the hope of securing a similar happiness.

## THE POPE AND A NORWEGIAN PROTESTANT

Mgr. Fallize, Vicar Apostolic of Norway, relates the following incident. "Shortly after my settling in Tromsøe, a well-meaning Protestant came to me and said, 'Father, tell me, is there still a Pope?' 'Surely, my friend,' I answered, 'there is always a Pope at Rome. Till now the Roman Catholic Church has never been without a Sovereign Pontiff.' 'Very well, then receive me into your Church at once.' 'But how come you to this quick decision?' 'Nothing is easier. Luther, the founder of our religion, said: I will be the death of the Pope. If to-day, after a lapse of more than three centuries, the Papacy is still extant, then Luther was evidently a fraud. Now I am convinced that God would never have chosen a fraud to found or reform his Church. Consequently, Luther's institution is worthless and is unable to bring souls to salvation. I wish to return to the Church, which Luther should never have forsaken and denied, to the Church, that still has a Pope.' No one will fail to see the sound logic in the reasoning and acting of this honest man. He actually joined the Roman Catholic Church and to-day is a most exemplary member of my parish in Tromsøe."—*Terziaren Zeitung*.



## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### THE LITURGY OF THE FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS

The liturgy which holy mother Church has arranged for the feast of St. Francis, breathes the spirit of heavenly peace and joy. The Mass begins with the words: "Let us all rejoice in the Lord and keep this festal day in honor of Blessed Francis, over whose feast the angels rejoice and praise the Son of God." After this loving invitation, our holy mother sings the praises of her glorious son in the words of Ecclesiasticus: "As the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full shines in his days, and as the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the temple of God." Then she turns to him and prays: "O Francis, Patriarch of the poor, increase by thy prayers, in the love of Christ, the number of thy children, whom with crost hands and failing sight, as dying Jacob, thou hast blest."

Then follows the Sequence of the Mass, that masterpiece of poetry and music. This beautiful Sequence was written by Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan friar, shortly after the death of the Saint. It is a graphic portrayal of the Saint's wonderful life of humility, poverty, and sufferings; its sweet and charming melody thrills the soul and raises it to the realms of celestial harmony. In the Gospel of the feast, we are reminded of the extraordinary graces and favors which God bestowed on the lowly man of Assisi. Our Blessed Savior enthroned at the right of his Father in heaven beholds, as it were, the noble train of those who on earth patterned their life after his own; among them he sees his glorious follower St. Francis holding a conspicuous place, and with transports of grateful joy he turns to his heavenly Father and addresses him, as once before, in the words: "I confess to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to the little ones." Holy mother Church could not have bestowed a greater praise on the Seraphic Saint than by applying these words of Christ to him. He was indeed, one of those privileged souls who in their profound humility grasp the mysteries of the Gospel. Detached from the things of this world he had no other aim in life but to follow the path of poverty and suffering.

The Offertory of the Mass reads: "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death. For to me, to live is Christ: and to die is gain." How aptly these words of the Apostle are put in the mouth of St. Francis. Was he not a living image of our Savior who is about to sacrifice himself anew in an unbloody manner on the altar? Did he not in very deed magnify our crucified Lord in his body, when wrapt in an ecstasy of prayer on Mt. Alvernia, the seraph appeared to him in the form of the Divine Victim of Calvary and impressed on his hands and feet and in his side the sacred stigmata of the Crucified? Now the longing of his ardent soul was satisfied; whether living or dead, Christ was his all; living, the sole treasure of his love, and dead, the endless source of heavenly bliss. Christ became on Calvary the victim of his love for man; St. Francis became on Alvernia the victim of his love for Christ. Indeed, what wholesome food for meditation the wonderful life of our holy Father offers. The great lesson it teaches us we hear Holy Mother Church tell us when the Mass comes to an end.

At Communion the choir again takes up the words of St. Paul and bids us remember that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us." This one great lesson the children of St. Francis should never forget. Like their holy father and patron, they should become true imitators of their Savior in humility, poverty, and self-denial. Then, and only then will be realized that beautiful prayer with which the Church concludes the festive Mass: "We beseech thee, O Lord, let thy heavenly grace enrich thy Church, which thou hast willed to enlighten by the glorious merits and examples of our blessed Father St. Francis."



### OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

"It is admitted on all sides," says Rev. John J. Wynne, L. J. in an article that appeared originally in the N. Y. Times, "that Catholics have found a way of giving religious formation to their children. They did not do so without sacrifice, and hardship; but they have been amply rewarded. They know now what influence it is that keeps their homes together, not scattered by divorce and not depleted of children. They know also why it is their churches are never empty during divine service, and why in most churches several services are necessary to satisfy congregation after congregation. It used to be predicted that as the generations of immigrants with their Old World faith disappeared, the new generation born on this soil would be indifferent, if not creedless. Owing to the Catholic school the prediction has been more than falsified as each new generation appears.

"The Catholic school system is now strongly established throughout the country, and is growing rapidly in number and organization. In 1910 there were 4,845 Catholic schools; in five years there were 1,043 more. Then there were 1,237,251 pupils; now there are 260,698 more, and the signs are that they will grow still more rapidly and solidly during the next five years. No intelligent Catholic now questions the wisdom of the system or begrudges the sacrifice it requires; nor is there now the pressure that thirty years ago was often exercised from without Catholic circles to prevail on parents to shun the Catholic and patronize the public school."



### THE SACRED CONGREGATION ON THE COMMUNICATION OF INDULGENCES

Tertiaries will remember that, in the year 1910, Pope Pius X granted to them participation in all the good works and spiritual fruits of the members of the other Orders as well as in all the grants of pontifical favor and indulgences. Since not a few doubts have arisen regarding this communication of indulgences, its interpretation and application in particular cases, the Sacred Congregation, on the request of the Procurator General of the Order of Friars Minor, has authoritatively answered the following questions.

1) Whether, on the strength of the above mentioned communication churches and public oratories that belong to the Franciscan Third Order



Secular, enjoy the indulgences granted to any church and public oratory of the First and Second and Third Order Regular, in favor of all the faithful who might visit these places on certain days?

*Answer:* In the affirmative.

2) Whether the faithful enrolled in the Third Order of St. Francis can gain the indulgences granted directly to the churches and oratories of the First and Second and Third Order Regular, if, instead of visiting these, they go to a church or chapel which is the headquarters of a fraternity, although this church or chapel does not properly belong to the Third Order?

*Answer:* In the affirmative.

3) Whether, on the strength of the existing communication, Tertiaries can gain the plenary indulgence granted to those who visit the churches of the First Order on the feast of the Commemoration of all the deceased brethren, both on the day on which this same commemoration is celebrated by the Family under whose obedience they are, as also on the day on which it is celebrated by the other Families, that is to say, several times a year?

*Answer:* In the negative, but once a year.

4) Whether the indults for gaining indulgences granted in favor of Tertiaries that are sick, hindered, etc., which cases are discussed in chapter V of the Summary approved by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, September 11, 1901, embraces only the indulgences granted directly to the Third Order Secular, or also those communicated from the First and Second and Third Order Regular?

*Answer:* In the negative as regards first part; in the affirmative as regards second part.

5) Whether this communication granted by Pope Pius X holds both for the indulgences granted up to that time and for those that may yet be granted to the Franciscan Order?

*Answer:* In the affirmative.



Referring to the address delivered recently by Cardinal Gibbons before a Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States, a Protestant editor of the Middle West writes: "It is seldom that I permit any public utterance by Cardinal Gibbons to go unnoticed or unread. Somehow, sometime, an attachment sprung up in my heart for this highminded, noble-hearted prelate, that I never take cognizance of the fact that he is of one religious faith and I of another. I can't conceive how my regard, esteem and admiration for him could be any greater were I a Catholic instead of a Protestant. Judging from the expressions of others, I am not alone in my appreciation of the venerable prelate, regardless of religious variations."



There is real danger nowadays of a germ mania in this country. Some one should be found to popularize the homely philosophy of Josh Billings, who used to say: "Disease will be sure to catch you sometime or other if you are always playing tag with it. If you would avoid being miserable, keep a good conscience and a pair of old shoes."—*The Ave Maria*.





## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XXIII

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

It appears that Captain Felipe de Rábago was not content to revenge himself by sending an accomplice to Mexico with charges against Fr. Pinilla. Bancroft actually accuses him of instigating murder. Fr. Arricivita would not go so far, but he lets it be understood that the version circulated by the troops regarding the violent death of a missionary was scarcely the true one. We shall follow Fr. Arricivita.

Owing to rude treatment received at the hands of the soldiers, the Indians of Mission San Ildefonso had for a second time deserted in a body, so that on Ascension Day, May 11, 1752, poor Fr. José Francisco de Ganzábal found himself all alone. He, therefore, proceeded to celebrate the solemn feast in company with his brethren at Mission Candelaria. A Spaniard named Zevállos, who had fled from the wrath of Captain Rábago, also came to the Mission in order to receive the Sacraments. In the evening, while the Fathers by candle light were conversing together, and Zevállos stood near the open doorway, a gun was suddenly fired outside, and at the same time the Spaniard

pierced by a bullet fell at the feet of one of the Fathers and expired. The weapon that did the dastardly deed, Fr. Arricivita significantly remarks, was not of the kind used by the Cocos Indians who were later blamed for the murder. He might also have pointed out that savage Indians, when attacking in crowds, would not have proceeded in that fashion.

Fr. Ganzábal, it seems, rose to discover the cause of the assault, when an arrow pierced his heart. He could just make his Confession and then expired. By this time the light in the room was extinguished. The murderers, therefore, could not see the other two Fathers who thus escaped.

It was noised abroad that Indians had made the attack, but the truth was soon discovered and created a sensation. At Mission San Ildefonso lived an Indian named Andrés, whom Fr. Ganzábal had educated, taught to serve at holy Mass, and to make himself useful in various ways. Andrés had been so well instructed in the catechism, that the Father was accustomed to employ him as interpreter when some na-

tives of other tribes would apply for admission. This Indian with his wife disappeared two days before the assault, and turned up at distant Mission San Juan Capistrano with the report that there had been an uprising, and that Fr. Ganzábal had been killed by an arrow. As no news of the event had yet reached the presidio, the officials became suspicious. They questioned Andrés how he knew that Fr. Ganzábal had been killed when he had left the place two days before the murder? Thus cornered, Andrés confessed that he and four soldiers had committed the crime. Captain Rábago was, thereupon, removed to the presidio of Santa Rosa, "where he made for himself an unsavory reputation," as Bolton says. The case was, of course, investigated; but Rábago seems to have had powerful friends. Judge after judge appears to have shirked plain duty, which the refusal of the missionaries to help prosecute or to have anything to do with the matter aided considerably. Finally, after eight years, June 1760, the viceroy acquitted the captain, but at the same time issued this declaration which by implication condemned Rábago:

"I declare that the acts in this case do not, in general or in particular, prejudice the good standing, credit, esteem, and reputation of the missionaries of San Antonio and of San Xavier, much less do they in the least impeach their religious conduct; rather they leave them altogether unimpaired and untouched as of men well in conformity with

their Apostolic Institute whose spirit they have laudably exercised to the spiritual and temporal advancement of the neophytes of that province. I, therefore, so pronounce it my final decision, command, and sign, the Auditor of the Council of War concurring."

It is remarkable, says Fr. Arricivita, that men so unselfish as these religious should be antagonized. Only for the sake of propagating the Faith had these missionaries voluntarily banished themselves from their native countries, their parents, and relatives. For its sake only they had crossed the ocean, traversed wild regions, toiled in desert lands, and deprived themselves of the religious consolations enjoyed at the monastery. They nourished no other interest in their hearts than that of promoting the honor and glory of God and the conversion and welfare of immortal souls. They went to the missions cheerfully and hopefully, not to seek their own, not to betray their earthly ruler, but to serve both God and their sovereign, with the distinct understanding, learned from reports and from eye-witnesses, that they must expect no other recompense for their laborious ministrations than vexations, injustice, injuries, and false accusations from the very ones whom the king has sent to assist, defend, and protect them.

"It was the worst and most painful experience, for which there was no earthly consolation," Fr. Arricivita continues, "that the impiety, insolence, and despotism of



those who ought to have cooperated in converting the pagans, should by their disorderly conduct obstruct and destroy what without them had been accomplished amid toil and anxiety. The missionaries, especially those acting as presidio chaplains, could not possibly witness in silence grave public offenses against God without being derelict in their duty. Nor did they fail to cry out against vice even if those implicated should charge the Fathers with robbing the culprits of their good name. Thus they would threaten eternal damnation to the guilty notwithstanding the charge that they were critics, disturbers of the peace, and ambitious to arrogate to themselves secular as well as ecclesiastical power, etc. Thanks to the divine protection and to the graces of the apostolic ministry which sustained them, not even the blindest jealousy could impute to the missionaries any guilt which was dishonorable to their zeal or unbecoming the preachers of the Gospel,"—a statement, indeed, which no historian has yet dared to challenge.

The successor of Captain Felipe de Rábago was his brother Pedro, who proved a friend to the missionaries. Unfortunately, after the sad end of Fr. Ganzábal, the San Xavier River, which formerly held a stream eight yards wide and half a yard deep, and abounded in fish, began to fail so that the fish died. Their rotting remains and the putrid water brought on an epidemic which carried off many of the natives, and drove the majority to the

mountains. To their great grief the Fathers were compelled to retire with a small remnant to the San Marcos River.

Mission San Ildefonso, after this desertion of the Indians, was never again occupied. Instead of returning thither, they withdrew to a place near the San Xavier, where the missionary would visit them at times for the sake of the sick and dying. The Cocos of Candelaria returned to their hovels on the Red River. When the missionary visited them, they offered to return to the mission when cold weather should set in. The Mayeyes on the San Xavier remained faithful, but on seeing the river failing them, they became so discouraged at their various misfortunes that they followed two Fathers to the Guadalupe River; but as the government, despite the efforts of the missionaries, ordered the three Missions to be transplanted to the San Sabá River, the Mayeyes returned to their mountains.

Such was the tragic and lamentable end of the missions which had promised so well, and which had cost the friars so much loss and hardship. It now remains to describe the exact location of these missions on the San Xavier. Fr. Arricivita leaves us in the dark on the subject. In fact the scene of activity could not be pointed out until recent date. Guided by the survey made, in 1750, by Lieutenant José Joaquín de Musquiz, Professor Herbert E. Bolton, now of the California University, went over the district, in 1909, and described his discovery as follows.



"From the report of the survey we learn with great precision the location of the three missions, which have completely passed from memory, and whose material remains have almost disappeared. All the missions and their fields were on the south side of the San Xavier River. Mission San Ildefonso was situated on a knoll or hill an eighth of a league from the junction with Brushy Creek. Three fourths of a league, or some two miles, up the river above San Ildefonso, stood Mission San Francisco Xavier de Horcasitas, on a hill...Above that, up stream from Mission San Xavier, extended a plain twelve hundred varas <sup>(1)</sup> long and three hundred varas wide...This plain was terminated at its lower end by the ridge on which stood Mission San Francisco Xavier, and at its upper end by another ridge or hill on which stood the third mission, Nuestra Señora de la Candelaria.....At a distance of 661 varas from Mission

Candelaria was established the garrison of forty-eight men who were guarding the missions.....The writer has three times explored the San Xavier between the junction of the San Gabriel River and Brushy Creek or Arroyo de las Animas, and a point nine miles above." <sup>(2)</sup>

Prof. Bolton then describes his discovery minutely and illustrates the recital by means of a drawing. From this it is clear that the three missions lay in what is now Milam County, about nine miles or more west of Rockdale, a town on the Great Northern railroad, and northeast of Austin, Texas. Between Mission San Ildefonso and the presidio is a distance of little more than four miles, in a straight line along the San Xavier or San Gabriel River, and between the two lay the Missions San Xavier and San Ildefonso. Will those hallowed places ever be properly marked? That would be a worthy task for the Texas Tertiaries.

(1) The Spanish vara or yard is equal to about thirty-three inches.

(2) Bolton, "Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century," University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal., 1915, pp. 225-230.

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Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven.  
— M. Bridges.

## HOW THE INDIANS OBSERVE THE SUNDAY

*By Fr. Gerard, O.F.M.*

**A** thing that deeply impresses the missionary among the Arizona Indians, is the religious spirit, the zeal, and conscientiousness shown by the Pimas and Papagos in keeping holy the Lord's Day. Compared with the wicked indifference toward the observance of the Sunday displayed in our great centers of civilization, the sanctification of the Sabbath among the untutored and despised redskins of the lonely deserts of Arizona well nigh reaches the ideal.

The Catholic Indian's Sunday begins already on Saturday evening. Hardly has the joyous peal of the evening Angelus bell died away, when lonely figures can be seen devoutly and thoughtfully making their way to the mission church. The women are afoot, wrapped in a shawl or blanket; the men may also be afoot, though more generally they come on horseback. It is for Confession that they are visiting the church. **A f t e r** purifying their souls from their sins and faults in the blood of the Lamb, they return to their poor adobe huts as silently as they came, thinking of the morrow's happiness that will be theirs in Holy Communion.

**E a r l y** on Sunday morning, as the sweet tones of the Angelus

wing their way over the silent desert sands, the missionary may see clouds of dust on the horizon, and he rejoices, for he knows that the sheep of his flock are gathering to do honor to the Divine Shepherd of their souls. These early comers are they who live at great distances from the mission, and hence can not come to Confession on the evening before. Huge wagons soon make their appearance each bringing an entire family, frequently even to the very last dog—and each Indian family has its goodly quota. The mother and children immediately repair to the church, while the father unhitches the horses and ties them to the wagon-bed, where they can then refresh themselves from the long journey on the sweet-smelling hay, while their masters are refreshing their hungry souls on the Bread of Angels and the word of God.

At eight o'clock, all that wish to receive Holy Communion have as-



Indian Girls Coming to Church

sembled, and although their number may be considerable, and they may not have seen one another for some time, still very little talking is heard. The Indian does not attend church of a Sunday to be sociable and to become ac-



An Open-Air Indian Kitchen

quainted with his neighbors, but to worship his Lord and God and to become better acquainted with Him. When, at the ringing of the bell, all have gathered in the church, a hymn is sung in honor of the Blessed Sacrament and the prayers in preparation for Holy Communion are said in common. The devotion and reverence evinced during this early hour, is a source of great encouragement and comfort to the missionary.

After these prayers, the men approach the communion rail first, and then the women; for among our Indians the old praiseworthy custom still holds of not intermingling the sexes in church. Thus, too, the men are the first to enter the church, and they likewise sit together on one side of the aisle, while the women-folk occupy the other side. When all have received, a few minutes are spent in silent prayer welcoming in their simple fashion the heavenly Guest who has deigned to visit them in Holy Communion; whereupon the prayers of thanksgiving in the Indian tongue are recited aloud by the chief or by the interpreter. The prayers finish-

ed, all, quietly and reverently leave the church, and their peaceful, happy features and friendly greetings bespeak the peace and happiness that reigns in their innocent, child-like souls.

Those that live in the vicinity go home for their breakfast, while those from afar repair to their wagons where their lunch is safely stored away. Within a few minutes, sheltered from the burning sun by their wagons or a mesquite-tree, they may be seen gathered about a merrily blazing fire busily preparing their meager fare. Soon the water in the tin lard can is boiling briskly, the coffee brewed, the beans warmed, and then all sit down to eat their simple meal with great relish and much innocent merriment.

At about ten o'clock, all the Indians, both the communicants of the early morning as well as the others, have assembled for holy Mass. The Sunday Mass usually lasts an hour and a half. This is not due to the fact that the Father is an eloquent and profuse preacher, but because in most cases he must have recourse to an interpreter to



convey the meaning of his words to his hearers in their own language, and this language is blessed with rather long sentences. The missionary endeavors, indeed, to master the tongue of his charges, but it is nevertheless difficult and at times even hazardous for him to strive to explain spiritual truths to an uneducated people in a language that possesses few or no words to express them. In spite of this great drawback, the Fathers rarely see an Indian yawn during the sermon much less fall asleep. Observing their close attention to all that is said, one is almost inclined to conclude that in the case of the Indian, the longer the instruction the better he likes it. One thing is certain, the Indian never tires of hearing the Bible stories and the sacred truths of our holy religion.

After holy Mass, which is usually over by twelve o'clock, the Indians leave the church and sit about chatting pleasantly with one another. In the meantime, the missionary makes his thanksgiving after Mass, prepares the altar for Benediction, and then takes his break-

fast. This over, he strolls about among his little flock, shakes hands with all, as is the custom, and says a few words to each one individually, encouraging, comforting, advising, as the case may be.

At half-past one the bell announces the time for the afternoon services. These are opened with a hymn, after which follows an instruction similar to the so-called sermon of the morning, and then the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. During the exposition, the rosary is recited interspersed with appropriate hymns; whereupon Benediction is given, and then the congregation scatters. Those that live at a distance or that are beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, leave for their homes immediately; whereas others, especially the men and boys, tarry near the church for several hours playing marbles (even the elderly men greatly enjoy this



Gila Bend Mission, Arizona

innocent pastime), baseball, football, or some other old-time Indian games; and then toward evening they return home greatly refreshed both bodily and spiritually.

Thus is spent the Lord's Day by the Catholic Pima and Papago Indians of Arizona in all the missions that are regularly attended by our Fathers. How humiliating for many of their white brethren. The Indian, the uncivilized red man of the desert, spends over four hours

in church on Sundays, while we rush to an early Mass—preferably to the Mass without a sermon—and then often come late or leave before the service is over. And in spite of our negligence and lukewarmness, we feel quite at ease in the thought that we have fulfilled our obligation to the Lord of the Sabbath. Have we forgotten the words of our Savior: *And behold, they are last who shall be first, and they are first who shall be last* (Luke xiii, 30)?

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### A TRIUMPH OF GRACE

When the French revolution was at its height, one of those murderers, who had many a time defiled his hands with the blood of priests, fell dangerously ill. He had sworn with a hatred bordering on the diabolical, that no priest should ever cross his threshold. But when the physicians had declared his case hopeless, a pious priest, hearing of this, determined, in spite of the danger, to risk his life to save the poor wretch from eternal perdition. At the sight of the priest, the sick man became furious and all his hatred for religion and its ministers seemed to revive. "How dare you come into my presence!" he shouted, and reached for the pistol that he was wont to keep under his pillow. But somehow he could not find it, and then in a paroxysm of rage he stretched forth his clenched fist toward the priest and shrieked, "Do you know, O priest, that this same arm has slaughtered twelve of your cloth?" "Oh, no, my son, you err," answered the priest with the greatest kindness, "there were only eleven, for the twelfth did not die. No, he is here in your presence this very moment. Behold," and here the priest bared his breast, "behold, my son, the scars of the wounds you inflicted on me. But God was pleased to spare the life of my poor body that I might one day give back to you the spiritual life of your immortal soul. Son, from my heart I forgive you what you have done against me. Do you now return to your God and beg forgiveness for your sins from Him." Saying this, the priest threw his arms lovingly about the dying infidel and kissed him tenderly. The man, overcome by such heroic charity, burst into tears, and begged the priest to hear his Confession and to restore him to the friendship of God.

## RED BIRD

*By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

*(Concluded)*

A few of the girls dropped in next day to enquire concerning Shirley Richard's proposed venture. They were surprised to learn that she had actually carried out her plan.

"Well, was he worth the effort?" asked Clara. "Father Henderson?" said Shirley. "Well, indeed, he was worth burning up many a gallon of gasoline. Clara, you surely have an eye for the esthetic—particularly when it runs toward the spiritual. Apollo is no misnomer either. But listen! Another and not the fascinating levite will initiate me. Isn't it a shame!" Here Shirley told them about Father Bradley. "Before many moons, girls, you'll hear me discoursing on indulgences and purgatory and all the rest. Say, I do wish Homer could do Father Henderson's portrait. That head would make a wonderful study."

Shirley made an appointment with Father Bradley by telephone, and a few evenings later she was seated in the parlor of the rectory a second time. Her heart warmed at once toward the gentle, grey-haired little priest when he called her "my child." She found him a very earnest and interesting instructor, and on the other hand Father Bradley liked her way of asking questions. Hers, he decided, was a keen, penetrating mind. The first evening passed pleasantly, and Shirley went away with a catechism in her hand-bag.

As the instructions proceeded, Shirley found herself becoming interested, for she had a deep, enquiring mind. In answer to a question pertaining to the soul, Father Bradley spoke very impressively of the importance of working earnestly to insure one's eternal welfare. Shirley became very quiet and thoughtful as he spoke of the folly of an aimless life—of an existence with only one purpose—to have a "good time."

She was in a deeply meditative mood as she drove Red Bird home one evening. She had asked some questions about the Mass, and it had been a wonderful revelation to her. And to think of all the absurd, vituperative stories she had heard and read, yes, and believed about the Church and the priesthood.

"It's all too awfully sacred," she said to herself, as she drove into the garage, "too holy and mysterious to be trifled with. I've gone just far enough!"

The next night set for instructions, Shirley broke forth as soon as Father Bradley entered the room. "Before you begin, Father, I want to—to make a confession," she laughed nervously. "I'm nothing but a hypocrite; there's not an atom of sincerity in what I've been doing."

With much blushing and stammering she made her self-accusation. She had always been a silly,



frivolous creature, simply obsessed with a desire for novelty and adventure.

She told how her friends had dared her to call at the rectory and ask to see the new assistant whom one girl had described as very handsome. Shirley would prove to them that she was ready for any venture. Moreover, she had stated her intention of asking to be received into the Church just for the fun of it. In reality she had become quite interested. She realized now a little of the grandeur and beauty of Catholic teaching, and many prejudices and erroneous ideas had been dispelled since listening to Father Bradley. However, she honestly could not dream of becoming a Catholic, but she was heartily ashamed of it all, and indeed truly grateful to Father Bradley for his patient interest in her. Would he—could he forgive her?

Although greatly surprised at Shirley's confession, the old priest was very kind and gentle with his "penitent." He reiterated her declaration that the Church's doctrines are altogether too sacred to be trifled with. "However," he said smiling, "let us hope some good has come from our talks. Now you admit that you have found how beautiful and sublime Catholic teaching really is, and besides many false impressions have been corrected—well, that is an excellent result. Really, there has been no great harm done after all, has there?"

The girls declared that for once

Shirley had not been "game." But Shirley looked serious and seemed disinclined to discuss the matter. "This is different—you can't see it as I do," was her protest.

One day she brought them into her room to show them a picture of the Blessed Virgin that she had bought and hung on the wall beside her bed. "That's one result of my research," she said smiling as her friends admired the beauty of the sweet, gentle face, "she is the Queen of all womankind and I love her—indeed I do!"

So Shirley Richards in her scarlet motor car flashed by on her merry way as of old. But Father Bradley's little talk on the soul and on eternity had borne fruit. Shirley had resolved to spend some of her time in something worth while. She decided on a plan. There were many sick people in town who seldom, if ever had an outing. Besides, there were the orphans. Wouldn't it be pleasant to put a little color into their lives?

The newspapers were lavish in their praise of Miss Richard's kindness and generosity toward the "shut-ins" and the "kiddies" who grew to look for Shirley and the red motor regularly. And the girls, who entirely ignored what the papers had to say about her philanthropic spirit while they admired her picture—one they had obtained from Homer Graves—wondered that she had not found out sooner the real joy of making others happy. Often she reflected on the beautiful things of which Father Bradley had spoken. How fascinat-

ing, even romantic much of it seemed to her. It must be a great thing to accept and believe all unhesitatingly. No, she could never do that. It was most unworthy—that rôle she had played. Still, she could not honestly say she regretted it.

The mind of Homer Graves was infinitely relieved when Shirley "cut out the foolishness,"—left off her instructions. Deep in his heart lurked a fear that she might capitulate. She was such a strong—although wholly adorable—combination. He never felt quite sure of her. To his oft repeated question as to when she would consent to become Mrs. Homer Graves, Shirley would saucily retort, "Please ask me a question that I can answer." And the distraught lover would have to rest content.

\* \* \*

With her crimson motor veil flying in the breeze, Shirley and Red Bird skimmed up the avenue one delightful evening. She had been shopping that afternoon and later had stopped at a friend's for tea. Now she was homeward bound. Catching sight of Homer Graves accompanied by an artist friend sauntering along, Shirley drove her car up to the curbing.

"Hop in, boys," she commanded, as they smiled and lifted their hats. "I shall be delighted to see you home."

They obeyed with marked alacrity. As usual, Homer requested that he might drive, and, as usual, Shirley flatly refused.

"Take your place back there with

your friend," she ordered, "and the chauffeur will do the rest."

Roy Clinton laughed. "The chauffeur's word is law, I observe."

As the auto rolled along, Homer's friend related an incident of that afternoon. A car had run down an old man in front of a church on the west side of town. As the poor fellow lay crushed and mangled, he begged for some one to bring a priest. Roy himself had run to the house adjoining the church and delivered the message. Soon a priest bent over the dying man. The Confession was heard. Roy had seen the white flash of the Host as the priest administered the Viaticum. Before the ambulance arrived the victim was dead—had passed away quietly, even smiling as the priest gave the final absolution.

Shirley's eyes were very solemn as she watched the road ahead in the glare of the lamps.

Roy said it was remarkable—the hold that the Church of Rome has on its followers. She seemed to dispense a great deal of comfort, even if it was the height of absurdity. For instance, Roy continued, that poor fellow thinking that the white disc the priest placed on his tongue was the Almighty Himself.

"Well, he had the word of the Almighty, what more proof is necessary?" Shirley intervened. She recalled Father Bradley's explanation of the Last Supper.

Nothing could make him believe, the young man resumed, that the priests believed all the stuff they

handed to the people. Had it not been dark, Shirley's eyes, would have revealed a dangerous light, as Roy rattled on and attacked first one point of Catholic doctrine, then another.

Shirley met his every objection with an answer that would have done credit to a theologian. Homer listened well pleased at Shirley's skill in controversy.

"Say," finally broke forth Roy, "when did you submit to Rome, Shirley?"

"Who said I did?" snapped the girl, as she turned a sharp corner. Roy gave a gasp of feigned alarm as he pitched violently against his companion. Then he went on, "Look out, Homer, keep your eyes peeled or this pretty red bird of yours will be flying Romeward."

Shirley had always disliked and distrusted Roy Clinton, and it had always been apparent that he detested anything that savored of Catholicity. Now he repeated a vilifying story concerning the priesthood, something he had read re-

cently in an anti-Catholic publication. Homer, although inclined to discount similar tales about the Church, laughed at Roy's story and ventured a few remarks of his own. The red motor car halted so abruptly that the two passengers were almost precipitated against the seat in front of them.

"Get out, both of you!" came the peremptory order in cool, clear tones.

The young men hesitated and began profuse apologies, but at the reiterated command, they obeyed reluctantly. The car flashed off again, while a crimson spot flamed on each of Shirley's cheeks.

\* \* \*

Shirley came quickly forward as Father Bradley stepped into the parlor. The face into which he gazed kindly was very pale, and the dark eyes bright with unshed tears, as she said tremulously, "O Father, you won't refuse me, will you? I know I'm most undeserving—but oh, I want to be a Catholic this time—I really do!"

The End

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Have I laid by from summer hours  
 Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?  
 Hath my past year a growth to harden,  
 As well as fewer sins to pardon?  
 Is God in all things more and more,  
 A king within me than before?

—Father Faber, Tertiary



## TWO UNEXPECTED HARVESTS

*By Fr. Nicholas Perschl, O.F.M.*

**T**HAT the work of our Fathers among the Arizona Indians is not all love's labor lost, is well attested by the two following incidents that occurred a short time ago.

One day, as Fr. Tiburtius and I were about to begin an eighty mile missionary journey through the desert from San Xavier del Bac, an Indian youth rode up to our gate on a mule. On enquiring, we learnt that he was on an errand of mercy for a friend of his in Cayote village, who lay at death's door, a victim of consumption.

After refreshing himself with a hearty meal, the boy accompanied us as our guide and interpreter to the scene of sorrow and death forty miles distant. When we arrived, we found the poor invalid lying on the ground, as is the custom with these people, and struggling vainly for life. He recognized Fr. Tiburtius at once, and readily consented to be baptized and received into the Fold of Christ. It was truly consoling to see this poor man receive the grace of the true Faith lying, as it were, at the edge of the grave and so far away from the "Paal's"\* headquarters. After his Baptism, he received the holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with touching devotion. And then with his hearty consent and in his dying presence, his two little children

were also reborn in the saving waters of Baptism.

But the spiritual harvest was not yet all. Chapo, the chief of the village of Cayote, came to us and requested that his three little children might also be baptized. We most cheerfully granted his petition, and were thus able to return home with a harvest of six Baptisms, although we had gone to the village in the hope of garnering but one.

Three weeks later, I arranged to visit Cayote again to give all the villagers the benefit of instruction and holy Mass. After a hurried trip, we reached the mountain village at about a quarter after eight o'clock, just as darkness was setting in. In spite of the early hour, all the Indians had already sought their blankets for the night, when the noise of our "Tin Lizzy" aroused them from their peaceful slumbers. We were rather disappointed when they informed us that only three families remained in the village, as the rest had gone to their fields, some eighteen miles distant, to plant corn. Of course, there was no question of giving instruction that evening, as we had intended; so we repaired to the little chapel, which is just opposite the Indian dancing hall, and soon joined the sleepers, not lying on the ground wrapped in blankets nor resting on

\*Indian name for priest.

soft, easy mattresses, but reposing on the seats of our Ford.

Early the next morning, we were awakened not by the melodious strains of the desert thrush nor by the shrill yelping of the cayote, but by the voices of two little Indian lassies who desired to go to Confession and to Holy Communion. Soon I had another visitor, the wife of a very sick Indian of that place. She begged me to visit her poor husband and administer to him the holy Sacrament of Baptism and the other consolations of our religion. Within a few minutes, I was kneeling at the side of the dying man in his little adobe hut. I can not say that I knelt at his bedside, for he was lying on the ground, a young man of thirty summers, likewise a victim of tuberculosis. His faithful wife rarely left him, assisting him day and night with a patience and love that is rarely equalled by her white sisters. The sick man was eager to be baptized, and I experienced great consolation in giving him the necessary instruction and receiving him into the Fold.

Hardly had I finished here, when the chief came and asked me to hurry to his house, where a very sick woman, who had been ill for a long time, was lying in the last stages of consumption. She, too,

begged me most earnestly for the grace of Baptism and the true Faith, and received it with unmistakable joy.

After this, I celebrated holy Mass in the chapel and all the people that remained in the village were present at the service. As I made ready to distribute Holy Communion to the two little children, I was surprised to see a third person waiting to receive. It was none other than the poor sick woman whom I had just baptized a few minutes before in the chief's house, and who in the fervor of her new Faith had dragged her tottering frame to the chapel to receive her First Holy Communion in the house of God.

The reader can easily imagine how deeply moved I was at this touching exhibition of lively faith in the Real Presence of Jesus in Holy Communion. In fact, my entire visit to the village that day turned out altogether different from what I had expected. I had gone there to administer to my spiritual flock; but it was not there, and instead two more sheep that were not of the Fold were gained for the Good Shepherd and that on the verge of eternity. The young man has already died, and the woman will follow him in a few days.





## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—In order to make it easy for soldiers engaged in the defense of their country to become members of the Third Order of St. Francis and thus to have a share in the many graces and favors which the Tertiaries enjoy, Most Rev. Fr. General of the Order of Friars Minor has granted to all priests, regular as well as secular, the faculties to invest Tertiaries and to receive their profession. These faculties, which shall be valid as long as the present war lasts, include soldiers at the battle front, behind the firing line, in the hospitals, and in the detention camps. This extraordinary concession was made in view of the fact that the Third Order of St. Francis has become an object of great devotion and interest among the soldiers. The above-mentioned priests have likewise the faculties to impart the General Absolution and the Papal Blessing to Tertiaries on the appointed days.

The Third Order of St. Francis is making marked progress from day to day among the students of the American College in Rome. At present, the College fraternity numbers one hundred and twenty-two members, fervent apostles who one day expect to spread Franciscan ideals among the faithful in the cities of the United States. Some time ago, these students Tertiaries held a reunion in the convent of the Capuchin friars at Frascati in honor of their Seraphic Father St. Francis. On this occasion, twenty-four students were invested with the habit of the Third Order, and twenty-two novices

were professed.

**Florence, Italy.**—Rev. Fr. Columban Cordeschi, O.F.M., of the Franciscan province in the Abruzzi, has recently been honored by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Florence with a diploma for painting. After finishing his philosophical and theological studies, the youthful and promising artist received the first regular lessons in his favorite pursuit from a noted artist of Aquila. He soon noticed the extraordinary talent of the friar for this beautiful art and prevailed on the superiors of the province to have him take a special course in painting at the Royal Academy of Florence. How well Fr. Columban availed himself of this extraordinary opportunity of developing that talent which God had given him, his present standing among artists of repute bears witness.

**Lombardy, Italy.**—Rev. Fr. Victorine Facchinetti, O.F.M., of the Franciscan province in Lombardy, after successfully passing a strict examination in sacred theology, has been honored with the title of doctor of divinity. This distinction was conferred upon him by the pontifical faculty of Milan, before whom Fr. Victorine made the examination.

**Valencia, Spain.**—Last July, during the annual celebration of the Feast of Flowers in Valencia, Rev. Fr. Louis Fullana, O.F.M., received the prize offered for the best essay on the subject: "A Biographical Sketch of the Viceroys of the kingdom of Valencia." The learned friar is considered an authority in philology. Some time ago, he gave



a series of lectures under the auspices of the Academy of Valencia. In these lectures, which were well attended, he spoke on the various dialects of his mother tongue and its manifold modes of expression.

**Santiago, Spain.**—A Museum of Archaeology has been recently founded in Santiago through the efforts of Rev. Fr. Athanasius Lopez, O.F.M. Its object is to awaken an interest for the study of Spanish history and archaeology. Fr. Athanasius is at present director and president of the museum.

**Tetuan, Africa.**—The Spanish Franciscans are in charge of a very flourishing mission at Tetuan, a little town in the northern part of Morocco in Africa. During the first six months of the current year, the missionary Fathers had the happiness of registering 110 baptisms. They are conducting two schools, one for boys with an enrollment of 150 pupils, and another for girls which numbers 80 pupils.

**Canary Island.**—The schools in charge of the Franciscan Fathers in Puerto de la Luz, are exerting a wholesome influence on the various classes of society. The alumni of these schools are holding enviable and responsible positions; others are preserving a grateful remembrance of the splendid education received at the hands of the Fathers; while one and all manifest their gratitude towards their former teachers by showing on every occasion a profound respect for the habit of St. Francis. At the public examination held last July in the school, the Royal Minister of Education presided. He was evidently delighted with the program rendered by the pupils. All who attended the celebration were one in the verdict that the pupils had done exceedingly well. After the distribution of prizes, the superior of the Franciscans in the Canary Island, Rev. Fr. Albert Martinez, O.F.M., who had

come to be present at the closing exercises, addressed a few well-chosen words to the select audience. Fr. Albert is very enthusiastic for the school, and it is owing in great part to his lively interest and untiring efforts that the school is in so flourishing a condition. When Fr. Albert finished speaking, a chorus of three hundred children voices sang a popular hymn in honor of the national flag and thus brought the celebration to a close.

**Malabar, India.**—The convent of St. Elizabeth which the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary erected last year at Malabar, India, serves at the same time as a house of novitiate for the Sisters' community. At present, eight novices are preparing themselves for mission work among the Indians. Of these, five are natives of India. As soon as the present convent was opened they asked to be received into the sisterhood. Before long, they will be laboring for the spread of the true faith among their own people and by their life of virtue and self-denial will firmly establish them on the one and only road that leads to heaven.

**Sopporo, Japan.**—To the Order of Friars Minor is due the founding of mission work in Sopporo, Japan. Besides, they are in charge of several mission stations and of a hospital which is conducted by the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. Rt. Rev. Wenceslaus Kinold, O.F.M., is at present Prefect Apostolic of the Sopporo mission. It is owing to the far-reaching bad effects of the war that the Japanese missions of the Franciscans are in sore distress and that the Prefect Apostolic recently found himself obliged to solicit foreign aid.

**San Xavier, Ariz.**—Rev. Fr. Ferdinand, Ortiz, O.F.M., of San Xavier, has been appointed superior of the Franciscan Residence recently es-

tablished at St. Joseph's Mission, Mescalero, will have charge also of the surrounding Apache camps, of several neighboring stations, and of a Mexican parish at Tularesa.

**Cowlitz Prairie, Wash.**—On August 16, the Church of St. Francis Xavier and the residence of the Franciscan Fathers who have charge of the parish were burned to the ground.

**Patterson, N. J.**—The Franciscan Tertiaries of this city have donated a beautiful altar to St. Bonaventure's Church to commemorate the seventh centenary of the granting of the great Indulgence of Porziuncola.

**Tshuchutsho, Ariz.**—On Sunday, August 27, the Indians of the Franciscan mission at Tshuchutsho celebrated the patron feast of their church. Already on the day before, a number of Indians assembled at the mission to make the necessary preparations for the great event. They worked very hard building a new kitchen and shed. After the solemn Vespers on Saturday evening, the statue of St. Augustine, patron of the parish, was borne in procession around the church. All the Indians with lighted candles took part in the procession. Rev. Fr. Gerard, superior of the Franciscan Papago missions, and Rev. Fr. Augustine, O.F.M., were present. During the early Mass on Sunday morning, the Indians went to Holy Communion. At 9 o'clock, they attended High Mass. Many people from Casa Grande had also come to take part in the festivities. Among them were seven soldiers of the United States army, five of whom were Indians of the Yuma tribe stationed here to guard the near-by boundary. The devotion of the Indians during the divine services was very edifying. After Mass, the table was spread for the feast. The Indians had collected \$40, to cover the expenses. Everybody felt happy and, needless to say, com-

plimented the culinary ability of the women. In the course of the afternoon, many games were played. Seven of our Indians had a tug of war with the seven soldiers, and great was the applause when, after long and strenuous tugging, they at last succeeded in defeating the soldiers. Another party placed a watermelon on a little elevation; then they mounted their fleet ponies and whoever succeeded in piercing the melon with an arrow while dashing by on his pony received the melon as a prize. The solemn singing of the litany of the Blessed Virgin brought the happy and pleasant day to a worthy close.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—On Sunday, August 27, the English branch of the Thid Order held its regular monthly meeting in St. Antony's Church. After the usual preliminary prayers, the Reverend Director, Father Josaphat, O.F.M., arose to address the assembled Tertiaries. He reminded them that at a previous meeting he had promised to have a Franciscan missionary of China address them in the near future. Today, he said, he would fulfill this promise. Then he made an earnest appeal to those present in behalf of the missions in the far East. He told them that as Tertiaries they should deem it their duty to contribute to this noble cause, each according to his means. The words of the Reverend Director certainly made a deep impression on his hearers. When he finished, the missionary from China, Reverend Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on the missions of China. He showed how this great work of converting the benighted children of that vast empire to the one true Fold began centuries ago and is continuing even to the present day; then he laid bare the financial distress under which the Chinese missionaries to-day are laboring in consequence



of the European conflict. That his vivid portrayal was not in vain is best attested by the liberality with which they answered the appeal of the missionary Father. Besides the collection, which amounted to \$290.00, the fraternity added \$100 from its treasury, and presented this goodly sum to the missionary.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—At the last meeting of the Tertiary officers, a very timely topic was discussed. From time to time complaints have been made that Tertiaries of the same fraternity have little or no opportunity to become acquainted with one another. To meet this demand for the welfare of our members, it was decided to arrange a social which will be given in the basement hall of the church some time in November. The social will be for Tertiaries exclusively. One of the features of the social will be a short lecture by some prominent speaker. Definite arrangements will be made at the next meeting of officers.

**Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.**—At the August meeting of the German-speaking Tertiaries, the following officers were elected for the next term: Mr. Frank Hauser, President for the men; Miss Babette Grath, President for the ladies; Mrs. Rose Herkert, Vice-President; Mr. George Peterson, Treasurer; Mrs. Mary Rolf, Secretary.

**Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy.**—August 12 was a red letter day for the Franciscan Sisters in charge of the local academy. Nineteen young ladies renounced the world and joined the ranks of St. Francis. Very Reverend Francis A. Rempe, Vicar General of the diocese of Chicago, officiated at the solemn investment, assisted by Reverend Procopius Neusil, O.S.B., Prior of Lyell, Illinois, and Reverend Jos. Kiely of Essex, Illinois. After the investment, nineteen novices pronounced the religious vows for one year, fourteen Sisters renewed their vows for three years, and three Sisters took their perpetual vows; the latter were Sr. Bertilda, Sr. Imelda, and Sr. Florence. Reverend Edward Kraemer, of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Chicago, Illinois, and a number of Franciscan Fathers of the local friary were present in the sanctuary.

**Dubuque, Ia.**—Although the Franciscan Fathers have been active in this city only a few years, the Third Order has already secured a solid footing. The Tertiary fraternity of Holy Trinity Church, which is in their charge, numbers at present sixty-nine members, and the prospects for future development under the zealous guidance of the Reverend Director, Fr. Andrew, O.F.M., are very bright.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

The yearly retreat of the college community, which was conducted by Fr. Stanislaus Riemann, O.F.M., during the last days of August, was attended by an unusually large

number of strangers. Besides our Very Rev. Provincial, Fr. Samuel Macke, who can not well be termed a stranger at old St. Joe's, the following Fathers and Brothers were present: Fr. Leonard, Guardian at St. Louis; Fr. Theodosius, Guar-



dian of the local monastery; Fr. Matthew, Guardian of St. Augustine's, Chicago; Fr. Fortunatus of St. Peter's, Chicago; Fr. Odo, Pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Indianapolis; Br. Hyacinth of Keshena, and Bros. Marianus and Garcias of the local monastery.

The fifty-fifth scholastic year was formally opened Wednesday morning, September 6, with a solemn High Mass celebrated by Rev. Fr. Ferdinand, Vice-Rector and acting Rector, assisted by Rev. Fr. Francis Werhand of St. Francis parish, Quincy, and Rev. Fr. Justinian Kugler of St. Louis. Rev. Fr. Philip Neri of St. Augustine's, Chicago, was also present. Regular classes began at eight o'clock Thursday morning, September 7. The number of students enrolled thus far is 141—26 more than were enrolled all last year—; and several that were detained at home by sickness may still come. In this number eleven different States are represented. Illinois leads with 49; Missouri is second with 26; Ohio, third with 22; Minnesota, fourth with 13. Indiana claims 10; Nebraska, 8; Michigan, 6; Iowa, 4; and New York, Wisconsin, and Tennessee each has one. The number of new students is 42. Considering that all these students are aspirants to the religious life and to the priesthood, and that they are the candidates of only one Franciscan province, the number is surely eminently satisfactory.

A letter from Rev. Fr. Rector announced his arrival at Bahia, S. A., after a very pleasant journey, on August 13. His absence throws considerable extra work on the other Fathers of the Faculty, who actually number one less now than they did before the sixth class was added to the college course, and before the *Franciscan Herald* came into existence.

At the first regular meeting of

the St. Bernardine Literary Circle, held on September 17, the following officers were elected for the first semester: Paul Eberle, President; Alphonse Limacher, Vice-President; Antony Glauber, Secretary.

The other societies and clubs have likewise been reorganized, and college athletics are again in full swing.

## OBITUARY

### Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:

St. Francis Fraternity (North):

Ellen O'Regan, Sr. Agnes,

Margaret Dempsey, Sr. Mary Frances,

Bridget McNash, Sr. Elizabeth,

Jane Dart, Sr. Mary.

St. Louis Fraternity (South):

Mary Richey, Sr. Elizabeth,

Bridget Hughes, Sr. Mary Frances.

Rose Thornton, Sr. Anne,

Bridget Owens, a novice.

### Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church:

Teresa Foertsch, Sr. Frances,

Catherine Bauer, Sr. Elizabeth,

Anne Heilmann, Sr. Agnes.

### Joliet, Ill., St. Francis Academy:

Sr. Mary Cassilda Mundy, O.S.F.

Sr. Mary Placida Badzinaki, O.S.F.

### Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:

Adelaide Phelan, Sr. Louise.

### Dubuque, Ia., Holy Trinity Church:

Magdalene Schnee, Sr. Anastasia,

J. Rowan, Sr. Frances.

### St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:

Katherine Murphy,

M. Gallagher,

Elizabeth Nettingly,

Josephine Moehring,

Elizabeth Scherr,

Katherine Moran,

Rose Marian,

Gertrude Wirtz,

Anne Weinrader,

Margaret Smith,

Helen Amman,

Mary Smith,

Sophie Debo,

Anna Graves.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

OCTOBER, 1916.

DEDICATED TO THE  
QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Sun.	<b>16th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Bl. Louise, Widow of the 2nd Order. —St. Remigius, Bishop, Confessor.
2	Mon.	Holy Guardian Angels <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
3	Tues.	SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.—Vigil of the feast of St. Francis. <i>Day of fast for Tertiaries.</i>
4	Wed.	<b>St. Francis of Assisi, Founder of the Three Orders and Patriarch of the Poor,</b> Confessor. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence, which may be gained either on this day or on any other day during the octave of the feast.</i>
5	Thur.	Bl. John, Confessor of the 1st Order —SS. Placidus and Companions, Martyrs.
6	Fri.	St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds, Virgin of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
7	Sat.	Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.—St. Henry, Confessor.—St. Mark, Pope, Confessor.—SS. Sergius and Companions, Martyrs.
8	Sun.	<b>17th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Bridget of Sweden, Widow.
9	Mon.	St. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.
10	Tues.	St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
11	Wed.	Octave of the feast of St. Francis of Assisi. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
12	Thur.	St. Seraphin, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
13	Fri.	SS. Daniel and Companions, Martyrs of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
14	Sat.	St. Callistus, Pope, Martyr.
15	Sun.	<b>18th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Teresa, Virgin.
16	Mon.	St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
17	Tues.	St. Hedwig, Widow.
18	Wed.	St. Luke, Evangelist.
19	Thur.	St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
20	Fri.	St. John Cantius, Confessor.
21	Sat.	SS. Ursula and Companions, Virgins, Martyrs.—St. Hilarion, Abbot.
22	Sun.	<b>19th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Feast of the Dedication of all the churches of the Three Orders of St. Francis. ( <i>This feast is celebrated only in consecrated churches.</i> )—St. Ladislaus, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
23	Mon.	St. John Capistran, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
24	Tues.	St. Edward the Confessor, King.
25	Wed.	Bl. Francis de Calderola, Confessor of the 1st Order.—SS. Darius and Companions, Martyrs.
26	Thur.	St. Linus, Pope, Martyr.—St. Evaristus, Pope, Martyr.—Bl. Bonaventure of Potenza, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
27	Fri.	St. Bruno, Confessor.
28	Sat.	SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
29	Sun.	<b>20th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Bl. Paula, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
30	Mon.	Bl. Theophilus, Confessor of the 1st Order.—Bl. Liberatus, Confessor of the 1st Order.—Bl. Angelo of Acrio, Confessor of the 1st Order Capuchin. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
31	Tues.	Bl. Thomas of Florence, Confessor of the 1st Order.—Vigil of the feast of All Saints. <i>Day of fast and abstinence. Plenary Indulgence.</i>







Queen of the Order of Friars Minor

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

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NO. 11

## Autumn

Autumn once more begins to teach;  
Sere leaves their annual sermon preach  
And with the southward-slipping sun  
Another stage of life is done.  
The day is of a paler hue,  
The night is of a darker blue,  
Just as it was a year ago;  
For time runs fast, but grace is slow. \*\*\*

Thou comest, Autumn, to unlade  
Thy wealthy freight of summer shade,  
Still sorrowful as in past years,  
Yet mild and sunny in thy tears,  
Ripening and hardening all thy growth  
Of solid wood, yet nothing loth  
To waste upon the frolic breeze  
Thy leaves, like flights of golden bees.

Have I laid by from summer hours  
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?  
Hath my past year a growth to harden,  
As well as fewer sins to pardon?  
Is God in all things more and more?  
A king within me than before?  
I know not, yet one change hath come,—  
The world feels less and less at home.

My soul appears, as I get old,  
More prompt in act, in prayer less cold;  
Crosses, from use, more lightly press;  
Mirth is more purely weariness;  
With less to quarrel with in life,  
I grow less patient with its strife;  
I wish more simply, Lord! to be,  
Ailing or well, always with Thee!  
—Father Faber, Tertiary

# ST. JAMES OF THE MARCHES

## OF THE FIRST ORDER

### NOVEMBER 28

**D**URING the fifteenth century, God gave to the Order of St. Francis a number of saints and apostolic men who, by the sanctity of their lives and their extraordinary labors, contributed much to the betterment of morals among Christians and led many heretics and unbelievers to the true faith. The most distinguished among these men were: St. Bernardine of Siena, St. John Capistran, St. James of the Marches, Bl. Matthew of Girgenti, Bl. Archangelo of Calatafimi, Bl. Mark of Bologna, Bl. Albert of Sartiano, Bl. Thomas of Florence, Bl. Gabriel Ferretti, Bl. Antony of Stroncone, and Bl. Herculanus. The lives and labors of these truly great men shed a luster on the whole Church and form one of the brightest pages in the history of the Order.

St. James, one of these men of God, was born at Montepandone, in the Marches of Ancona, Italy, in 1391, and received in Baptism the name of Dominic. His poor but pious parents instructed him in acts of piety and led him to the practice of virtue. After their death, the youthful Dominic went to his uncle, a virtuous priest at Offida, under whose guidance he began his studies. He completed the study of the humanities at the high school of Ascoli, after which he was sent to the University of Perugia, where he took up the study of canon and

civil law. Full of the fear of God, he divided his time between prayer, study, and works of piety and charity, and thus made great progress in virtue as well as in learning. His excellent qualities of mind and heart, his modest bearing, and genuine piety attracted the attention of all, and no sooner had he obtained the degree of Doctor of Law, when he was asked by a nobleman of Florence to accept the position of tutor to his son. After holding this position for a short time, he obtained an honorable post among the magistrates of Florence.

Thus the future offered a brilliant career to the youthful servant of God. But he perceived the many dangers that surround a God-fearing soul, and, by the frequent practice of prayer and recollection, he turned his heart from the things of the world, in order to insure the possession of God in the life to come. He at length resolved to embrace the religious life, and applied for admission into the convent of the Carthusians at Florence, but the superior of the convent advised him to make more sure of his vocation. A short time after, while travelling, he came to Assisi and visited the church of the Porziuncola. Here he was so edified by the mode of life of the sons of St. Francis that he asked to be received among their number. His request was granted, and he was clothed



with the habit of the Order in the church of St. Mary of the Angels, on July 25, 1416. On this occasion, he received the name of James.

No sooner had he entered on the religious life, than he began to practice those heroic virtues which shone so brightly in him during the whole course of his long life. Eager for self-sacrifice, he gave himself up to the severest mortification and gladly embraced the inconveniences and sufferings of poverty. Imitating St. Francis, he kept seven Lents during the year and ate only a little bread and a few herbs. These austerities he continued even during his apostolic labors in later life, and

he mitigated them only at the command of his superior, St. Bernardine. The Saint's biographers make special mention of his profound humility and obedience, his charity toward all, and his love for the Blessed Virgin. He was above all a man of prayer. He was satisfied with three hours of sleep, devoting

the rest of the night to fervent communion with God.

After he had completed his novitiate and made his vows, James was sent to Fiesole, near Florence, to study theology under St. Bernardine of Siena. Here he had as one of his companions St. John Capistran,

and we can easily imagine what progress each made in learning and holiness, encouraged as he was by the example of the other and guided by so holy a teacher.

Soon after his ordination to the priesthood, in 1420, James was appointed to preach in the Marches, in Tuscany and in Umbria. With a heart burning with the love of God and the

desire for the salvation of souls, he began his apostolic career, which was to continue for fifty years with wonderful success. Not only did he several times traverse Italy announcing the word of God and combating heresy, but he also passed through Illyria, Hungary, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Austria, Bohemia, Po-



St. James of the Marches

land, Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, and parts of Russia, everywhere converting sinners and infidels and bringing back countless heretics to the true faith. Seven Sovereign Pontiffs entrusted him with important missions, at one time as Apostolic Nuncio to preach a crusade against the Turks, at another, as Inquisitor to root out the errors of the Fraticelli, the Manichaeans, and the Hussites. The churches were not able to hold the crowds that came to hear him, and he had to address them in the public squares. His preaching was accompanied by the most astounding miracles. And the fruits of his labors were truly prodigious. Wherever he preached, the enemies of the faith were overcome, heresy was confounded, vice was exterminated, quarrels and strifes were quelled, and the practices of Christian life began to flourish. In Germany, the Saint's preaching and example induced more than two hundred young men to renounce the world and to serve God in the Order of St. Francis. In Bohemia, the Saint, with the aid of the Emperor Sigismund, succeeded in overcoming the obstinacy of the Hussites, who had caused the greatest havoc in the country. The churches were opened and reconsecrated, Catholic priests were ordained and the discipline of the Church everywhere restored. In 1438, the Saint was summoned by Pope Eugene IV to take part in the Council of Ferrara.

When the Turks, after their defeat at Belgrade, in 1456, again threatened Europe, Pope Calixtus III

commissioned St. James to preach the crusade in the Marches and in the duchy of Spoleto. The burning eloquence of the Saint aroused enthusiasm in every heart, and his success rejoiced and consoled the Vicar of Christ.

God allowed his faithful servant to be tried by the fire of tribulation. He was afflicted by infirmities of the body and by the hatred and persecution of wicked men. But nothing could disturb the peace of his soul or dampen his zeal for the honor of God. On one occasion, some heretics proposed that he should take a poisoned draught, and promised that if it did him no harm, they would abjure their heresy. The Saint agreed and raising his heart to God, he made the sign of the cross over the poisoned cup and then drained it to the dregs without suffering the least indisposition. The heretics were so astonished at this great miracle, that they at once made their submission to the Church of Rome.

The last four years of the Saint's life were employed in apostolic labors in the city of Naples and the surrounding country.

After having thus spent himself in the service of the Lord, James passed to his eternal reward at Naples, on November 28, 1476, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His body was entombed in the church of the Franciscans, where it is still to be seen. He was beatified by Pope Urban VIII, in 1624, and canonized by Pope Benedict XIII, in 1726.



## THE REWARD OF SACRIFICE

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

*(Continued)*

LEAVING the Capuchin convent, the young Scotch beggar-count, John of Forbes, endeavored to seek a teacher from whom he could learn the languages the friars demanded of him as a condition for his reception into their Order. As hitherto he had gone from door to door in search of his daily bread, so he went now from house to house seeking one who for the love of God—since he had not the wherewith to recompense his instructor—would teach him Latin and Flemish. Finally he found a pious gentleman who agreed to teach him, and John made such rapid progress in his studies that before long he mastered both languages.

With a light heart he again made his way to the Capuchins and begged to be admitted to the holy habit of their Order, disclosing to them the secret of his birth and conversion to the true Faith. Overjoyed at the workings of grace in the heart of the young Scotch nobleman, the friars now gladly acceded to his request and clothed him with the habit on August 16, 1593, at Tournay. Owing to the great love John had always had toward his Capuchin brother, he was given the same name the latter had borne in religion, and was henceforth known as Friar Archangel.

Inured as he had been to a life of penance and privation, the newly invested friar found nothing too

difficult, nothing too severe in the strict discipline of the Capuchin novitiate; and far from giving the novicemaster trouble by his faults, he edified him and all the friars by his exactness and zeal in the observance of the minutest prescriptions of the Rule.

But there was one who was not satisfied with the young nobleman's mode of life. It was Satan. He recalled with deep chagrin the defeat he had met with in Scotland, when he had endeavored to entice the young count from his newly-found Faith by the bewitching charms of a Protestant bride, and he now sought to lead him from the cloister back to the joys and attractions of the world, by a false representation of duty. Again the devil's plans were well laid, but again they were to be frustrated.

There were at this time a number of young Catholic Scotch noblemen attending the famous College of Douay, who happened to learn of Count John of Forbes' investment as a Capuchin novice at Tournay. Regretting from a worldly standpoint that such a staunch Catholic layman should be lost to the world to fight the battles of the Church against heresy in Scotland, they proposed the following query to the faculty at Douay: "Is it allowed for the heir of a noble house to enter the cloister to the great detriment of the Church and his family?" Put in this way, the



question naturally received a negative answer, and the young noblemen lost no time in hurrying to Tournay to demand that Friar Archangel lay aside the religious garb and return to the world.

Although the Capuchin friars were not a little surprised at the strange demand, they did not oppose their novice's freedom of choice, but readily granted the interview. Admitted to the presence of the count, the young men reported what the learned professors at Douay College had answered to their query, and supplemented this argument with all kinds of other reasons to induce him to leave the cloister. But they were not prepared to hear Friar Archangel's defence of his action. Filled with wisdom from on high, his eyes aglow with the same spiritual fire that had at first startled and then entirely won over his espoused bride, the young novice—he was but twenty-three years of age—spoke with such ardor on the beauty of a religious vocation and on the inestimable merit of a life of sacrifice spent for Christ's sake, that his countrymen cried out with one voice, "Stay, stay where thou art! Indeed, it is the will of God!"

Other attempts to draw Friar Archangel from the convent proved as futile as the first, until finally he was left free to pronounce the holy vows that separated him entirely and forever from the world that had tried so long and so eagerly to claim him as her own.

"Poverty," says St. Francis, "is the nourishment of humility," and Friar Archangel proved the truth of

this assertion. By choice and by vow a son of the Poor Man of Assisi, born to rule and to be served, he found his greatest delight in subjecting himself to others and in succoring them in every need. Indeed, it seemed as if he considered himself in duty bound to perform the meanest and most disagreeable tasks of the convent; and wherever he went—at Tournay, Bruges, and Brussels, where he completed his studies in philosophy and theology,—he edified his fellow friars by his eagerness to become all to all for Christ's sake.

Mindful, however, that religious poverty does not spell uncleanness, Friar Archangel busied himself when not occupied with his books or prayers, in cleansing the cells and corridors, the kitchen and class rooms, and especially the church, the house of his beloved Master; and he, whose hands once gleamed with precious jewels and wielded the knightly sword, was not ashamed to be seen with broom in hand at his lowly task.

Great and touching, too, was his love and care for his sick brethren. He was accustomed on entering the infirmary to ask the sick Brother on bended knee what service he could render him. When questioned by the friars why he acted thus, he modestly replied that he had learnt to see his suffering Lord in every sick person, and hence honored the sick as he would honor Christ himself. Little wonder then that the afflicted friars welcomed so holy a nurse to their bed of pain and felt

relieved by his mere presence.

The extraordinary virtue of the young Scotch friar and the ease with which he mastered the sacred sciences, induced his superiors to appoint him, shortly after his ordination to the holy priesthood, to the important post of guardian at Brussels. But Friar Archangel besought them with sobs and tears to recall the appointment and not to confer so honorable and responsible a position on him who had forsaken the noblest and highest honors the world could offer to follow his Savior on the lowly path of humility, and self-abasement. The superiors greatly edified at this deep humility desisted from their plan, and sent him to the quiet and secluded convent at Dendermond, which the Spanish soldiers had generously built for the Capuchins in that city. Here in the solitude of the cloister, far from the noise and bustle and sin of the world, Count John of Forbes, now a simple and unknown friar, spent some of the happiest years of his life in the practice of penance and Christian charity.

True, his thoughts often reverted to the land of his birth, to the castle of his ancestors among the hills of Scotland, not because he longed to return there, but because his heart was devoured with the desire for the spiritual welfare of those he had left behind, especially for the conversion of his erring father. It was to obtain for his beloved countrymen the grace of conversion that he fasted and prayed, that he chastised his innocent body,

and kept long vigils during the silent hours of the night before his Lord in the Eucharist. Often was he heard to exclaim, "Oh, how gladly would I give my life's blood to bring back my dear fatherland to the faith of Christ!"

God was pleased with this ardent desire of his servant, and made him the instrument of numerous conversions among his Scotch relatives and friends. Thus one day, two of his cousins, a count and a baron, called at the convent and asked to see him. No sooner did the young count behold his once powerful and envied cousin clad in the poor habit of the Capuchins, than he fell in a swoon to the floor. Friar Archangel lifted him gently, and, after he had recovered, he spoke to him so sweetly and so forcibly about the truths of our holy religion, that the young nobleman was completely won over and at once abjured his heretical belief.

A short time after this incident, the friar-count was summoned to the convent portal and to his intense surprise and unspeakable joy he found there Margaret, his mother, who had quit her castle prison in Scotland to share the exile of her son in the land of strangers. The meeting was indescribably touching, and for some time their joy was unalloyed. For owing to the fact that there was no English-speaking priest at Antwerp, whither Friar Archangel had been sent by his superiors, the countess accompanied him to this place from Dendermond to enjoy his spiritual guidance. Filled as he was with a great

love for holy poverty, he soon succeeded in imbuing his pious mother with the same sentiments, so much so that the noble lady determined to live by the labor of her hands, and was not ashamed to receive alms from persons who were far inferior to her in worldly rank. Thus the two holy souls, mother and son, vied with each other in their love for poverty and in the practice of every other virtue.

In the meantime, another English-speaking priest had come to Antwerp, and Friar Archangel, who had again returned to Dendermond with his mother, deemed it more expedient for their spiritual advancement that he and his mother should again part, and that she should repair to Antwerp and there place herself under the guidance of the strange priest. Although the holy countess had gladly given up all worldly goods and honors for the love of God, still it was not without a struggle that she consented to give up him who after God was her greatest treasure on earth. But inured to sacrifice as she was from her girlhood on, Margaret finally overcame the natural desire of her heart to remain near her son, and returned to Antwerp, where now more than ever before she gave herself up to the practice of piety. Here, after suffering a painful and lingering illness with heroic patience and resignation, the noble woman passed to her reward, closing her life of sacrifice with a last and greatest sacrifice by freely foregoing the consolation of seeing her son once more

before she died.

After the saintly death of his beloved mother, Friar Archangel had the happiness of converting eighteen of his fellow countrymen to the true Faith. His marked success in convincing heretics of their errors, induced his superiors to appoint him chaplain to the garrison at Dixmond. These rough men of war and blood were so captivated by the noble bearing and winning personality of their new chaplain, that within a short time, three hundred of them were received into the Fold of Christ.

His influence over them, however, was one day put to a most severe test. It happened that a quarrel broke out between the Spanish and Scotch soldiers that made up the garrison, and it soon assumed so serious an aspect that the officers were powerless to quell it, and bloodshed was imminent. Friar Archangel, apprised of the state of affairs, rushed fearlessly into the midst of the enraged soldiers, who, stunned by this courageous act of their unarmed chaplain and touched by his eloquent appeal for peace and amity among them, shouted with one voice, "Long live Friar Archangel! Yes, let us have peace, let us have peace!"

The tumult had hardly been quieted, when a virulent pest broke out among the soldiers, and carried off many victims. Here again Friar Archangel proved himself a true friend of the men under his charge. Going from one to the other, he nursed their pain-racked bodies with the tenderness of a mother,



consoled them in their misery, and prepared the dying for the great journey to eternity. His charity knew no bounds, until he too fell a victim to the dread disease and was borne back to his beloved convent at Dendermond to die.

Although only thirty-six years of age, idolized and revered as a saint by all who knew him, yet the friar count felt no regret on leaving the world. Had he not given up home and kindred, wealth and position and pleasures to follow Christ crucified? What had it yet to offer him? His life had, indeed, been one of sacrifice, as had been the life of his noble mother, and he rejoiced at the approach of death; for it would lead him to his reward, to the reward that was promised by the Savior himself to those who should forsake all for His sake: "And every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or chil-

dren, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." (Matt. 19, 29.)

It was on the great feast of Porziuncola, 1606, that the young Scotch nobleman, clad in the habit of St. Francis, bade farewell to this world and went to join his saintly mother in the Land where sorrow and separation are unknown.

Among the many that mourned his early death, there was none who sorrowed more than a fair young Scotch nun living in a quiet cloister at Rome. She had once been chosen to be his bride, but, won over by his spirit of sacrifice and his intense love for Jesus crucified, she had likewise left the world and all it could promise, and had fled her country to lead a life of sacrifice in a strange land, confident that God who demands sacrifices from those he loves, will himself one day be their exceeding great reward.

The End

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## To Autumn

Season when the leaf turns red,  
Season when the leaf falls dead,  
Thine the sky of gorgeous hue,  
Murky, leaden sky thine too.

Glad in purple now and gold  
Stand the trees—now bleak and cold.  
Autumn, glorious, joyful, glad!  
Autumn, dreary, mournful, sad!

—Fr. C., O.F.M.

## DEDICATION OF ST. ANTONY'S, SACATON, ARIZONA

*By Fr. Nicholas Perschl, O.F.M.*

A few weeks ago, a hurriedly written letter appeared in our mail box. It was from a good missionary friend and could hardly contain anything but cheery news. And so it did. It was a kind invitation to attend the blessing of the new Catholic church at Sacaton. Needless to say the invitation was

other in his brown habit hauling away debris with two insubordinate nags. They were two missionary Fathers working eagerly to put everything into condition for the dedication of the new Indian chapel, which was fixed for the following day. One lonely Indian, the chief of the village, John Kelly by name,



St. Antony's Mission, Sacaton, Arizona

heeded, and early on the morning of September 5, we were on the way from San Xavier to the scene of festivity.

It was early in the afternoon when we arrived at our destination, having covered no less than one hundred miles. Two figures quite unrecognizable appeared about the premises: the one in overalls, the

was the only faithful assistant of the Fathers on this trying day.

Later in the afternoon, Father Gerard, the former missionary of Sacaton, who is also the real builder of this chapel, at present the superior of the Franciscan mission at Cababi, arrived together with Brother Robert. As evening set in, our Fathers from Phoenix appeared

—Fr. Novatus and Fathers Lucius and Sales.

At the kind request of Fr. Vincent, who is at present in charge of the Sacaton mission, collections had been previously taken up in the neighboring villages to defray the boarding expenses of the visiting Fathers.

Night came and all laid their weary limbs to rest, when suddenly a voice called into the night. One

lowing day. But thank God the bite did not prove fatal. The disagreeable effects gradually disappeared and he acted as if nothing had happened.

The morning of the great day donned its best autumn attire and made all feel as though an extraordinary feast was at hand. And indeed there was. At about ten o'clock, the church doors were closed, and the blessing of the



Juniper was once staying in a very small house belonging to the friars, it happened that for some reason all the brothers were obliged to go out, and only Brother Juniper remained in the house. Therefore the guardian said: "Brother Juniper, all of us are going out; so see that, when we come home, you have cooked some small refreshment for the brothers on their return." And Brother Juniper replied very willingly: "Leave it all to me." When all the others were gone, said Brother Juniper to himself: "What useless care and solicitude is this, that one brother should be lost in the kitchen, and kept away from prayer! For a certainty, I am appointed to cook for this once; I will do so much at a time, that all the brothers, and more, if more there were, shall have enough for a whole fortnight." So, full of business, he went off to the farm, and brought several large earthenware pots for cooking, and procured fresh and dried meat, fowls, eggs and herbs, also firewood in plenty, and lighting his fire, put all on to boil—fowls in their feathers, and eggs in their shells, and all the other things in the same fashion.

When the brothers returned home, one of them, who was well aware of Brother Juniper's simplicity, went straight to the kitchen, and there found many and huge pots on a raging fire; and sat himself down, looking on with astonishment and saying nothing, but watching with what solicitude Brother Juniper attended to his cooking. Because the fire was



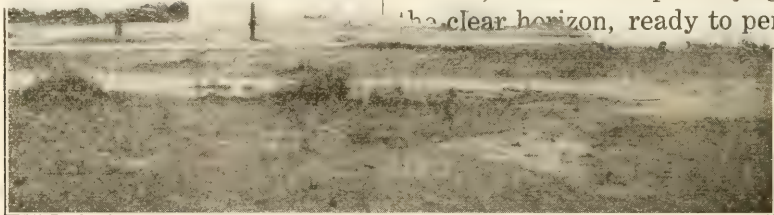
ard was choir-master; his organist, an Indian youth, a graduate of St. John's Indian School. The orator of the day was Fr. Sales, who spoke in a simple way about the church as a symbol of the great church hereafter, Heaven. The new church was literally filled to its capacity of about two hundred and fifty souls, which is the best proof that the Sacaton Indians appreciate their missionaries' work and the generosity of the benefactors who have helped to bring their beautiful little church into existence. Some Indians came as far as thirty miles to attend the celebration, having braved the high and dangerous waters of the Gila River to do so.

The solemn services terminated with a vigorous rendering of the *Te Deum*, which no one sang with greater fervor and gratitude than Fathers Gerard and Vincent who had worked so strenuously and faithfully to rear this handsome struc-

and has an artistic mission tower 40 feet high. A very kind benefactress of Pittsburg, Pa., by a donation of \$600, and the Sacred Heart Province have chiefly financed the building. The Marquette League gave \$65 for an altar, and St. Boniface Church of San Francisco furnished a fine set of vestments and a beautiful gold chalice. One unusual feature of this new Indian chapel is that it already has its pews.

It is needless to say that the missionaries are deeply grateful to all those who lent their assistance in raising this beautiful monument to God Almighty in the desert of Arizona. May He bountifully reward their generosity.

With the sun squarely over head the celebration came to an end. A few hours later all visible signs of a feast had vanished save the new church, which stood proudly against the clear horizon, ready to perform



St. Antony's Mission, Sacaton, Arizona

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# -:- Franciscan Anecdotes -:-

## THE POWER OF ONE OUR FATHER

One day as Brother Conrad of Offida was praying before an altar, the soul of a young man whom he had been instrumental in converting appeared to him and saluted him as "Father;" and Brother Conrad asked: "Who art thou?" And the other said: "I am the soul of that young brother who died this day." And Brother Conrad said: "O my son, most beloved, how is it with thee?" And he answered: "By the grace of God and by thy instructions, so far well inasmuch as I have escaped damnation; but indeed for my sins which I had not time to purge sufficiently I suffer the exceedingly great pains of purgatory; but I pray thee, Father, that, as by thy pity thou didst succor me whilst I yet lived, so now it may please thee to help me in my pains saying for me some *Pater nosters*, because thy prayer is very acceptable in the sight of God."

Then Brother Conrad, consenting with benignity to his request, and having said for him once the *Pater noster* with the *Requiem aeternam*, the soul cried: "O most beloved Father, how well and how refreshed I feel myself! Now, I pray thee, say it once again." And Brother Conrad said it; and when he had done so the soul said to him: "Holy Father, when thou prayest for me I feel my pains lightened; therefore I pray thee that thou cease not to pray for me." Then Brother Conrad, seeing that this soul was so much helped by his prayers, said for him a hundred *Pater nosters*; and when he had done so, the soul said to him: "I return thee thanks, most dear Father, in the name of God and of holy charity, because by thy prayers thou hast delivered me from all pains and I am going to the heavenly kingdom." Then the soul departed. — *Little Flowers*.



## HOW BROTHER JUNIPER COOKED ENOUGH FOR A FORTNIGHT

As Brother Juniper was once staying in a very small house belonging to the friars, it happened that for some reason all the brothers were obliged to go out, and only Brother Juniper remained in the house. Therefore the guardian said: "Brother Juniper, all of us are going out; so see that, when we come home, you have cooked some small refreshment for the brothers on their return." And Brother Juniper replied very willingly: "Leave it all to me." When all the others were gone, said Brother Juniper to himself: "What useless care and solicitude is this, that one brother should be lost in the kitchen, and kept away from prayer! For a certainty, I am appointed to cook for this once; I will do so much at a time, that all the brothers, and more, if more there were, shall have enough for a whole fortnight." So, full of business, he went off to the farm, and brought several large earthenware pots for cooking, and procured fresh and dried meat, fowls, eggs and herbs, also firewood in plenty, and lighting his fire, put all on to boil—fowls in their feathers, and eggs in their shells, and all the other things in the same fashion.

When the brothers returned home, one of them, who was well aware of Brother Juniper's simplicity, went straight to the kitchen, and there found many and huge pots on a raging fire; and sat himself down, looking on with astonishment and saying nothing, but watching with what solicitude Brother Juniper attended to his cooking. Because the fire was



very fierce, and he could not well get near his pots to skim them, he took a plank and tied it tightly in front of him with cords to his body, and thus jumping from one pot to another, made a delightful spectacle. After watching him for some time to his great amusement, the other brother went out of the kitchen, found the rest, and said to them: "I assure you that Brother Juniper is cooking for a wedding." The brothers took his words for a joke; but Brother Juniper lifted his pots from the fire and rang the bell for the repast. And as they went in to dinner, he entered the refectory with all his dishes, his face crimsoned with fatigue and the heat of the fire, and said to them all. "Eat well, and then let us all go to prayer, and let none think of cooking anymore for a while, for I have cooked enough to-day to last for a fortnight." And he placed his stew, of which there was not a pig in all the Roman province famished enough to have eaten, on the table before the brothers. But Brother Juniper praised up his cooking, to give them an appetite; and seeing that the brothers ate nothing he said: "Now such fowls as these are comforting food for the brain, and such a stew as this will strengthen your bodies, it is so good." And the brothers remained lost in devout astonishment at Brother Juniper's piety and simplicity.

But the guardian, annoyed at such stupidity and so much waste of food, reproved him with great severity. Then Brother Juniper all at once threw himself on his knees before the guardian, and acknowledged his fault against him and all the brothers, saying: "I am the worst of men; such a one commits such a crime and has his eyes put out for it, but I deserve it much more; another is hanged for his faults, but I am more deserving of it for my evil deed, who am always wasting the good things of God and of the Order." And thus sorrowfully he went away. But when he was gone the guardian said: "Well beloved brothers, I would that every day this brother of ours spoilt as many good things as to-day, if we had them, solely for our own edification; for out of his great simplicity and charity he has done it all."—*Little Flowers*.



### HOW BROTHER JUNIPER TRIED TO CURE A SORE THROAT.

On another occasion Brother Juniper, having been severely reproved by his superior, was wholly unconcerned about his own humiliation but much concerned because the superior, in reproving him, had developed a sore throat. Therefore on the evening of his reproof, Juniper went into the city and obtained the materials for a good pottage of flour and butter. When the night was well advanced there was a knock at the superior's door, and, on the door being opened, there stood Juniper with a candle in one hand and the steaming pottage in the other. "My Father," he said, "when thou didst reprove me for my fault, I saw that thy voice grew hoarse, and I ween it was through overmuch fatigue. Therefore I thought of a remedy and made this mess of pottage for thee." The superior was only the more angered at being disturbed, and bade him begone. Juniper, however, was full of pity and still stood there endeavoring to persuade the superior to eat the pottage, but without avail. At length, seeing that the superior would not eat, Juniper said: "Then if thou wilt not eat, my Father, I pray thee do this for me: hold the candle and I myself will eat it." The chronicler adds that the superior being won by Brother Juniper's piety and simplicity, was no more wroth, but sat down and ate with him.—*St. Francis of Assisi* by Fr. Cuthbert.



## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### THE "OUTLOOK" ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

It is not often that the editors of the *Outlook* find it in their hearts to say a word in praise of the Catholic Church, her doctrines or her practices. Recently, however, the unusual happened when the observation forced itself on their editorial highnesses that the Catholic Church in this country is after all of some little use, because it stands for authority and a few other principles that contribute to the development of the higher and better life of the American people. This is what one of the recent issues of the *Outlook* has to say in praise of the Catholic Church.

"We take this occasion to express our appreciation of the service which that Church is rendering to the people of this country, and our indignation at the scurrilous, wholesale, and malignant attacks levelled against it in certain quarters by unscrupulous partisan opponents. We accept neither the authority nor the theology of the Roman Catholic Church, but this does not prevent our honoring those who do accept that authority and that theology, and who are using them as instruments to develop the higher and better life of the American people.

"The danger of this country is not from too much subservience to authority, but from too little regard for it; its peril is anarchy, not despotism. The methods which the Roman Catholic Church is using are not those which we should choose (And why not, pray?—*Ed.*); but he is singularly indifferent to the facts of life who fails to see that the Roman Catholic Church through its varied ministries is exercising an influence for temperance, thrift, self-sacrificing service, and devout reverence—foundation virtues on which the perpetuity of the Republic depends—and is exercising this influence upon a large proportion of the population who are reached by moral and inspirational teachings, very slightly, if at all, from any other quarter."

No doubt, the *Outlook* expects all Catholics to be profoundly grateful for this appreciation. While we do not disdain well-meant words of praise, we can not fail to see that in this case the praise is scanty indeed. Besides, the article leaves too much unsaid. There are other things, besides those enumerated by the *Outlook*, that with better reason may be said to contribute to the higher and better life of our people. It is the Catholic Church that steadfastly upholds the divinity of Christ, the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, the sanctity of matrimony, the integrity of the family, the inviolability of private ownership; and it is for her uncompromising stand on these questions that the Church will some day receive her just meed of praise from all well-meaning Americans.



### THE SAINTS

The rationalistic historian Gregorovius in his *Roman Diary* calls the saints "giants of Catholicism." In truth, even the least among them are great, and on beholding them one might say what was once said of the old Roman senators "Verily, they are all kings."

Even the infidel Renan was forced to admit: "It seems to me that for a true philosopher a prison cell with the fifty-five (sixty-four) folio volumes of the Bolandists (*Acts of the Saints*) would be a veritable paradise. What an incomparable gallery is this collection of 25,000 heroes of

an unselfish life—what a nobility, what poetry. There we behold great and small, learned and unlearned, but not one of these saints has an ignoble countenance. They all appear as the figures of the paintings of Giotto, grand, bold, and radiant, as persons who have had a better understanding of life than it is possible for ambition or vanity to have.”

Another Protestant historian writes in his memoirs: “I have read many of the biographies of the saints contained in the great collection *Acts of the Saints*. The heart must be withered that is not filled with veneration and admiration for these holy men and women who willingly sacrificed their lives for what they considered their greatest good. Who can withhold his veneration for those witnesses who, with a courage and a will power that puts to shame the greatest heroes, bore testimony to the truth in the face of the rack and the scaffold? To these saints of the early Church must be added hosts of others no less deserving of admiration.”

“Mankind in its weakness and folly,” says Montalembert in his famous work *The Monks of the West*, “has always accorded the greatest share of its admiration to conquerors, rules of peoples, and lords of the world, who accomplished great things but only at vast expense of men of gold and of lies—by treading under foot law, morality, and sworn oaths. Even from a purely natural standpoint, this can not be true greatness. For greatness consists in accomplishing great things with small means, in conquering might with weakness; it consists above all in surmounting obstacles and in defeating one’s opponents but always with due regard for right, truth, and virtue. That is what the saints have ever sought, and therein consists their greatness.”

The saints of God stand higher than the savants, the artists, the conquerors to whom monuments are erected. They that have distinguished themselves by learning, by conquests, by statecraft may have been great conquerors, great statesmen; but, the truly great men are the saints, because the saints are great by their own personal greatness; they are the noblest, the most disinterested, the most beneficent, the most intrepid, the most patient, the strongest, the tenderest, in a word, the best, the most godlike. Greatness in thought, greatness in art, greatness in conquest, greatness in genius, all these may swerve from the right. How much evil, material, mental, and moral has been inflicted on mankind by ambitious conquerors, by irreligious and immoral thinkers and writers. The greatness of the saints, however, has never been anything else than a boon to mankind; they have obtained their fame not at the expense of others, for sanctity is the perfection of order. Hence they have justly been regarded as the salt of the earth and the saviors of the human race.

And how did they attain those heights of greatness? With fidelity and singleness of purpose, as if they had no other work to do, they performed their every-day tasks, took up their daily crosses, and bore them cheerfully, advancing step by step on the road of suffering and sacrifice, till they reached the end of their laborious course.



The readers of *Franciscan Herald* are not unacquainted with the name of Rev. Dr. Henry M. Kemper, of Kerrville, Texas. This good priest is battling for the Faith against heavy odds in his endeavor to save the Mexican people, who live in that section of our country, from the prowling wolves in sheep’s clothing, namely from the Protestant minis-

ters who are seeking to win over these poor and ignorant people from the true Faith of Christ to their own heretical beliefs. Father Kemper by using his own personal inheritance and with the aid of outside charity has succeeded in founding a parochial school for his English-speaking children—the Notre Dame Institute—and Our Lady of Guadalupe, which is a free school for the Mexican children of that territory. To obtain the funds necessary to carry on this missionary work, he has also established The Guadalupe Guild, which has received the special blessing of the Pope and is enriched with numerous spiritual benefits. An illustrated booklet describing conditions of membership and the work of the Guild will be mailed free on request. A few days ago, we received a copy of The Guadalupe Raccolta, which is a collection of indulgenced prayers and devotions, and bears the Imprimatur of the Bishop of San Antonio, Texas. The proceeds from the sale of this booklet will be used for Father Kemper's missions. The price is 15c per copy post-paid; in lots of 100 copies, 10c. Address your order to Rev. Henry M. Kemper, Notre Dame Institute, Kerrville, Texas.



"In the United States," says a writer in the *Catholic Mind*, (Vol. xiv, no. 16) "Catholic fathers and mothers, Catholic young men and women have exceptional opportunities to obtain a Catholic college training. Fifty years ago it was well-nigh impossible to obtain an advanced education; to-day it is conversely impossible to avoid getting one, unless neglect and lack of appreciation bias the view and cloud the mind. Catholic colleges for men and women throw wide their doors and offer every invitation and inducement to worth-while, "live-wire," willing youth. Untrained, thought-loose, mentally gangling youth enters.... and emerges grounded in the essentials of material and spiritual life. And regardless of what climax is to cap one's life, this preliminary grounding is more and more insisted upon as the years pass, because experience has demonstrated that it makes for real and lasting accomplishment."



A call has been issued by representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church for a World Church for a World Conference on Christian Unity, on the basis of "our common faith in Jesus Christ as our God and Saviour." The New York *Independent*, which once proudly styled itself "the great religious weekly," protests against this profession of faith in the Divinity of Christ and says that "the insistence upon the full Deity and worship of Jesus Christ as God would make a schism in Lutheran and Episcopalian and other Protestant churches." (No. 3530, p. 149). In other words, the Protestant sects no longer believe in the Divinity of Christ. Yet let some one say, "Modern Protestantism is no longer Christian," and a howl goes up from these sects.—*The Fortnightly Review*.



Two of our German weekly exchanges—*Der Herold des Glaubens*, St. Louis, Mo., and *Der Wanderer*, St. Paul, Minn.—recently favored us with a copy of their annual almanac. Both almanacs are beautifully gotten up, handsomely illustrated, many of the pictures being in colors, and are filled with a wealth of interesting and useful reading matter. The price of each is 25c.





## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XXIV

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

We now turn to Franciscan missionary activities in another part of Texas, where the zeal and charity of the intrepid messengers of the Gospel were put to a most severe test, owing to the ferocious character of the savages whose atrocities called out all the ingenuity and military force of the United States as late as the second last decade of the nineteenth century. We need not wonder, then, that "the chief difficulty with which the Spaniards of the eighteenth century had to deal with in western Texas," as Profesor William Edward Dunn says in a special study on the subject, <sup>(1)</sup> "was the hostility of the Apaches. From the founding of San Antonio, in 1718, we may date the real beginning of this scourge. Hatred against the white man had been aroused at the first coming of the Spaniards when they assisted the enemies of the Apaches, but it was not until San Antonio was founded that any definite and convenient point of attack had been available. The many raids upon

the presidio (garrison) thereafter revealed the fact that the Apaches were a dangerous factor in the life of the settlement."

According to Fr. Arricivita <sup>(2)</sup>, the Apaches roved all over the region from Chihuahua to the Gila River westward, and from Moqui in northern Arizona through New Mexico and Texas down to Coahuila. A few individuals of this ferocious tribe had settled at San Antonio. One day a missionary observed an Indian of the Otomite tribe conversing a long time with one of the pacified Apaches. Questioned whether he understood the Apache language, the Indian replied that he had talked in his own idiom, but that this was very similar to the Apache tongue. Straightway the zealous friar conceived the plan of working for the conversion of those fierce savages and thus putting an end to their depredations. As the missionaries were familiar with the Otomite language, this particular Father concluded that it ought to be a comparatively easy task to secure the

(1) "Missionary Activities Among The Eastern Apaches," in the Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Society, vol. xv, p. 187.

(2) "Cronica Serafica," p. 338.

good will of the dreaded Apaches.

Horror forbids the pen to do more than indicate some of their savage customs, says Fr. Arricivita. Captives who had escaped would relate shocking incidents of Apache barbarity. For instance, they would burn their prisoners to death at the stake. While the victim was slowly roasting, the savages would cut pieces from the writhing body and devour them in sight of the unfortunate creature. Various other tortures would be inflicted, too harrowing to describe. Some captives would be spared, but only to be used like beasts of burden, or to be sold as slaves.

Besides being extremely filthy in their habits, the Apaches were very improvident, the greater part of the year being passed in stealing horses and mules, the flesh of which constituted their chief and favorite food. This habit caused their whole body to emit such a strong odor that the very brutes perceived it at great distances. By it the horses seemed to recognize their mortal enemies, for they would take to flight and seek protection in the settlements. Nevertheless, the Apaches were expert riders. With great cunning they would swoop down on a camp or settlement like eagles, and disappear again more swiftly. In their attacks they would whoop and shout in a manner to terrify all but the bravest soldier or hunter. Their ordinary weapons were the bow and arrow and a kind of spear, which they handled with such dexterity, force, and certainty that their victims rarely escaped. They were as

ferocious and bold as tigers, and would steal, rob, and murder throughout the country. It is impossible, says Fr. Arricivita, to state the exact number of Christian Indians and white people murdered by the Apaches during the early years, or of the settlements, mining camps, and plantations destroyed by these tigers in human form.

Yet, these very savages, who evinced no pity for their captives, became the object of most solicitous compassion on the part of the missionaries. Such is the power of unselfish apostolic zeal prompted by the love the Fathers bore for their Divine Savior and his interests. It was especially Fr. Joseph González of Mission San Antonio who showed most concern for the despised and hated Apaches, and it was a raid made by them, in 1723, on the horses of the garrison that roused him to act immediately. Urged by him, thirty soldiers and thirty mission Indians under the indifferent presidio captain set out to pursue the savages and retake the captured horses. For once the Apaches allowed themselves to be surprised at one of their rancherías. Though counting fifty warriors, they fled to the mountains, leaving about twenty women and children and the horses to the victorious Spaniards and Christian Indians. Among the captives was a woman upon whom the rest looked with a certain degree of respect. Fr. González found her possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. By means of another captive woman, who understood Spanish, he persuaded her that the

Apaches had nothing to fear from the Spanish people, and much less from the missionaries, whose object among the Indians he then explained.

Convinced from what she had observed at the mission that the intentions of the missionaries were most benevolent, the woman consented to act as ambassador to her people and to return with an answer in twenty days. After dressing her in Spanish fashion, and loading her with many presents and trinkets, Fr. González allowed her to depart, much to the disgust of the captain of the garrison and his soldiers who ridiculed the missionary for his expectations.

The Indian woman, it appears, pleaded so well that the Apaches agreed to make peace with the Spaniards. The chief, however, from fear of treachery would not conclude the peace in person, but sent his brother, the subchief, who with his wife and three other Indians accompanied the Indian woman to arrange the peace formalities. When they approached the garrison the captain came out to welcome the delegates. The subchief then presented the officer with a rod and a buffalo hide upon which was drawn the picture of the sun, which those Apaches seem to have regarded as a deity. Fr. González also hastened out from the mission and most affectionately received the messengers, who embraced him with every mark of joy. Followed by captain and soldiers, Fr. González led the Indians to the mission church to thank God for the happy

event by singing the *Te Deum Laudamus* and the *Laudate Dominum Omnes Gentes*. During their two days' stay at the mission, the Apaches eagerly sought information on everything they saw, especially on the points of Christian Faith, and on the reasons why the missionaries sought the friendship of the Apaches. When told that the only object was to impart to their people the knowledge of the true God so that they might reach an everlasting life of pure joy through the reception of Baptism and the observance of God's law, and by meanwhile being loyal subjects of the King of Spain who would protect them against their enemies, the subchief declared that they would report everything to their chief and people, and return with the answer in twelve days.

Fr. González was quite enthusiastic about the spirit manifested by the strangers. Lest the unsympathetic captain by an earlier report to the government should frustrate the plan for a mission among the Apaches, he drew up a full account of the meeting and the bright prospects of converting the Indians, and hastily despatched the letter to the viceroy. As usual, action in Mexico was postponed, and the good Father waited in vain for two years. During all this time the Apaches kept their promises: no hostilities were perpetrated.

Despairing of any assistance from the dilatory government, Fr. González at last petitioned his Superior, the Fr. Presidente of the San Antonio Missions, Fr. Gabriel de Vér-



gara, to let him undertake the conversion of the poor Apaches on his own account, accompanied by only one lay-brother. He assured Fr. Végara that no danger could reasonably be expected from those savages, who had proved their good faith long enough to warrant starting a mission among them without guards. Although Fr. Presidente may have been of the same opinion, such a proceeding was not in accordance with the Spanish custom. The missionary college would have

to authorize the founding of the mission, and then there was the viceroy who had to be consulted, even if the undertaking cost the treasury nothing. What other steps were taken is not known, but Fr. Arricivita remarks that two things had been demonstrated: The savages, through the efforts of the missionaries had ceased their bloody attacks on the white people, and the Fathers were willing to risk their lives in order to gain the Apaches to Christianity and civilization.

## FATHER ROCH'S DREAM REALIZED

By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.

YES, the young men's Tertiary fraternity under the able direction of Fr. Roch was accomplishing wonders in the line of social and charitable activity. Their latest move, the organizing a Catholic Protective Association, had even found its way into the big dailies, and the Guardians of Liberty, always sniffing the moral atmosphere for a scent of Roman influence, again predicted the doom of the free institutions of America. It all came about in this wise.

Jack Merrill, the enterprising prefect of the fraternity, while riding one bright morning on the car to Jefferson Bank, where he was employed as assistant cashier, found his attention arrested by a glaring news item on the first page of the *Morning Post*: "Pupil of St. Mary's Catholic School in Clutches

of Law." Merrill hurriedly read the two columns devoted to the tragic deed, which a Catholic young man was accused of having committed the evening before, and the details of which were vividly given in all their hideousness by the *Post's* reporter.

"Dave Riley"—Merrill said half aloud, as if endeavoring to link the name of the supposed murderer with some former acquaintance. "No, it can't be 'Sunny Dave'! Why, he wouldn't have the heart to swat a fly," Jack argued with himself, unwilling to credit the possibility of his old schoolmate's having fallen so low. "I can't and won't believe it until I have positive proof. The *Morning Post* is evidently trying to make capital out of an unfortunate incident in its campaign against the parochial schools of the

city. This is clear from the whole trend of the article."

Arrived at this conclusion, Jack jammed the paper beside him on the car seat, and then sat gazing dreamily out the window recalling the happy school days when Dave Riley's constant cheerfulness and irrepressible Irish wit had gained for him the sobriquet of "Sunny Dave."

Leaving the car, Merrill entered the bank and tried to forget the awful incident of which he had been reading; but in vain. "Sunny Dave's" sky blue eyes haunted him the livelong day; smiled at him from the notes and greenbacks as he stood behind the cashier's grate; smiled at him from the pictures on the walls; smiled at him from the faces of the bank's patrons as they came and went. And as they smiled, Dave's features would suddenly seem to harden, the smile would disappear from the eyes and lips, while his hands clutched the throat of his poor victim;—and then a cold chill would reverse the picture and bring back the smiling blue eyes again.

It was like a horrible nightmare, and Jack was heartily glad when the day's work was over and he could seek distraction in the bracing air of Lake View Park, where he was wont to spend an hour daily. As he was donning his coat and hat, however, he changed his mind and determined to visit the jail at the court house, and assure himself regarding the identity of the accused murderer of James Thornton, the baker.

Admitted, in company with the sheriff, to the prisoner, Jack Merrill to his great regret immediately recognized his former schoolmate, although he had not seen him since they were boys, some six years before. True, the familiar happy smile had faded from Dave's pinched features, and the bright dancing light was gone from his big blue eyes; but there was nothing criminal in his pale face, nothing vicious or repulsive in his appearance. On the contrary, honesty and goodness were written in every line, and it was an intuitive conviction of his friend's innocence and the sweet memory of bygone days that made Jack grasp the prisoner warmly by the hand and exclaim in unmistakable tones of sympathy:

"Dave, old boy, do you remember me?"

Riley was quite astonished at the unexpected visit of his former schoolmate, who he supposed had long since forgotten him, for their paths had led in different directions on their leaving school.

"Jack," he said at last, hardly able to master his feelings, "I thank you for this visit and although you may think me guilty of that terrible crime, I assure you before God that I am innocent."

"Of course, Dave, I believe you're innocent, without your telling me," Merrill hastened to reply; "and that's why I've come to see whether I can't do something for you."

"God bless you for that, Jack," replied the prisoner fervently; "but I'm afraid you can't do much, since

circumstances are strong against me, and the court will hardly credit my story unless some clew to the real murderer be found."

Here Riley entered into a detailed account of the incidents that had led to his arrest. His father, a poor mechanic, had died about a year previously, leaving him the sole support of his mother and two little sisters. For a few months, affairs had gone fairly well, when the big fire that destroyed Gunn and Company's machine shops and a large number of their workmen's homes in the vicinity, deprived Dave at once of employment and home. Mrs. Riley, never very robust, had suffered a complete nervous breakdown together with a paralytic stroke in consequence of fright during the conflagration, and was now perfectly helpless. Dave succeeded in renting a small cottage in another section of the city, and also obtained various odd jobs that enabled him to make ends meet for a while. But his mother and little sisters never dreamed of the personal sacrifices he was constantly bringing for their sake.

Thus it happened one evening when he had finished his day's work, that his employer paid him his wages and told him that he need not return on the morrow since his services were no longer desired. Dave took the money and started homeward with a heavy heart. On his way he stopped at the landlord's to pay the rent in advance, for he wanted to make sure that his bedridden mother and little sisters would have a home for the present

at least. Then he bought them enough food to last for several days. This done, he had two whole dollars left in his pocket.

On the following morning, he went to an employment bureau, but became disheartened when he saw the crowd of applicants seeking work, and he left the building intending to try elsewhere. Just then a well dressed man, noticing Dave's dejection, walked up to him and enquired very kindly what the trouble was. Dave, glad to get sympathy from any quarter, told the stranger of his plight.

"Why, I'm just the man your looking for," exclaimed the latter in a tone of the greatest friendliness. "I'm running a private employment agency and have secured splendid jobs for scores of men that were turned away by those blood-sucking leeches in the bureau yonder. Just now," he went on, "I've a good steady job waiting for the right man out in Beech Park, and as you're in pretty bad, I'll let you have it for only \$5.00 down without any further obligations to me."

When Dave replied that he was sorry he could not avail himself of the kind offer, as he had only \$2.00 to his name, the stranger made a show of great generosity and said that since this was the case he would be well satisfied with the two dollars. Thanking the man profusely for this kindly interest in his affairs, Dave paid the money, and received his new employer's address and a card of introduction to him. Then with a light heart he started on his long tramp out to Beech



Park, which was a distant south-side suburb; but not until he had searched high and low for the address he had received, did he learn to his intense disappointment that he had been "taken in."

"There I was," Riley continued to narrate, "several miles from home, without a penny to my name and completely fagged out from walking about with an empty stomach, for I hadn't eaten a bite since the night before. It was quite dark when I neared home, and as I was passing Thornton's bakery, the smell of fresh bread came through the open door and made me pause. There lay the loaves invitingly on the counter; the door was open, the shop empty, although brightly lighted; and the street was dark and deserted. I thought of my poor mother and sisters, and knew that every bite of the food that I should take at home would be so many morsels from their mouths. For a moment I struggled with the temptation, then yielded. Stepping lightly into the shop, I quickly took two loaves of bread and then hastened out. No one had seen me, I thought. But I hadn't gone half a block; when a policeman came up the street, and, seeing the bakery empty, went in, and, as they tell me, found the money drawer rifled and Thornton choked to death behind the counter. The officer had seen me leave the shop, and suspecting me of the crime, gave chase.

"Wholly unaware of what had happened and thinking merely that my petty theft had been discovered,

I naturally took to my heels, hoping to outdistance my pursuer. But others, attracted by his cries, joined in the chase, and fearing to be caught with the goods in hand, I threw the bread into the river as I was crossing the bridge, and then gave myself up. As they had seen me throw something into the river but could not distinguish what it was in the dark, they supposed it was the money stolen from Thornton, and thus the circumstantial evidence against me was strengthened. I have repeated my version of the incident to several persons, but they all tell me that it will be hard to make the court believe it; and what else can I do to prove my innocence?"

Here Dave broke down, completely overcome by fear of the terrible consequences his petty theft might lead to. Both Merrill and the sheriff were convinced that the prisoner was telling the truth, but both saw, too, that the circumstantial evidence against him was very strong, and that he would most probably have to suffer the penalty for the murder unless the real culprit was discovered.

Jack cheered up his old friend as well as he could, assuring him that his mother and sisters would wait for nothing, and that he would also see what could be done to trace up the real murderer.

On leaving the jail, Merrill hailed a service car, rode to the Franciscan convent and asked to see Fr. Roch. The two remained for quite a while in animated consultation; then followed two telephone calls—

one to Dr. Woodbury, the other to Mrs. Warner, the physician's most trusted trained nurse. Both were requested to accompany Merrill at once to Mrs. Riley's home. When the three arrived at the Riley cottage, they found a heterogeneous gathering of garrulous neighbors, evidently intent on consoling the unhappy mother, but in reality doing just the opposite.

Dr. Woodbury and Mrs. Warner soon had the house cleared, and then remained to take care of the invalid mother and her two children, while Merrill hurried on to the Delwood detective agency, where he secured the services of Cecil Mertens, a very promising young detective, for the purpose of obtaining at least some clew to the real murderer of James Thornton. Finally, Jack made his way to the home of Mr. Sharp, the best criminal lawyer of the city, to interest him in Dave Riley's case and, if possible, to induce him to act as counsel for the defence. Mr. Sharp no sooner learnt that Fr. Roch was backing Merrill's efforts to guarantee Dave a fair trial, than he was heart and soul in the matter and promised to give his services gratis.

This was work enough for one day, and it was a happy if tired young man that sought his pillow that night to dream of the time when "Sunny Dave" had been the general favorite at St. Mary's parochial school. Dave, too, passed a far easier night in his somber prison cell than he had the night before, for he knew that hearts tried and true were caring for his loved

ones at home and that they would also leave nothing undone to establish his innocence.

For several days the city papers brought various accounts of the crime. But in spite of Riley's repeated protestations of his innocence and the fact that the circumstances of his family and his own clean record up to that day corroborated his assertion, the public mind, influenced by the anti-Catholic press, soon became prejudiced against him. The murdered baker, James Thornton, had been a member of Elm Avenue Grace church, and had many prominent friends among his co-religionists. Among these was a certain Weston Morton, a lawyer by profession, a patriotic Guardian of Liberty, and a most ardent hater of parochial schools, monks, nuns, and everything Catholic. He was engaged as prosecuting attorney, and he fulfilled his task with a rancor and implacability that was almost unaccountable.

In the meantime, Merrill and his friends were not idle. At a special meeting of the young men's Third Order fraternity, called to discuss the situation, a sum of money from their treasury was appropriated for the purpose of financing the defence, and all the members became greatly interested in the trial. Although the most severe grilling failed to change Dave's version of the incident, yet this did not dishearten the prosecution, as they ascribed this consistency to a well laid Catholic plot, which they asserted lay at the bottom of the

crime.

Finally, after all the evidence had been taken, and Mr. Sharp had delivered a stirring speech, in which he carefully reviewed the whole case, dwelt on the untarnished career of his client, severely scored the fallacious arguments of the prosecution and the religious venom they had injected into the trial, and showed the utter injustice of condemning a man on the strength of such superficial circumstantial evidence as had been laid before the court, the presiding judge began his instructions to the jury. He warned them to weigh well the evidence submitted by both the prosecution as well as by the defense, and reminded them that they would have to answer to God Almighty and their conscience for the verdict they would render.

He was still speaking, when a messenger boy entered the court bearing two despatches, one for the judge, the other for Jack Merrill. The contents of both were the same. As the judge tore open the envelope and read the message, a death-like silence pervaded the crowded courtroom. Then glancing for a moment at the anxious throng before him, the judge read aloud:

Kansas City, Mo.

To the Honorable Judge Thompson,

I have just served a warrant on Ben Jaspers for the murder of James Thornton. Have incontestable evidence of his guilt. I am returning East with the prisoner. Stay trial of Dave Riley.

Cecil Mertens, Detective,  
Delwood Agency.

The effect of this telegram was electrical. Riley's friends broke

out in unrestrained applause, whereas the prosecution was stunned. The latter were not aware that Cecil Mertens had succeeded in finding a clew to the real murderer after the police had given up the search as futile. The first clew found was a broken cuff button of curious design that Mertens discovered lying quite concealed under the counter, where it had undoubtedly fallen during the scuffle. Mertens followed up the clew, and at last after all kinds of difficulties succeeded in locating his man, who was being sought on various other charges. Hoping to obtain a lighter sentence, Jaspers, when faced with the evidence against him, made a clean breast of the murder and thus entirely exonerated Riley.

The success that attended the endeavors of Jack Merrill and his fellow Tertiaries in securing Riley's acquittal, received great prominence in the city's papers, and was the common theme of conversation for the next few days. The *Morning Post*, however, kept a discreet silence, as it had been sorely disappointed that the "popish plot" it had endeavored so strenuously to unearth during the trial, had no other existence than in the fanatical brain of its honorable editor and his no less honorable fellow Guardians of Liberty.

A few days after Dave's release from jail, Merrill was called to the private office of Tom Halloran, the vice-president of the Jefferson Bank and one of its principal stockholders. Halloran was a very reticent old bachelor; but he was a man of



energy, and had taken a great liking to the wide-awake young assistant cashier, Jack Merrill, and greatly admired the pluck and perseverance he had shown throughout Riley's trial.

"Merril," he began, as the young man entered, "I want to congratulate you on your success in bringing about Dave Riley's acquittal. That was one of the neatest and most business-like pieces of work I've seen done for a long time."

"I did only what I considered my bounden duty, Mr. Halloran," Jack replied modestly, "and I must ascribe all the success of the undertaking to Fr. Roch, who was the leading spirit of the whole affair and who guided its every move. And then, too, I should have been helpless had not the young men of our Tertiary fraternity been so liberal in meeting the expenses."

"Yes, I understand that you gave out a considerable amount during the trial, and that's why I've requested you to come here; for I want to reimburse the fraternity entirely for the expenses it made. I'm proud of you young men, and I'm going to try to show this in a practical manner. Yesterday evening, I called on your Reverend Director, Fr. Roch, and after discussing the work you have been doing the past weeks on Riley's trial, we concluded to form a Catholic Boys' and Young Men's Protective Society as a special branch of your fraternity. At a meeting, which Fr. Roch will call in the near future, the scope of the society will be further explained. The aim and the

work of your society will be the same as that of the Catholic Protective leagues and societies of other cities. To finance the undertaking, I have given Fr. Roch \$150,000, and more will follow as the work progresses; besides, I've turned over to your fraternity as headquarters, the house I own on Monroe Avenue. Fr. Roch told me that he had long been wanting to get his young men Tertiaries interested in this kind of work, but the lack of sufficient funds had always hindered him from realizing his dream. God, as you know, has blessed me with an abundance of earthly goods, and although I had formerly intended to devote the greatest part of my wealth to building a grand cathedral in pious memory of my parents, I have now changed my mind. A Protective League, that will preserve or at least reclaim the Catholic youth of our city and keep aflame the fire of their holy faith, will, in my humble opinion, be a far better memorial for my dear parents than any building of stone or marble."

"Mr. Halloran," said Merrill, astonished beyond all measure by the old gentleman's generosity, "this is certainly extremely kind of you, and I am positive that all our Tertiaries will be enthusiastic over the plan."

"To be sure they will, Jack," replied Mr. Halloran, smiling, "but I never should have hit on the idea of doing anything of the kind if I had not witnessed how disinterestedly you and your fellow Tertiaries, backed by Fr. Roch, went to the assistance of poor Dave Riley."

## FR. MENARD, PIONEER MISSIONARY OF WISCONSIN

*By Fr. Odoric, O.F.M.*

THE first streak of the dawn of Christianity in the new world—that dawn which was to dispel the darkness of heathenism in which the American Indian was enveloped, was the planting of the cross by Christopher Columbus on the island of San Salvador, October 12, 1492. The success of Columbus drew the eyes of all Europe to the newly discovered country, and from all parts of the Old World anxious explorers hastened forth to seek their good fortune in the New. Father Juan Perez, the Franciscan Guardian of the monastery of La Rabida, who befriended Columbus, accompanied him on his second voyage, and had the distinction of being the first priest to celebrate Mass in the New World (Dec. 8, 1493). Thereafter, Catholic priests were sent out on every voyage with the early explorers, and the planting of the Cross was coincident with the settlement of the various islands. The Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits set out to bring the tidings of the Gospel and the boon of redemption to the dusky children of America. They did not cross the boisterous ocean to enrich themselves with the gold and silver and other goods of the New World; no, their aspirations were higher and nobler. Their aim was to gain souls for the kingdom of God. As the record of the noble deeds of those pioneer apostolic men is always interesting I propose to

relate the labors of some of the early missionaries whose field lay along our northern frontiers, where I have the happiness of continuing their sacred work.

When Luther was convulsing Germany, and Calvin infecting France with soul-destroying teachings, the sons of St. Ignatius of French origin hastened forth to the New World to compensate the Church for her loss in the Old by winning the souls of the red race. The portion of the vineyard which they had chosen to cultivate was New France, or Canada, along the St. Lawrence River and the upper lakes as far as Wisconsin. These Jesuits were not the actual pioneers in discovery and exploration, the voyageur or fur-trader having mostly preceded the black robes in wordly exploits; but they were the first to gather souls for the kingdom of Christ in British America.

The first missionary who made every sacrifice and faced every danger for the redemption of the savages of the Lake Superior region, the one who first offered up the holy Mass in the wilds of Wisconsin, was Father Rene Menard. In March 1640, he sailed from Dieppe, France, and reached Quebec July 8, of the same year. In order to equip himself for missionary work among the natives, Menard applied himself to the study of the Algonquin language. In 1641 he began his missionary work. He was sent to the

country of the Hurons, between Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, who numbered about 30,000 souls. Having labored among them for seven years, the cruel and fierce Iroquois made war on the Hurons (1648-1649) and exterminated nearly the whole tribe. It was at that time that the Iroquois killed Brebeuf, Lallemant, and other French missionaries. Menard escaped their fury, though he was not far from the danger zone.

After the ruin of the Huron mission, Menard labored chiefly in the Indian and French settlement at Three Rivers. Seven years later, (July 1656), he started a

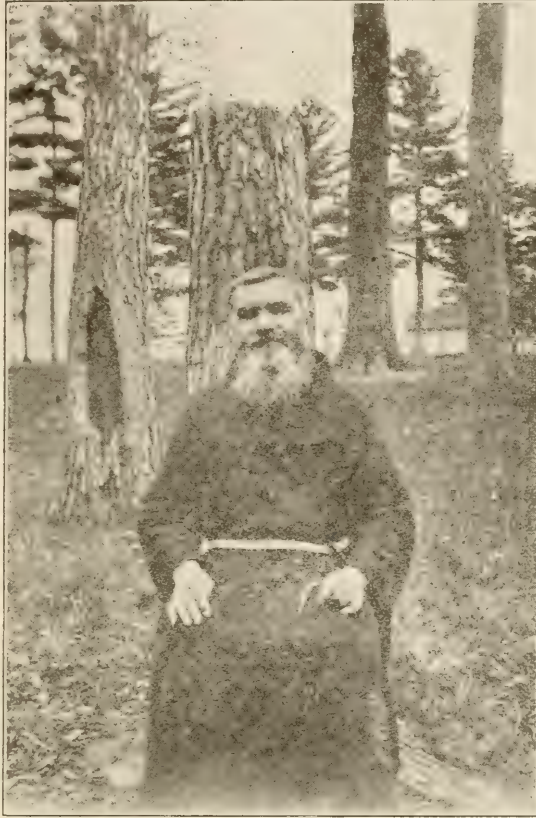
mission among the Iroquois, who feigned a desire for peace. He collected around him on Lake Cayuga, a small flock of Christians consisting chiefly of Huron captives. Misfortune had softened their hearts and made them accessible to the tidings of salvation. Even the

fierce Iroquois felt the mild but potent influence of this holy missionary, and many of them were baptized. In a short time, he converted and baptized there some 400 Indians. Still, he was in constant danger of being massacred. The

Iroquois often ran after him brandishing their knives and tomahawks. It was a common sight for him to see captives burned and devoured.

The Iroquois finally went so far in their hatred for the palefaces and their priest that they plotted to kill the priest and the fifty-three Frenchmen who escorted him. Their devilish de-

sign was however frustrated. With a bleeding heart Father Menard left with the rest in the silence of the night. He would have preferred to stay with his neophytes, and, if necessary, to die at his post. He felt as if his heart had been torn out of his body, or as



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Veteran Indian Missionary of Wisconsin



a mother violently torn away from her children; but obedience called him away, and so he departed with the rest for Montreal, where he was made superior of the Jesuit community at Three Rivers. His heart, however, longed to carry the Christian faith to other Indian nations, scattered through northern Michigan and Wisconsin. His desire was soon to be granted. An Ottawa flotilla of sixty canoes arrived at Three Rivers with furs and Indian goods. Fathers Menard and Albanel, a lay brother and seven Frenchmen decided to accompany them on their return to Lake Superior. They left Three Rivers August 28, 1660. At Montreal, Father Albanel was set ashore. How Menard fared on his voyage to Lake Superior, is best learnt from a letter which he wrote from Keweenaw Bay, Michigan, to his superior in Quebec. He wrote as follows:

"Our journey has been very fortunate, thanks be to God, inasmuch as our Frenchmen arrived in good health about the middle of October. But we had to suffer much and we ran great risks—from lakes, which were very stormy; from torrents and waterfalls, fearful to behold, which we had to cross in a frail shell; from hunger, which was our almost constant companion; and from the Iroquois, who made war on us.

"Between Three Rivers and Montreal we luckily met his Lordship, the Bishop of Petrea (Msgr. Laval, first Bishop of Quebec), who addressed me in words which entered deep into my heart and which

will be a source of consolation to me amid all adverse accidents that may befall me. 'My Father,' he said, 'every reason seems to demand your staying here; but God, who is stronger than all, wants you in those parts.' O how I have blessed God since that meeting, and how sweetly those words, spoken by so holy a prelate, have come home to me in the worst of my sufferings, misery, and desolation. God wants me in those parts. How often have I revolved those words in my mind amidst the noise of our torrents and in the solitude of our great forests!

"The Indians, who had taken me on board with the assurance of fair treatment, considering my age and infirmities, did not spare me after all. They required me to carry on my shoulders very heavy packs when we had to make a portage, and although my paddle, wielded by hands as feeble as mine, did but little service towards hastening the journey, yet they could not endure that I should be idle." They did not even allow him to say his office, and threw his breviary into the water, thinking that he was working some spell by means of it for their destruction.

"Once they obliged me," the Father continues, "to disembark on a very bad spot. To overtake them I had to make my way over frightful rocks and precipices. The places through which I had to go were so cut up with ravines, and so steep were the mountains that I thought I should never extricate myself.

"Hastening my steps for fear of

being left behind, I hurt my foot and leg. They remained swollen and annoyed me very much for the rest of the journey, especially when the water began to grow cold, as it was necessary to remain barefoot

all the time, ready to jump into the water in order to lighten the canoe whenever they judged it necessary. Add to this that those people observe no regularity in their meals, eating everything at once and making no provision for the morrow. As for their camping, no attention is paid to their own or their guests' comfort, but only to facility in landing their canoes and

the convenience of embarking and disembarking. Furthermore, they generally sleep on uneven, rocky ground, on which they spread a few branches, if at hand. Our Frenchmen and I scarcely caught sight of one another dur-

ing the whole course of our journey, and so we have not been able to give one another any assistance. They have had their crosses and I have had mine. Perhaps God gave them more patience than me; but I

can say, nevertheless, that I have never thought, day or night, of this Ottawa expedition except with sweetness and peace of spirit, and a feeling of God's grace toward me such as I should have difficulty in explaining to you.

"We have, every one of us, been fasting, and that rigorously, having to content ourselves with small fruits, which are of



Indian Squaw and Papoose

rare occurrence, and are nowhere else eaten. Fortunate were those who chanced on a certain moss (*tripe de roche*) which grows on rocks and of which they make a black broth. As for moose-skins, those who had some



left, ate them stealthily. Everything seems palatable when a person is hungry.

"But the worst was to come. Having after such hardships entered Lake Superior, there, instead of finding the promised rest and provisions, our canoe was smashed by a falling tree, and so completely, that no hope of repairing it was left. Everybody abandoned us, and we were left—three Indians and I—without food and canoe. In that state, we remained six days, living on offal, which, to keep off starvation, we had to scratch up with our nails around an old abandoned lodge. To make soup we pounded the bones that lay about. We picked up earth saturated with the blood of animals that had been killed there; in a word we made food of every thing. One of us was continually on the lookout at the shore, to implore the mercy of those that passed by; and we wrested from them a few slices of dried meat, which saved us from death. At last, some more compassionate took us up and brought us to our rallying point destined for our wintering. This was a large bay on the south shore of Lake Superior (Keweenaw Bay), where I arrived on St. Teresa's day; and here I had the consolation of saying Mass, which repaid me with usury for all my past hardships."

Here Menard began what he called a "flying church," that is a Christian community composed of occasional visitors from the neighboring French settlements, Christian Indians, and such other scattered sheep of God's fold that happened to gath-

er there. His abode was a hut of fir-tree branches, and his food most of the time consisted of acorns or a small fish, which was boiled in water and served as a repast for four or five persons. Sometimes they had only the remains of fish, (head and entrails) and the bark of birch and whitewood.

Menard records that the Indians proved to be a vicious, obdurate race, although he baptized a number of infants and converted a few adults. Excepting these elect, the Father found nothing but opposition to the faith among those barbarians, on account of their great brutality and infamous polygamy. As he had little hope of converting these people plunged in all sorts of vices, he resolved to undertake a new journey of two hundred and sixty miles in order to instruct a tribe of poor Hurons, whom the Iroquois had caused to flee to that end of the world. Three young Frenchmen were sent ahead to reconnoiter. They reached the Hurons after many hardships, and on their return explained to the Father the imprudence of the expedition for such a feeble old man like him. But his only answer was, "God calls me; I must go there, should it even cost my life. St. Francis Xavier, who seemed so necessary to the world for the conversion of souls, did well in trying to enter China. And I who am good for nothing, should I, for fear of dying on the way, refuse to obey the voice of my God who calls me to the succor of poor Christians and catechumens deprived of a pastor for so long a



time? No, no; I do not want to let souls perish under pretext of preserving the bodily life of a puny man, such as I am. What! must God be served and our neighbor be helped only then when there is nothing to suffer and no risk of one's life? This is the most beautiful occasion to show to angels and to men that I love my Creator more than the life I have from him; and would you wish me to let it escape? Should we ever have been redeemed had not our dear Master preferred to sacrifice his life in obedience to his Father for our salvation?"

Thus the resolution was made to go and seek those lost sheep. Some Hurons who had come to traffic with the Ottawas, offered themselves to the Father to act as guides. He felt happy at meeting with them. He gave them some baggage to carry and chose one of the Frenchmen to accompany him. All the provisions he took along were a bag of dried sturgeon and a little smoked meat, which he had long ago saved for this journey. His last adieu to the other Frenchmen whom he was leaving, was in words that proved prophetic. "Adieu, my dear children," he said, embracing them tenderly; "I bid you the great adieu for this world, for you will not see me again. I pray the Divine Goodness that we may be reunited in Heaven." So he set out on his

journey, July 13, 1661, nine months after his arrival at the Keweenaw Bay. The poor Hurons, constrained by hunger, soon left the Father under the pretext that they would announce his coming to the Hurons and send some strong men to get him. About fifteen days the Father stopped near a lake expecting the promised help; but as provisions were failing, he determined to set out with his French companion in a small canoe which he had found in the brush.

They embarked with their little baggage. Alas! who could describe the hardships which that poor emaciated body of his endured during the course of that voyage! But his hardships were soon to end. About the tenth of August, the poor Father, while following his companion, went astray. At the end of a portage, made in order to get by a rather difficult cataract, his companion looked back to see whether the Father was coming. He sought and called him to bring him back to the right way; but all in vain. Later the Father's bag was found, but his body was never recovered. Such was the fate of Father Menard, the pioneer of Christianity in Wisconsin. He had the honor of being the first priest that ever said Mass on Wisconsin soil, between the first and the tenth of August, 1661.





## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—On October 16, a unique ceremony was performed under the auspices of the Third Order in the Franciscan church of Ara Coeli. Tablets commemorating the fact that here on October 11, 1882, His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., was received into the Third Order, were blessed and unveiled in the presence of Cardinal Pompili. Ara Coeli is the titular church of His Eminence.—

The Directors General of the Popular Union of Italy are trying to imbue the masses with the spirit of St. Francis by giving the various circles of young people special attention. "Thus," writes our Roman correspondent, "at the reunion held in commemoration of the 'Perdono d'Assise,' where Msgr. Salotti spoke with credit and enthusiasm on our Seraphic Father, more than twenty circles of young people were present, besides many notable personages of Rome. In like manner, the circle 'Dante Alighieri,' on August 22, had an outing to our little friary of St. Bonaventure on the Palatine. After solemn High Mass in honor of St. Francis, Mr. Francis X. Poscetti delivered a lecture; thereupon the young people were entertained by the good religious of the secluded friary."—

Since the outbreak of the present war, Rev. Lorenzo Perosi, the great Tertiary composer of Italy, is residing in his villa in Florence and working hard to finish his new oratorio which bears the title "In die tribulationis Ecclesiae" "On the Day of

the Church's Tribulation"). The composition is a musical elegy on the sad days of the war; it is dedicated to His Holiness Pope Benedict. XV.

**Italy.**—"The Houses of Divine Providence," so well known in Italy, owe their foundation to a Tertiary of St. Francis. It is Dom Louis Guanella, who, like Dom Bosco, devoted his time to visiting these homes of charity, instructing their inmates in the tenets of the holy faith and teaching them some useful trade. The saintly Tertiary priest died some time ago, leaving twenty-five houses, depending entirely upon the Providence of God for financial support.

**France.**—The *Franciscan Annals* of England brings the following statistics regarding the Capuchin friars in the French army. Out of a total number of 870 Capuchins in France, 284 are in the French army, and of these 199 came back from abroad to serve their country. The combatants number 82, and of these, 10 have been killed or have died of wounds or illness; 18 have been seriously wounded; 2 are missing, and 4 are prisoners; 26 have received promotion, and 8 have been decorated with the Cross of War. The non-combatants number 202, and of these, 13 are army chaplains, and the rest are connected with the field ambulance service. Of these non-combatants, 4 have been killed or have died, 15 have been seriously wounded, and one is a prisoner. Promotion has been given to 15; one has received the Military Medal; 32



the Cross of War, and one the Cross of St. George.—

**England.**—On August 31, Rev. Fr. Thaddeus, O.F.M., well known to all students of Franciscan history, passed to a better life. Born in 1844, he entered the Order of St. Francis on November 12, 1863, and was raised to the holy priesthood seven years later on July 2. He was especially proficient in architecture, besides being an authority on the pre-Reformation period of English history. His principal work bears the title "The Franciscans in England." He also wrote a biography of the Franciscan Martyr, Bl. John Forest.—

On October 4, two Franciscan lay-brothers of the English province, Brothers Crispin and Felix, celebrated the golden jubilee of their entrance into the Order.

**Dublin, Ireland.**—The Capuchins of Dublin were highly commended by the English General Maxwell for the heroism they manifested during the recent trouble in Ireland. In the midst of the terrible strife between the two contending armies, they lavished their care on the wounded and were untiring at the bedside of the dying, at the same time doing all in their power to bring about peace and concord.

**Tsinanfu, China.**—In a letter dated August 12, 1916, Rev. Fr. Damascene, O.F.M., Apostolic Missionary in China, remarks that in Shantung and especially in the Franciscan vicariate lawless robbers make daily raids. On a journey one missionary was despoiled of all his belongings. In the first week of August, the robbers attacked a neighboring mission. They took one of the Fathers prisoner and severely wounded the other. A third Father was forced to flee. For the ransom of the imprisoned Father the robbers demanded \$40,000 in gold, but finally released him for the sum of \$4,000.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church.**—On the feast of St. Francis, Rev. Fr. Josaphat, O.F.M., Director of the Third Order, celebrated the holy Mass at 7 o'clock, during which about 750 Tertiaries went to Holy Communion in a body. This was certainly a grand showing and greatly consoled the Rev. Director, since many of those who took part in the gathering had to hasten from church to their work. At 9 o'clock there was a solemn High Mass with German sermon by Rev. Fr. Mauritius, O.F.M. Devotion in honor of St. Francis was held in the evening, at 8 o'clock. Rev. Fr. Joseph, O.F.M., preached in English; then followed a procession with the statue of St. Francis and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After the holy Masses as also during the evening devotion general absolution was imparted to the Tertiaries.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Hospital.**—The beautiful chapel of the Sisters of St. Francis was the scene of joy and festivity on the feast of their holy Father. Seven Sisters of the community pronounced their final vows, five renewed them for five years, fifteen novices made their first profession, and nine candidates received the religious habit. Rev. H. A. Huckestein, spiritual director of the community, celebrated High Mass assisted by the Rev. FF. Jasper and Joseph, O.F.M., as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Fr. Henry, O.F.M., pastor of St. Peter's Church in Chicago, delivered the German sermon, while Rev. Fr. Ewald, O.F.M., who had conducted the preparatory retreat of the Sisters, preached in English. Many priests from far and near and a large number of relatives and friends of the Sisters came to be present at the imposing ceremonies.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.**—On October 15, at 3 P. M., a mass meeting of the German and English-



speaking Tertiaries was held in St. Joseph's Church. Rev. Fr. Definitor Philip, O.F.M., officiated; two clerics from the Franciscan monastery at West Park assisted as deacon and subdeacon, while Rev. Fr. Hilarion, Director of the local Tertiaries, acted as master of ceremonies. The spacious church was so crowded that many had to stand during the services. Rev. Fr. Philip preached in German and English. His eminently instructive and timely words were followed by the vast Tertiary audience with keen interest. After the sermons, 135 approached the altar railing to receive the Tertiary cord and scapular. The papal blessing was then given. With Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and a heartfelt *Te Deum*, the meeting came to a close. The Rev. Director takes this opportunity to publicly thank in the columns of the *Franciscan Herald* the many Tertiaries who by their loyal and energetic support made the mass meeting a signal success. —

A spiritual retreat for the German branch of the Third Order will begin November 13, at 8 P. M., and will close November 19, at 3 P. M. On October 1, about 400 new books of spiritual reading were added to our Tertiary library.

**Cleveland, O., St. Stanislaus Church.**—A spiritual retreat and a novena to St. Francis were held for the members of the Third Order from September 25 to October 4. It was the first Tertiary retreat ever given in our parish, and no doubt will long be remembered as a time of grace and spiritual consolation. Every day a special holy Mass was celebrated for the intentions of our Tertiaries and Benediction given with the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Fr. Cyril, O.F.M., Director of the Third Order, delivered the sermons. The subjects which he treated were the following: 1. Whither Goest Thou? 2.

On Which Road? 3. The Greatest Evil. 4. The Road of Penance. 5. The Following of Christ. 6. The Union of Love Through the Sacraments. 7. Apostleship of the Third Order in Parishes. 8. St. Francis of Assisi—"Deus Meus et Omnia". After the solemn High Mass on the feast of St. Francis, a number of novices made their profession, while others received the cord and scapular. —

On Sunday, October 15, an illustrated and highly interesting lecture was given in the parish hall on the life of St. Francis by Rev. Fr. Cyril, O.F.M. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Tertiary Educational Circle and was very much appreciated by all that attended.

**Joliet, Ill., State Penitentiary.**—Rev. Fr. Peter Alcantara, O.F.M., chaplain of the Illinois State Penitentiary, thinks of founding in Chicago a Home for ex-Convicts. Thrown friendless and penniless upon the world and unable to obtain employment or financial assistance on account of a blighted past, discharged or paroled convicts in many cases fall back into their old ways of sin and crime, despite the good resolutions they had formed on leaving the prison. To remedy this apparent evil will be the purpose of the Home. As yet Father Peter has not made definite plans, but in the near future he will lay the matter before the Archbishop of Chicago. He has already interested the officials of the prison as well as prominent business men and social workers of Chicago in the project; they all have promised him every assistance. The movement which is probably unprecedented in the history of penology will no doubt go far toward bettering the condition of such as having failed sincerely wish to turn over a new leaf.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—The feast of our holy Father St.

Francis was celebrated by a solemn High Mass, at nine o'clock. Rev. Fr. Fortunatus, O.F.M., officiated; Rev. Fr. Peter Baptist, O.F.M., and Rev. Fr. Bonaventure, O.F.M., assisted as deacon and sub-deacon. Fr. Peter also preached the sermon both in English and in German. Many Tertiaries of the city came to St. Peter's on this day to venerate their Seraphic Father and to receive the general absolution which was given after each holy Mass.

At the meeting of St. Francis Fraternity, on the first Sunday in October, fifty-one postulants were vested with the cord and scapular of the Third Order. An equal number were received into the Third Order on the Third Sunday, the meeting day of the St. Louis Fraternity.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church.**—On Sunday afternoon, October 8, Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., with whom readers of *Franciscan Herald* are acquainted, opened the annual retreat of our Tertiaries. Every day for a whole week the zealous missionary Father delivered two sermons, one in the afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, and the other in the evening after Rosary devotion and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. No doubt, all who attended the sermons were imbued with a new love and admiration for the Third Order of St. Francis. In the course of the week, many handed in their application for membership in the Third Order; they were solemnly received in the afternoon of the following Sunday. The retreat closed with papal blessing and the *Te Deum*. Souvenir cards of the retreat were distributed among the faithful in church.

**San Francisco, Cal.**—Very Rev. Fr. Hugolinus, O.F.M., Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province, conducted a retreat for the Tertiaries of St. Antony's Church, this city. The various discourses and exercises

which lasted from Sunday, October 1, to the feast of St. Francis, were well attended. Many had applied for admission into the Third Order and were received; also a number of novices made their profession.

**Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.**—In the afternoon and evening of Sunday October 1, an illustrated lecture on the life of St. Francis was held in the parish hall by Rev. Fr. Peter Alcantara, O.F.M., under the auspices of the local Tertiaries. Before the lecture in the evening, a select choir under the direction of Prof. Fred Bender rendered two musical numbers. The attendance at the lecture was very good. The proceeds, which all told amounted to \$180, will greatly help our Tertiaries toward relieving the poor.

**New York, N. Y.**—During the first week of October, the Franciscan Fathers of the Italian Province of the Immaculate Conception celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their founding of the parish of St. Antony of Padua in this city and of their taking over of regular mission work among the Italians in and about New York. They still have charge of the church of St. Antony which they accepted fifty years ago at the request of the late Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York. It was here that the recent jubilee celebrations were held. They opened on Sunday, October 1, and lasted till Wednesday, October 4, the feast of St. Francis of Assisi. On the opening day, His Eminence Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, presided at the solemn High Mass, of which the celebrant was Very Rev. Msgr. John J. Dunn, chancellor of the archdiocese. Very Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Parri, O.F.M., Commissary General of the province, preached a very forceful and inspiring sermon. The celebrant of the pontifical High Mass on Monday was Rt. Rev. Patrick J. Hayes,



Auxiliary Bishop of New York, and on Tuesday, Right Rev. Joseph Chartrand, Coadjutor Bishop of Indianapolis, on Wednesday, the feast of St. Francis, Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate in the United States, celebrated the High Mass. The sermon was delivered by Very Rev. E. G. Fitzgerald, O. P. In the evening the choir sang the solemn "Transitus", a musical description of the death of St. Francis. A unique and noteworthy feature of these jubilee celebrations was the presentation of a new oratorio at Carnegie Hall, on Monday and Wednesday evenings. The Oratorio entitled "St. Francis" is a musical recitation of the life of St. Francis in four parts. The words of the oratorio were written by Rev. Fr. Sixtus Lagorio, O.F.M., of Pittsburgh. Adriano Ariani of Rome, Italy, arranged the music and directed the performance. Professional singers of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang the principal rôles, Luca Botta that of St. Francis, Mme. Frances Alda, that of St. Clare, while Adam Didur represented the Historian. The chorus consisted of 150 singers, representing the Friars Minor, the Poor Clares, the Soldiers of Assisi, the Soldiers of Perugia, and the Women of Assisi. The director of the Metropolitan Opera House was impressed with the production and expressed his desire of producing the new oratorio at the Metropolitan during the coming season. The Franciscan monastery of St. Antony is now the mother-house of the Italian province. His Eminence Cardinal Diomede Falconio, at present active in the Roman Curia, and Most Rev. Fr. Serafino Cimino, O.F.M., General of the Order of Friars Minor, were at one time assistant pastors of St. Antony's. His Holiness Pope Benedict XV addressed a letter to Very Rev. Fr. Ferdinand Parri, O. F. M., in which he con-

tulated the zealous Fathers of the province on their successful labors of fifty years in behalf of the Italians in the United States. *Ad Multos Annos* is the sincere wish of *Franciscan Herald*.

**Patterson, N. J.**—The Franciscan Missionary Sisters will soon have a new home in this city. The plans and specifications for the convent have been examined and accepted. The work will probably begin before the winter sets in.

**Loretto, Pa.**—At the provincial chapter held recently in Loretto, Rev. Francis Smith, T. O. R., was appointed Commissary Provincial of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis in the United States. He succeeds Very Rev. Raphael Breteny, T. O. R., who had found it necessary to resign the office of Provincial on account of ill health.

**San Diego, Cal.**—Sunday, September 24, was Serra Day at the Panama-California International Exposition. Religious and civic ceremonies marked the unveiling of a bronze tablet newly erected to the memory of Fray Junipero Serra in the Montezuma Gardens, one of the most beautiful sections of the Exposition park. The Franciscan Fathers of San Luis Rey and Santa Barbara officiated at the religious ceremony of blessing the grounds and the tablet. Dr. George Wharton James was the principal speaker of the day. After eulogizing Fray Junipero Serra and recounting the many-sided labors and heroic sacrifices of the old Franciscan missionaries in behalf of the California Indians, the speaker removed the flag from the bronze tablet, whereupon the spectators, most of whom were non-Catholics, burst into long and enthusiastic applause. The Serra memorial tablet stands between two newly-planted palm trees, that are precisely like those planted by Padre Serra 150 years ago at the old mission.



## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

On the afternoon of October 4, the feast of St. Francis, the following students made their profession in the Third Order: John Freuding, Alphonse Habig, Vincent Paull, Jerome Reisch and Henry Rutherford. Six were admitted as novices; namely: Julius Csepey, Joseph Diethelm, Herman Meuer, Othmar Thomas, Barnabas Wildhaber, and Theodore Wilhelmi. Twenty-four others have applied for admission.

On the first Sunday of the month, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin elected the following officers: Prefect, Henry Pinger; First Assistant, Frank Kiefer; Second Assistant, Harry Fox; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Wellner; Instructor of Candidates, John Maloney; Sacristan, Charles Koerber; Consultors, Robert Zwiesler, Frank Piontkowski and Felix Bienek; Organist, Robert Zwiesler.

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

We are glad to chronicle the fact that Father Francis S. Eckholt, the newly appointed Moderator of the Third Order in this institution, who has been for weeks sick with typhoid at St. Mary's Hospital, is slowly recuperating. We hope that his recovery from now on will be rapid and that in the near future he will be able to resume his duties at the college.

St. Francis day, October 4, was celebrated in the usual appropriate manner. In the morning solemn High Mass was sung by Fr. Didymus, assisted by FF. John and Berchmans. Fr. Juvenal, who temporarily has charge of the Third

Order, delivered an appropriate sermon on the life work of St. Francis. In the evening, the students were treated to a lecture by Mr. G. M. Ritchie of Chicago. Mr. Ritchie is a clever impersonator, and his delightful lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard him.

On Sunday, October 8, the first meeting of the Literary and Debating Society was held. The graduating philosophy class rendered a well chosen program, for which all deserve the highest credit. Prof. Chas. P. MacHugh has again taken charge of this society, while Frank Lawler was elected President, Charles Luke, Vice-President, and William B. Whalen, Secretary.

The election of officers for the B. V.M. Sodality took place on October 8. Fr. Leopold the Moderator of the Sodality presided. The result of the election was that Henry Aydt was chosen President; Chas. Luke, Vice-President, Ralph May, Secretary, and John Fallon, Treasurer. The Vice-President and Treasurer ably assisted by Louis Bruns will again have charge of the sacristy.

On Columbus Day, October 12, the first football game of the season was played. Only students of the college took part and the result was a 24-24 tie. Coach Merkel has his warriors practising diligently every evening, and much is expected of the boys when they cope with strong outside teams later in the season.

## OBITUARY

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church:**  
Elizabeth Goebel, Sr. Ludovice.  
**Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church:**  
John Stephens, Bro. Joseph.

# FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DEDICATED TO THE

NOVEMBER, 1916.

POOR SOULS

DAYS	FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Wed.
	<b>Feast of All Saints.</b> — <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i> The Plenary Indulgence of the Feast of All Souls can be gained from to-day noon until to-morrow midnight, as often as one visits a church that has the privilege. The conditions are: Confession, Holy Communion, and some prayers for the intention of the Holy Father. Persons that go to Confession every week need not make an extra Confession to gain the indulgence.
2	Thur.
	All Souls' Day.
3	Fri.
	St. Hubert, Bishop, Confessor.
4	Sat.
	St. Charles Borromeo, Bishop, Confessor.—SS. Vitalis and Agricola, Martyrs.
5	Sun.
	<b>21st Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —Bl. Raynerius, Confessor of the 1st Order.
6	Mon.
	—Bl. Helen, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
7	Tues.
	Bl. Felicia, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
8	Wed.
	Bl. Bernardine of Fossa, Confessor of the 1st Order.
9	Thur.
	Octave of All Saints.—The Four Holy Martyrs. Feast of the Dedication of the Archbasilica of the Most Holy Redeemer. —St. Theodore, Martyr.
10	Fri.
	St. Andrew Avelline, Confessor.—SS. Tryphon and Companions, Martyrs.
11	Sat.
	St. Martin of Tours, Bishop, Confessor.—St. Mennas, Martyr.
12	Sun.
	<b>22nd Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Didacus, Confessor of the 1st Order. —Bl. John, Confessor of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
13	Mon.
	St. Martin, Pope, Martyr.
14	Tues.
	Bl. Gabriel, Confessor of the 1st Order.—Bl. Nicholas, Martyr of the 1st Order.
15	Wed.
	St. Gertrude, Virgin, Abbess.
16	Thur.
	St. Agnes of Assisi, Virgin of the 2nd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
17	Fri.
	Bl. Salome, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
18	Sat.
	Feast of the Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.
19	Sun.
	<b>23rd Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Widow, Patroness of the Third Order.—St. Pontian, Pope, Martyr. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
20	Mon.
	St. Felix of Valois, Confessor.
21	Tues.
	Presentation of the Blessed Virgin. <i>General Absolution.</i>
22	Wed.
	St. Cecilia, Virgin, Martyr.
23	Thur.
	St. Clement, Pope, Martyr.—St. Felicitas, Widow, Martyr.
24	Fri.
	St. John of the Cross, Confessor.—St. Chrysogonus, Martyr.
25	Sat.
	St. Catherine, Virgin Martyr.—Bl. Elizabeth the Good, Virgin of the 3rd Order. <i>General Absolution.</i>
26	Sun.
	<b>24th Sunday after Pentecost.</b> —St. Leonard of Port Maurice, Confessor of the 1st Order.—St. Peter, Bishop, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
27	Mon.
	St. Delphine, Virgin of the 3rd Order.—Bl. Raymond Lullus, Martyr of the 3rd Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
28	Tues.
	St. James of the Marches, Confessor of the 1st Order. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i> <i>A plenary indulgence can be gained on one of the nine days before the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, to be selected at discretion.</i>
29	Wed.
	All Saints of the Three Orders of St. Francis.—St. Saturnine, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
30	Thur.
	St. Andrew, Apostle.







The Fairest Daughter of Eve

# Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province in the interest of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions

VOL. IV.

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NO. 12

## To My Immaculate Mother

**M**y Beautiful Mother! this morning I greet thee,  
Impatient I watched for the dawning of day;  
I haste to thy shrine, loved Mother, to meet thee,  
And join with the angels my homage to pay.

I sigh, my own Mother, for lilies the rarest,  
I long for the heartsease and myrtle and rose;  
I'd deck thy loved image with flowers the fairest,  
Thy child's heart, dear Mother, with love for thee glows.

Tho' empty my hands feel this pale winter morning,  
I'd fain cull the beauty of earth for thy feast;  
No treasure too precious thy shrine's fair adorning—  
Heaven's Queen should have all from the west to the east.

Immaculate Mother! bright star of life's ocean,  
Tho' flowers I bring not with fragrance and bloom;  
Instead, I have brought thee my heart's fond devotion,  
More sweet to thee far than the rose's perfume.

Oh, Mystical Flower! in Conception so glorious,  
Queen lily, at rest on the bosom of God;  
This day over Satan and sin so victorious,  
Oh! lead us to tread in the path thou hast trod. \*\*\*

Where angels are singing sweet psalms of gladness,  
Methinks I hear voices I once heard before;  
Sweet voices long since passed from exile and sadness,  
To join in thy praise on the heavenly shore.

Oh, Queen of our hearts! help us now in thy glory;  
We kneel at thy feet, to thy mantle we cling;  
We gaze on thee fondly and think on the story—  
Our Esther alone has the ear of our King.

—E. De Marie  
in *The Franciscan Tertiary*.

# BL. MARGARET COLONNA

OF THE SECOND ORDER

DECEMBER 17

“WHEN thou shalt arrive thus far, that tribulation becomes sweet and savory to thee for the love of Christ, then think that it is well with thee for thou hast found a paradise upon earth. Nothing is more acceptable to God, nothing more wholesome for thee in this world than to suffer willingly for Christ.” These words of Thomas á Kempis we see fully verified in the life of Bl. Margaret Colonna, the patroness of this month.

Margaret was born in Rome, of the noble house of Colonna, in the first half of the thirteenth century. While still very young, she lost her parents and was placed under the guardianship of her two brothers. Under their loving care, the excellent qualities of her mind and heart developed and matured, so that, when she had grown to maidenhood, she was admired by all for her accomplishments and for her solid piety. Though she was surrounded by the comforts and pleasures which the wealth of her noble family could afford her, her heart, far from being captivated by them, was turned to heavenly things and she resolved to give herself entirely to the service of God.

This her pious resolve was, however, not to be carried out without meeting with great opposition on the part of her family. The first magistrate of Rome, attracted by her

piety and accomplishments, asked her hand in marriage, and he was aided in his suit by her elder brother, who did everything in his power to induce Margaret to enter into so honorable a union. The thoughts and aspirations of the servant of God, however, were not of this world, and she steadily declared that she would have no other spouse than Jesus Christ. Her determination brought down upon her the displeasure of her relatives, and they, in their anger, used even threats and illtreatment to shake her resolve. In this severe trial, Margaret recommended herself most fervently to the Mother of God. Our Lady appeared to her and consoled and strengthened her with the words, “Be steadfast, and you shall enjoy my protection.” Margaret also found an able champion in her younger brother, who greatly admired her virtues, especially since he had seen her on one occasion during Mass raised from the ground while rapt in prayer. He continually helped her with his advice and encouraged her to persevere in her resolve.

Margaret was favored with several other visions of the Blessed Virgin. These aroused in her a great distaste for the world, and she began to give herself up to the practice of silence, prayer, and the most rigorous mortification. In order to separate herself entirely



from the distractions of the world, she retired, with two of her maids, to a villa of her family on a hill which rises above the town of Palestrina. Here she cut off her hair and put on a poor habit like that worn by the daughters of St. Clare, and with her companions spent her time in contemplation and in the practice of the severest self-denial. Her relatives were highly displeased at her retired and penitential mode of life, and tried every means to induce her to return to Rome. But their efforts were in vain. God rewarded the generous sacrifices of his servant with signal graces and favors.

St. Francis appeared to her and gave her a red cross. In an ecstasy of love for the Divine Savior, she clasped it with great fervor to her heart, and it impressed itself deeply in her chest. One day, while she knelt in prayer, our Divine Savior appeared to her and placed a crown of lilies on her

head. On another occasion, he placed a ring on her finger in token of her heavenly nuptials.

But it was not enough for Margaret to imitate in some degree the life of the daughters of St. Clare, she wished to pass the rest of her life in the practice of humility, obe-

dience, poverty, and mortification in a convent of the Order. She applied to the Minister General of the Order of the Friars Minor and asked to be admitted, with her companions, into the convent of the Poor Clares at Assisi. Her request was granted, but a serious illness prevented her from carrying out her intention.



Bl. Margaret Colonna

As soon as she was somewhat restored to health, Margaret went to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles. She stayed for a while with a pious lady who observed the Rule of St. Clare in her home, and then returned to Palestrina with the intention of founding a convent of

Poor Clares. Her younger brother James, who in the meantime had been made a Cardinal of Holy Church, informed the Sovereign Pontiff of the wish of his holy sister, and begged permission to erect canonically the community at Palestrina under the rule of St. Clare. The Pope acceded to this request, and thus the community was joined to the Second Order, observing the Rule of St. Clare as modified by Pope Urban IV.

Margaret's ardent longing was now fulfilled, and as a daughter of St. Clare she strove with renewed fervor to progress on the way of perfection. In spite of her feeble health, she observed the Rule with the greatest exactness and exercised herself in the continual practice of humility and self-denial. Extraordinary consolations and graces were granted her by God as a reward of her generous love. And as God tests and purifies his servants in the fire of tribulations and sufferings, he now, as a special mark of his favor, sent her new sufferings, which were to remain with her to the end of her life. Our Divine Savior appeared to her, nailed to the cross and full of pain. Margaret who had long craved for the happiness of experiencing in her own body the sufferings of the Savior, knelt and adored him and lovingly touched his wounds. The desire of

her heart was to be satisfied. An ulcer attacked her right side and ate into the flesh. She experienced excruciating pains in all parts of her body, but she never ceased to bless the Lord for his mercy toward her. "Beg God," she said to her companions, "not to lighten my sufferings, but rather to cut and burn here below, so that I may not be confounded for ever."

For seven years Margaret lived thus a victim of love. When her last hour approached, she said, before receiving the Viaticum, "I thank thee, oh God, for having made my body so weak and feeble, that I might more freely return my spirit to thee." Consoled by visions of our Lord and his Blessed Mother, and assisted by the prayers of her brother, Cardinal Colonna, and of her spiritual daughters, she passed to her eternal reward on December 30, 1284. Her body was first entombed at Palestrina. When the community was transferred to the convent of St. Sylvester in Rome, the Sisters took with them the precious remains of their saintly Mother and placed them in their church. At the time of the last suppression and confiscation of convents by the Italian government, the body of Bl. Margaret was removed to the convent of St. Cecilia in Rome.

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*If I am to indulge in any of the pleasures of the present life, I am resolved to do it in such a way that the solemn realities of the future Judgment may never be banished from my thoughts.*

— St. Jerome.



## A PLEA FOR TERTIARY ACTIVITY

*By Francis Thompson, Tertiary*

WHEN Professor Huxley incidentally compared the Salvation Army to the Franciscans, in an article in the *Pall Mall*, I took up the comparison with alacrity, and extended it. The very chivalrous militarism of St. Francis has been caught and vulgarized in the outward military symbolism of the Salvation Army. That joyous spirit which St. Francis so peculiarly fostered is claimed by General Booth as an integral and essential feature in his own followers. The street-preaching, in which the Salvationists are so energetic, received its first special extension from the Franciscans.....

But the preaching Friar can only subserve a portion of the uses subserved by the Salvation Army. Consider what the Salvation Army is. It is not merely a sect, it is virtually a Religious Order, but a Religious Order of a peculiar kind. It consists of men and women living in the world the life of the world, pursuing their business, marrying, bringing up families; yet united by rule and discipline, and pushing forward active work of charity and religious influence among the forsaken poor. It possesses, moreover, the advantage of numerous recruits from the ranks of the poor, through whom it can obtain intimate knowledge of the condition and requirements of their class.

May it be that here, too, the Sal-

vation Army has but studied St. Francis? Here, too, has the Assisian left us a weapon which but needs a little practice to adapt it to the necessity of the day? Even so. Our army is in the midst of us, enrolled under the banner of the Stigmata, quartered throughout the kingdom; an army over 13,000 strong, following the barrack routine of religious peace, diligently pipe-claying its spiritual accoutrements, practising what that other army calls 'knee-drill,' turning out for periodical inspection, and dreaming of no conflict at hand. Sound to the militia of Assisi that the enemy is about them, that they must take the field; sound to the Tertiaries of St. Francis. Yes, the Franciscan Tertiaries are this army. They are men and women who live in the world the life of the world—though not a worldly life; who marry, rear their families, attend to their worldly vocations; yet they are a Religious Order, with rule and observance. They include numbers of men and women among the poor. Nay, the resemblance extends to minor matters. Like the Salvationists, they exact from their women plainness of dress; though, unlike the Salvationists, and most like their poet-founder, they do not exact ugliness of dress. Like the Salvationists, they are an essentially democratic body; a Tertiary peeress, writing to a Tertiary factory girl, addresses her as 'sister.'



It rests with themselves to complete the resemblance in the one point now lacking. They are saying their Office, holding their monthly meetings, sanctifying themselves; it is excellent, but only half that for which their founder destined them. He intended them likewise for active works of charity. They are the Third Order of St. Francis; their founder's spirit should be theirs; and with the ecstatic of Alverno, contemplation was never allowed to divert him from activity. He who penanced Brother Ruffino because the visionary was overpowering in him the worker, with what alacrity would he have thrown his Tertiaries on the battle-field where reserves are so needed; with what alacrity would he have bidden them come down from Alverno, and descend into the streets! Nay, Pope Leo XIII, as if he had foreseen the task which might call upon them, has released them from the weight of fasts and prayers, which burdened them, reducing their fasts to two in the year, their prayers to twelve daily *Paters* and *Aves*. They are freed from their spiritual austerities, and at liberty for external labors. They, therefore, if their founder live at all in them, seem the organization ready constituted for this work. In whatever town there was a Congregation of Tertiaries, they would endeavor to combine for the establishment of Shelters, and whatever, in the process of develop-

ment, might ultimately grow out of them.....

Things hard, not unachievable, I have set before you, children of Assisi; not unachievable, much less unattemptsable. Scorn you may have, contumely you may have; but witness that these Salvationists, being of a verity blind prophets, yet endure all this; and you, who know whereof you prophesy, shall you not endure it? Can men conjure in the ways with the name of Booth, and not with the name of Manning? If they are shielded by the red jersey, you shall be shielded by the reflex of that princely red at Westminster. But rather will I cry to you, lineage of Alverno: Gird on your weakness as a hauberk of proof! They have grown strong because they were weak, and esteemed because they were despised. What sword have they, but you have a keener? For blood and fire, gentle humility; for the joy of a religious alcoholism, the joy of that peace which passeth understanding; for the tumults, the depths of the spirit; for the discipline of trumpets, the discipline of the Sacraments; for the chiming of tambourines, Mary's name pensile like a bell-tongue in men's resonant souls; for hearts clashed open by a whirlwind, the soft summons of Him who stands at the door and knocks. If with these you can not conquer, then you could not with chariots and horsemen. — *In Darkest England*.



## GRACE STILL WORKING WONDERS

*By Fr. Gerard, O.F.M.*

One of the many disagreeable things we must put up with here among the Pima and Papago Indians, is the wicked and fanatical manner in which proselytizing is carried on by the so-called "Pima ministers." These are Pima men who have learned to read and write, but are very ignorant as to the exact meaning of English words, let alone the full purport of an English phrase or sentence. They receive a six months' or at the highest a two years' course of Bible reading at Cook's Bible School, Phoenix, Ariz., and are then let loose upon the Protestant and Catholic population of the Reservations. Their heads being stocked with half-ideas, misrepresentations of Catholic doctrines, and the vilest lies against the Catholic Church in general, they do much harm, because they are generally men having a glib tongue and a good command of their own language. While there are only a few priests with vast territories to cover each month, there is a regular plague of these "ministers."

Just of late there are as many as four going to one of my Catholic villages every Saturday evening, whereas I am unable to go there oftener than once a month. The chief told them most emphatically several times that he does not wish them to come as they only cause trouble; but like bad coin they persevere in returning and pester the poor inhabitants with their songs

and Bible explanations. When the chief told them that all here are Catholics, they said: "That's all right; the Father has very much work and can not come around to you often; but we shall come each week and tell you good things about how to be saved."—Hypocrites! They know better. They are very exultant, however, over the fact that they have sung over to their belief two families.

Again, a few weeks ago I met the chief of another village; he was on his way home from the Agency. When he caught sight of my rig he called to me. Then in most pitiful tones he said: "Father, why don't you come to see us any more? We have been waiting so long for you, and you never come. The Pima ministers are doing bad work among my people. The peace which used to be in my village has now departed; for those who have become Protestants are mean to us and do not look at us nor speak to us any more." I told him that I simply could not get around as often as I should like on account of the great number of places I had to visit each month. But I promised him a visit very soon, telling him also that I would try to arrange things so that they, too, would see the priest oftener.

On the appointed day, I arrived, and to my surprise the chief had gathered together under a large shed almost the entire population of



the village. He said to me, "Father, here are my people. They are not all here; for the old people, many of whom are blind and crippled, did not come. But I have counted thirty-five families, counting those also who live just across the river. Several of these have already received their First Communion, but they could not make a trip to St. John's this year on account of the high water in the river; so they did not receive this year. Father, we have no church for you; but we will build you a brush house and have it ready the next time you come. Perhaps next year we can build something better. We have also fixed up our cemetery nicely. We took up a collection

some days ago and I had one of my men go to Phoenix and buy a nice piece of wood for a center cross and also a large bucket of white paint. We have painted all the crosses of our cemetery and I had some paint left and sent it across the river to paint the crosses of that cemetery. We want to live and die as good

Catholics; we want to follow in the steps of our children who are learning such nice things and leading such good lives at St. John's school. We have gone hard ways in our youth and are glad to see that our children are learning the living of a more beautiful life." Then he said something that quite surprised me.

"Father," he said, "here I am chief of a Catholic village, but I am not yet baptized. My wife and children are all baptized, but I am not. I want to be baptized soon, because I am getting old and my time to die is coming. There are three other men and an old lady who also wish to be baptized with me. I often went to St. John's to visit my children and to celebrate the



Typical Pima Indian

feasts with them; and the good things I heard there from the priests I kept in my heart, and many a time thought how true they are; and when working in my field I would think of these truths. And on Sundays, though no priest came to us, I gathered my people together here under this shed, and I spoke to them



of the good things I remembered the priest had said, and then we would kneel down and have some one pray and the others answer." He referred here to saying the rosary which they usually pray in Spanish. "Now, Father, help us; come to us; stay with us! You see there is much hay here for your horses, and I am going to get some more. I will see, too, that you get enough to eat."

The whole scene, especially the earnest appeal of the chief made

me feel quite sad. I hardly knew how to help them, my monthly trip keeping me busy every day. But I simply must visit them and try by a monthly visit to keep alive the faith they so nobly live up to under such trying circumstances.

Will not the readers of the *Herald* pray to the Lord of the vineyard that he send many and worthy laborers into this mission field? For the harvest, indeed, is great, but the laborers are few.

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT

*By Fr. Giles, O.F.M.*

"I suppose that completes the list, Fr. Roch; at least that's all the money we have on hand for the Christmas charities."

It was Mrs. West who spoke.

"Nothing left at all?" queried the priest.

"Not a cent," replied Jack Merril with a little laugh.

"That's too bad," said the priest regretfully; "just listen to this," and he drew a letter from his pocket and read aloud:

MY DEAR FR. ROCH:—

Christmas is at hand, and knowing that you are well supplied at this time of the year by your generous Tertiaries with alms for Christmas charity, I make bold to ask you for two little presents for one of my poorest missions—San Damiano. You know well how much our Indians, old and young, love the Infant Savior, and how happy they always are to see his lowly birth at Bethlehem vividly por-

trayed in the Christmas crib. But these cribs cost money, and that is something with which I am singularly unblest.

The other gift I desire is a white chasuble, since the one I had was completely ruined some weeks ago, when the heavy rains broke down the mud roof of the mission and played havoc with the only white vestment I possessed. We are likewise badly in need of a new chapel since those rains, but, please God, this will come later. For the present we have patched up the roof and walls as well as we could, and we are now looking forward to a happy Christmas in spite of our poverty.

Trusting that you will be able to help a poor missionary in his needs, and assuring you of my own deep gratitude and of the fervent prayers of my Indian parishioners, I remain,

Your old friend and confrere,

FR. EGBERT, O.F.M.

"Here's a picture of San Damiano mission," continued Fr. Roch, showing a kodak print of a rude little

adobe church, some twelve by twenty-five feet, which, with its mud and straw roof and desolate appearance, evoked expressions of surprise and pity from the little group of Tertiaries.

"Well, Father, we could take the two hundred dollars awarded to St. Firmin's Home and send them to Fr. Egbert," suggested Mrs. Woodbury.

"No, that will not do," replied Fr. Roch, "for the Home needs the money badly, and besides the crib and chasuble will not cost more than fifty dollars."

Various other suggestions were then made, only to be rejected as impracticable.

"I'll undertake to secure the necessary money to buy those gifts for Fr. Egbert, if you have no objections, Fr. Roch," finally ventured Ethel Densmore, the secretary of the young women Tertiaries.

"Why no, Miss Densmore, I have no objections," said the priest smiling, "but I don't wish to put you to any serious inconvenience in this matter, as I shall no doubt find some other benefactor."

"Oh no, Father, it won't give me any trouble. Quite the contrary; I'll feel privileged if I can assist the good missionary and his poor Indians and thus brighten their Christmas," Ethel hastened to assure him. "But I may have this kodak print, may I not?"

"To be sure, you may."

Thus the matter was settled and the meeting adjourned.

That evening, as Mr. Densmore smoked his cigar and scanned the

latest reports from the markets, Ethel sat at the piano trying some new songs; but her father soon noticed that her mind was not on her music. Presently, she left the piano and began listlessly to turn over the magazines and papers that lay scattered about on the library table.

She was his only child. His wife had died when Ethel was but four years of age, and naturally all the affections of his heart were centered on her. Shortly after her mother's death, the child had been sent to a convent school, where she remained till her graduation the previous summer. Nature had been lavish to her of its gifts, both mental and physical, and the good nuns of St. Margaret's had left nothing undone to develop these natural talents, at the same time infusing into her docile and religious heart an intense love for her holy Faith. It was while at the academy that Ethel had learned to know the Third Order of St. Francis, and she at once embraced it with all the ardor of her zealous soul. Soon after her return home in June, she had been chosen secretary of St. Rose's young women Tertiaries and was heart and soul in her work.

Life for Ethel was full of promise. Youth, beauty, wealth, and education were hers. Nevertheless, her life was not one long spring day of uninterrupted sunshine; for there hung over it the heavy black cloud of her father's religious indifference, if not actual unbelief. Never very strong in his holy Faith, Mr. Densmore had cast it entirely over-

board after the death of his wife as altogether useless and incompatible with his business, and he now lived merely to accumulate riches, that his only child—the idol of his heart—might one day be ranked among the wealthiest of the city.

Fortune favored his speculations, which were notorious for being extremely wild and hazardous. But the success that constantly attended his ventures only served to whet his appetite for more money and greater risks, and confirmed him in his opinion that his star would never wane. Generous to a fault when there was question of satisfying his daughter's needs and wishes, he was peculiarly close when there was question of relieving the wants of his fellow men and of supporting the public charities.

This evening, he was unusually elated over the successful outcome of a big grain deal at the exchange that had netted him over a hundred thousand dollars in clear profits, and Ethel's somber mood irritated him not a little. At last, he could bear it no longer, and laying aside his paper, he said:

"Ethel, child, what in the world is the matter with you this evening? Are you ill?"

The girl blushed as she smilingly replied:

"No, daddy, not at all. I'm all right."

"Well, why are you acting so strangely? Have you anything to tell me?"

"Yes, daddy dear, but I'm afraid you won't give me what I wish."

"Won't give you what you wish!"

repeated her father. "Why, Ethel, when did I ever refuse you anything you asked for?" and he held out his hand inviting her to come near him. Ethel obeyed the gesture, and seated herself on the arm of his Morris chair, placing her left arm affectionately about his neck.

"No, daddy, you've never refused me anything except when I've asked for others, and—"

"Now, now, now, child!" chided Mr. Densmore playfully. "I suppose some of those beggarly nuns have been pestering you again for alms for their hospitals and poor houses. No, I have no money for such people, darling. Let them beg elsewhere. I'm almost sorry that I ever sent you to St. Margaret's; but then those nuns don't go about the city begging like tramps as the Sisters of Charity do."

"Oh, daddy, you do these good Sisters wrong in styling them beggars," Ethel interrupted with much feeling. "And besides, it is not for them that I wish to ask."

"Well, for whom is it then?"

"I want to make a little Christmas gift, that's all," she replied evasively, and smiled mischievously into her father's eyes.

"Ah, you little witch; there's more to this Christmas gift than you want to admit."

"Well, daddy, I'll tell you all if you promise first that you will give me the money. It's only fifty dollars."

"All right, I promise."

"Oh, I knew you would do it," she laughed, kissing him lovingly on the cheek. "Now, for my se-



cret. I wish to buy a Christmas crib and a chasuble for a poor Indian mission out in the wilds of Arizona. Look, here's a picture of the chapel," and Ethel took the small kodak print of San Damiano from the table, where she had concealed it under the magazines.

"You call that pile of mud and grass a chapel?" he exclaimed with unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, daddy, and there are many like it in Arizona and New Mexico. Fr. Egbert says Mass regularly at San Damiano once a month. Some weeks ago, the heavy rains caused a part of the roof to cave in and thus spoiled the vestments, and the Indians are too poor to buy new ones."

Now that Ethel had launched on her favorite subject, she soon warmed to it, and began to describe the missions among the Pima and Papago Indians with such vividness and earnestness that her father's heart melted for once at another's need.

"Well, Ethel, although I'm not accustomed to give money for such purposes and don't believe in trying to civilize those Indians, who will never amount to anything, still I will keep my word."

Taking a wallet from an inner pocket, Mr. Densmore counted out the fifty dollars. Then, without a word, he rose and went to his desk. Opening a drawer, he drew forth several bills and handed them to Ethel with a big smile.

"And here, you little rogue, are a thousand for yourself to buy Christmas presents for your friends

or do with what you please."

"Do with what I please?" questioned Ethel, hesitatingly.

"Yes, as long as you don't give it to those hospital Sisters."

"Oh, daddy, how good and generous of you," she cried, her eyes sparkling with unconcealed pleasure; "although I protest against you calling those poor nuns 'beggarly Sisters,' " she continued, shaking her finger reprovingly.

The intervening fortnight till Christmas passed swiftly by, and the eve of the great feast was ushered in by a terrific snow storm, that struck the entire north-western and central portions of the country, and brought ruin and death in its wake. Ethel's charitable heart bled at the thought of all the sorrow and misery the blizzard would cause the poor and homeless on the joyful feast of Christ's nativity, but she rejoiced that she had been able to bring happiness at least to the poor, despised Indians of the far west by the little presents she had sent them. What gave her most pleasure was the fact that, besides the crib and chasuble, she had also sent the thousand dollars to Fr. Egbert for the purpose of building a suitable chapel at San Damiano, merely begging him and his swarthy parishoners in return kindly to remember her dear father and herself in their prayers before the Christmas crib.

She was now anxiously awaiting near the cozy fireplace her father's return to dinner. Wreaths and garlands of holly and mistletoe decked the spacious rooms, and

Ethel was enjoying in anticipation his pleasant compliments on the beauty and tastefulness of her holiday decorations. The great hall clock chimed seven, seven-thirty, and eight o'clock, and still he did not come. She went to the window and looked down the avenue. The storm that had blown all day, was still raging fiercely, and deep drifts of snow were piled up against the porch that ran the length of the house.

Ethel had always loved winter with its mantle of downy snowflakes, but this furious blizzard filled her soul with an unaccountable dread, and she turned with a shudder from the wild scene.

"I wonder what is keeping daddy so long this evening," she said, half aloud, as she went to the telephone to make inquiry.

The office boy informed her that her father was in close consultation with his chief buying agent, and that he would probably not be home for some time. Not wishing to delay her servants, Ethel ate her dinner alone, and then strove to raise her drooping spirits by playing and singing all the Christmas hymns she knew.

At last—it was near eleven o'clock—she heard her father's well known step on the porch and hastened to greet him.

"A merry Christmas, daddy dear," she said joyfully as he entered, "although I do feel like giving you a good scolding for letting me wait so long and eat my dinner alone this Christmas eve," she added playfully.

"Scold away, my pretty maid," he replied, with an evident effort at his usual cheerfulness, and he kissed the girl's fair brow. "But you know, business is business, and I couldn't get away sooner."

"All right, daddy, I'll accept your excuse this time. But now hurry to the dining room, for Rose has kept dinner for you, and I'm sure she is anxious to get to bed," Ethel went on, assisting him to lay aside his great fur coat and fairly forcing him to the dining room.

But try as he would to be pleasant, Mr. Densmore constantly relapsed into a pensive silence, and Ethel knew at once that some very important affair was weighing him down. After drinking a cup of coffee and eating a slice of toast and a poached egg, he rose from the table and told her to retire, as he had some work to attend to before going to rest.

"There is one thing I wish to ask of you, daddy dear, and you won't refuse me, will you?" said Ethel, taking hold of his arm and looking beseechingly into his eyes.

"No more Christmas gifts for Indian missions, I hope," he retorted with a forced laugh.

"No, not for the missions but for yourself and myself."

"Well?"

"That you accompany me to-morrow morning to the early Christmas Mass; and you'll do it too, won't you dear? It's been so long since you were in church, and all my Christmas joy will be spoiled if you do not come."

"I'll see, darling," was all he

said, while a tear glistened in his dark gray eyes. "Now, let me kiss you good night and off you go to bed."

It was with a heavy heart that Ethel sought her bedroom, which lay across the hall-way from the library. She could not recall that her father had ever been so down-cast before, and she feared that some great evil was threatening him. Casting herself on a priedieu before a crucifix, she began to pour forth her fears in devout prayer, when sleep overpowered her. There she knelt, her head resting on her hands, and her wealth of rich brown hair falling in graceful tresses about her shoulders, while her fancy soared away in dreams to the lonely mission of San Damiano in the desert.

In the meantime, Mr. Densmore was busily occupied at his desk in the library. The storm had ceased, and not a sound broke the midnight stillness but the scratching of his pen as he worked at his accounts, and now and then the whistling and snorting of some distant snowbound train as it slowly forced its way through the heavy drifts.

The telephone rang. With feverish haste he reached for the receiver and his voice quivered as he said, "Oak 3265."

"Wire from Bangs, sir. Shall I read it?"

"Yes, Jim, go ahead," was the nervous reply.

"First report true in every detail. Loss is total. I await your orders. —Bangs."

"Thank you, Jim," said Densmore with a strange, grim coolness that

contrasted strongly with his excitement of a moment before. "Wire Bangs that there will be no orders issued at present. Then you may go home. I'll not need you to-morrow. Good bye; merry Christmas!"

"Same to you, sir! Good bye."

Pushing the telephone aside, Densmore cursed the storm that in a few hours had swept away the work and earnings of years. Yet in his heart he knew that it was not the storm but the reckless staking of more than half of his fortune on a single speculation that had brought on this enormous loss.

After this dismal failure, he could never again face the world. His star had sunk at last. Taking up a writing pad, he penned a letter to his lawyer and another to Bangs; then with trembling hand he wrote a loving note to Ethel begging her not to think too harshly of her dotting old daddy when he was dead and gone.

"She'll have enough to live on in ease and comfort if not in luxury, as I have always wished," he soliloquized, sealing the letters and placing them on the table. This done, he took a small revolver from an upper drawer of the desk and proceeded to examine it carefully. It was in perfect order. A slight pull on the trigger—and he would be freed from the troubles and disappointments of this world. What would then happen to his soul?—He cared not.

Raising the revolver to his temple to send the deadly bullet through his brain, he was startled by someone speaking.



"Oh daddy, isn't it beautiful?"

He paused. His heart beat wildly. It was Ethel speaking.

"Ah, the child is dreaming!" he said hoarsely.

"And, daddy, you and I are the cause of all this joy in this poor mission!" came the voice again clear and distinct like a silver bell from Ethel's bedroom.

Densmore stood for a moment as if nailed to the floor; his whole body trembled, and a cold perspiration covered his brow. The hand that held the revolver fell limp at his side. His fingers relaxed their hold, and the weapon dropped with a dull thud on the rug.

"Oh, Ethel, my darling child, what was I about to do!" burst at last from the thin, bloodless lips of the bankrupt speculator, as he staggered toward the table and dropped beside it on his knees burying his face in his arms. "No, I can't play the coward and leave you alone to face my ruin and shame."

He who had often bid defiance to failure, now lay there like a fallen eagle crushed to the earth by the greatness of his loss—when silently the heavy velvet portières at the door of the library parted and there stood his daughter Ethel.

Awakened from her sweet dream of San Damiano, by the strange noise in the library, she had come to learn the cause. The sight that met her eyes sent a thrill of horror through her soul, and she at once suspected the real state of affairs.

"Oh, father!" she faltered, kneeling quickly at his side and embracing him tenderly.

\* \* \*

While father and daughter were kneeling thus in the midnight stillness of the eastern metropolis,—he struggling with pride and unbelief, she persuading gently to humility and repentance,—a white-robed priest and his red-skinned children of the desert were gathered in their poor adobe chapel before their beautiful crib and sending fervent supplications heavenward for their generous benefactors. And the prayers of the poor and humble were not despised.

As Fr. Roch distributed Holy Communion at the six o'clock Mass that memorable Christmas morning, he marveled much to see Ethel and her father kneeling devoutly at the altar railing.

The Christmas gift had been its own reward.

## No Place for Him

No place for Him! So Him you drive away;  
You drive away your God, your God. Oh! stay.  
O height of human madness! wonders rare!  
No place for Him! without Whom no place were.

—Crashaw.

# -:- Franciscan Anecdotes -:-

## ST. FRANCIS'S LOVE FOR CHRISTMAS

St. Francis observed with ineffable eagerness the Nativity of the Child Jesus above all other festivals, declaring that it was the feast of feasts, whereon God, become a tiny infant, hung on a human breast. He cherished with hungry thoughts the image of those infant limbs, and his compassion for the Child, which flooded his heart, made him even lisp words of sweetness, as infants do. When there was talk of not eating flesh when Christmas fell on a Friday, he answered Brother Morico, saying: "Thou sinnest, Brother, in calling the day on which 'a Child has been born to us' Friday. I would that the very walls should eat flesh on such a day, or, if they can not, that they should at any rate be greased outside!"—*Celano*.



## THE CHAMPION OF MARY IMMACULATE

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which is so dear to the heart of every Catholic, was not always a dogma of our holy Faith, having been solemnly declared such by Pope Pius IX, on December 8, 1854. This singular prerogative of our Blessed Mother was, however, always cherished in the Church, although perhaps nowhere more than in the Order of St. Francis. During the latter part of the thirteenth century, it was much discussed in all the great theological schools of Europe, many and powerful arguments being advanced on both sides of the question.

It is related that, moved by the disputes that were held on this subject in the famous Sorbonne, the university of Paris, the Holy Father desired that a public discussion should take place there in the presence of his legates. The Venerable John Duns Scotus, a Friar Minor and a professor at the university, was chosen to defend the doctrine against all opponents.

Putting all his trust in God and his heavenly Mother, the young friar knelt devoutly before a statue of Mary Immaculate and addressed to her this humble prayer: *Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos*.—"Vouchsafe that I may praise thee, O sacred Virgin. Give me strength against thine enemies." And behold, the stone statue of Mary bowed its head graciously toward him as if to assure him that his prayer was heard. Arrived at the university, the disputation began. His adversaries—more than two hundred in number—brought forth their arguments against the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, maintaining that it was against the Holy Scriptures, Tradition, and sound reason.

In the meantime, the young champion of Mary Immaculate sat unmoved and listened in silence, storing away in his prodigious memory all the arguments advanced. Finally, he arose to defend his favorite thesis. The distinguished assembly of cardinals, bishops, priests, and famous professors were surprised at the youthfulness of the humble friar, but their surprise was soon turned into admiration for his deep and varied



learning. With a memory that astounded all, he repeated in order all the objections raised against the doctrine, revealed their sophistry, and explained the true meaning of the texts cited from the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers. Thereupon, he developed his own thesis so clearly and so thoroughly, with arguments so weighty and so convincing, that all present were filled with wonder. With one accord they proclaimed him victor, and bestowed on him in recognition of the mental acumen he displayed throughout the debate, the honorary title of Subtle Doctor. On the following day the doctors of the Sorbonne passed a resolution that the Immaculate Conception as explained by Duns Scotus should be henceforth taught in the university, and that no one should be admitted as a doctor or a licentiate who did not bind himself to teach and defend the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—*Life of the Ven. John Duns Scotus, O.F.M.*



### ST. FRANCIS CARES FOR THE BIRDS AND BEASTS AT CHRISTMAS

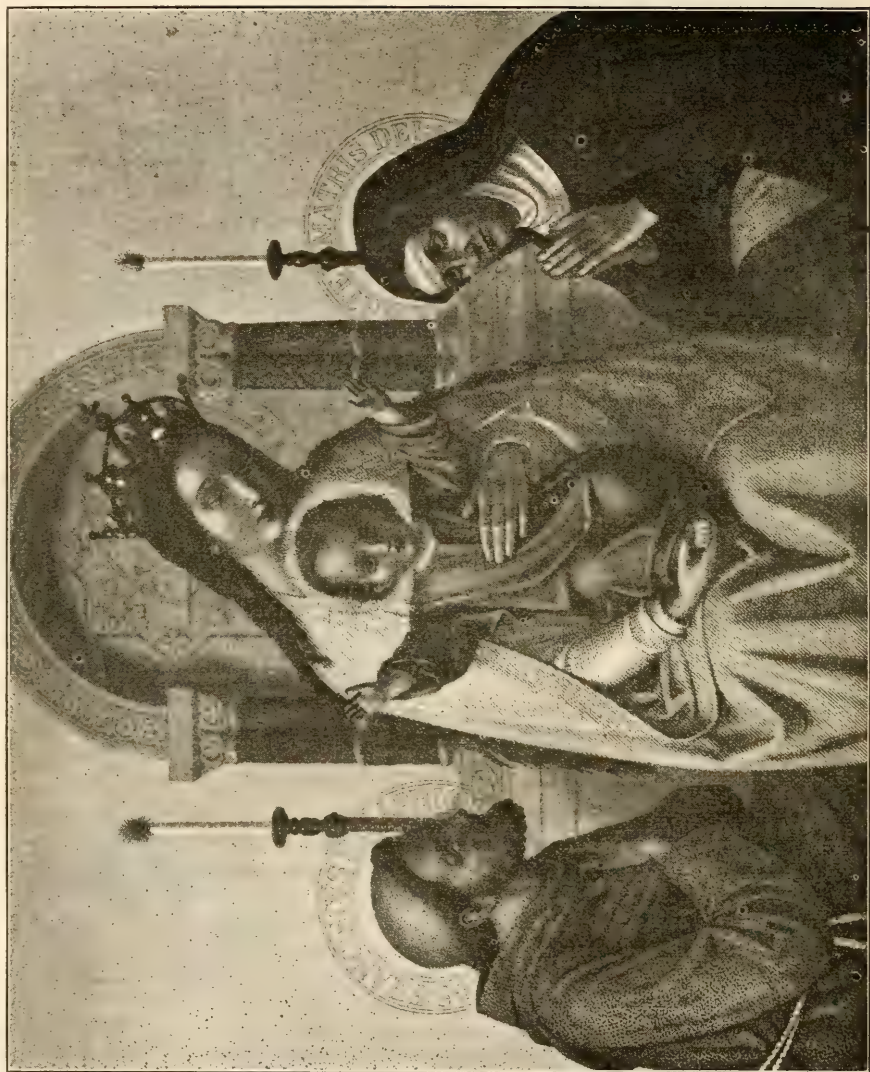
St. Francis was often heard to say: "If I can have speech of the Emperor, to entreat and persuade him, I will ask that for the love of God and of me he will make a special law that no one should take or kill our sisters the larks, nor do them any harm; and likewise that all the magistrates of cities and lords of fortresses and villages should be bound every year on Christmas day to compel men to throw out corn and other grain on the roads outside the cities and fortresses, that our sisters the larks and the other birds, too, may have somewhat to eat on the day of so great a festival; and that for reverence to the Son of God, whom on that night the most Blessed Virgin Mary laid in a manger between the ox and the ass, everyone who has an ox and an ass should be bound that night to provide them abundantly with good fodder; and likewise that on that day all the poor should be satisfied by the rich with good food."—*Speculum Perfectionis*.



### MOUNT ALVERNIA'S HOLY STONE

As St. Francis was speaking with Brother Leo one day on Mount Alvernia, he said to him, "Brother Little Sheep, wash this stone with water." And forthwith Brother Leo fetched water and washed it. With great joy and delight St. Francis said, "Wash it with wine;" and he did so. "Wash it," said St. Francis again, "with oil;" and this also was done. Then said St. Francis, "Brother Little Sheep, wash this stone with balsam;" and Brother Leo replied, "O sweet Father, how could I have balsam in so wild a place as this?" And St. Francis said to him, "Know, Brother Little Sheep of Christ, that this is the stone on which Christ sat when once he appeared to me here; and therefore I bade thee wash it four times without answering me, because Jesus Christ promised me four singular graces for my Order. The first is that all who love my Order and the Brothers sincerely shall have the grace of final perseverance, and by the divine favor make a good end. The second is that all who persecute this Order shall be notably punished. The third is that no wicked man, persevering in his wickedness, shall be able to remain long in the Order. The fourth is that this Order shall continue until the judgment day."—*Little Flowers*.





St. Francis

Venite Adoremus

St. Anne

## The Story That Never Grows Old

And this is the story of ancient days,  
The story we read through its wondrous ways—  
A story so often retold,  
A story that never grows old:

One night the stars together sang,  
And angels sang with them;  
And o'er the hills the anthem rang,  
"Oh, come to Bethlehem!"

"To Bethlehem of Judah come,"  
As the prophets sang of yore;  
"To Bethlehem of Judah—come  
To the Crib, and there adore."

And the stars and the angels  
And the simple shepherds, then,  
Three units in God's universe,  
Took up the grand Amen:

"To God on high the glory be,  
Who maketh strife to cease!"  
"Go we the Angel's word to see,  
The new-born King of Peace!"

And this is the story of ancient days,  
The story we read through its wondrous ways—  
The story so often retold,  
The story that never grows old:

The Heaven-sent Babe in a manger laid—  
For this was the Angel's sign—  
And in light nor of sea nor of land arrayed,  
Close by Him, the Mother Divine;  
And Joseph, dear husband of Mary, young  
In the Holy Family care,  
With shepherds adoring, who erst had sung,  
And the Star o'er the Baby fair:

The story of ancient days,  
The story of wondrous ways,—  
The story often retold—  
Of love that never grows old.

—T. J.



## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### THE HOUR TO RISE FROM SLEEP

The Church ushers in the holy season of Advent with a solemn warning to her children to rise from sleep. "Brethren," she says to them in the words of St. Paul, "it is now the hour to rise from sleep. For now our salvation is nearer than when we believed."

By sleep, in this passage, is meant, of course, spiritual sleep,, i. e. a state of insensibility to things as they really are in God's sight. According to a noted commentator, when we are asleep, we are absent from this world's action, as if we were no longer concerned in it. It goes on without us, or, if our rest be broken, and we have some slight notion of people and occurrences about us, if we hear a voice and see a face, yet we are unable to catch these external objects justly and truly. We make them part of our dreams and pervert them till they have scarcely any resemblance to what they really are.

Such is the state of a great number of men as regards religious truth. Many live altogether as if the day shone not on them, but the shadows of night still endured. They are spiritually asleep. They see and hear as people in a dream; they are but faintly sensible of the great truths of their religion; they mix up the Word of God with their own idle imaginings; if startled for an instant they soon relapse into slumber; they refuse to be awakened, and think their happiness consists in continuing as they are.

Who are they that are thus sleeping? They are, in the first place, the habitual sinners, those who are given to the habit of some particular sin of which they do not care to repent. Another class of Christians who may be said to be in a spiritual slumber are the worldly-minded, those who profess their religion and even make a show of it; but, for the rest, are wholly absorbed by the trumpery things of time, their business, their pleasures, their household cares. A third class of people who are spiritually asleep are the pharisaical Catholics, those who are very much given to religion and religious observances, but, like the Pharisees of old, convert the means into the end, and exaggerate the importance of certain religious observances so as to lose sight, at least in part, of God's commandments. Yet another class of sleeping Catholics are the lukewarm Catholics, those who make light of venial sins and deliberately commit them on every occasion, though they studiously avoid the graver offences against the law of God.

All these may be said to be spiritually asleep, because they have only a distorted view of religious truths, they are unconscious of the dangers threatening their eternal welfare, they are not wide-awake to the true interests of their souls. For all these it is high time to rise from sleep; for who can tell how near their Savior and Judge may be. There can be no question that even now great things are preparing, nay, transpiring before our very eyes. Is it possible that our salvation, or rather our judgment should be nearer than we believed? Can it be that the great world-war is but a prelude to another and direfuller cataclysm? Certain it is that thoughtful men everywhere are voicing their anxiety in the query: "After the war, what?" Will the nations be awakened to a new spiritual life and activity, or will they lapse again into their former



oblivion of God and his commandments? Some there are that predict a great spiritual awakening after the war. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Yet, so long as there are so few really active and wide-awake Catholics to take part in the great work of regeneration, it is vain to hope for a world-wide revival of the Christian spirit. Is it not high time for us all "to rise from sleep?"



### CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The season of Christmas, more than any other of the year, rouses in every Christian heart feelings of sympathy for human needs. How could it be otherwise? What Christian contemplating God's great love and condescension to man, as revealed in our Savior's nativity, can fail to be inspired with tender feelings toward his fellow man?

Sympathy, to a greater or less degree, is instinctive in sensitive beings. In the case of man, this instinct is a natural virtue which, however, takes on a supernatural character when ennobled with divine grace and exercised in response to the sublime inspirations of Christianity. In the Christian's heart, compassion has its root in the love of God. Here is the source whence it derives all its activity and power for sacrifice. With the non-Christian world the case is different. Here, too, especially in hearts naturally tender, the instinct of sympathy dwells; but there is nothing to raise it from the level of an instinct to that of a supernatural virtue. To the eyes of pure reason it presents itself in the light of a weakness. Spinoza, the author of modern Pantheism, even went so far as to look on compassion as one of the most degrading elements in human nature, asserting that the wise man will take good heed not to embitter the joys of his own existence by any participation in another's woes.

How different are these vaporings of the Jewish philosopher from the teachings of our divine Savior. How far is this spirit of sordid selfishness removed from the spirit of sweet Christian charity. Which spirit will be ours during the blessed Christmas time? Do we intend to worship at the shrine of egotism, or will we be willing to sacrifice on the altar of Christian charity? In our preparations for the hallowed festival, will we consult only our own comforts, or will we think also of the needs of others? Let us remember that, if we wish to spend a merry Christmas, we must have the true Christmas spirit, and this is but another name for real, active Christian charity.



### THE MEANING OF BETHLEHEM

The outward circumstances which surround man's birth and entrance into the great human family exert no mean influence on his future career. The mission of Christ, therefore, as teacher of mankind, Savior of the human race, and founder of the greatest kingdom the world has ever seen would seem to warrant the assumption that he must be born amid royal splendor, the scion of a powerful house. Yet, a glance at the place where the God-Man first saw the light, will suffice to disabuse us on this point,

Christ is born in an obscure hamlet of Judea. His birth takes place in a stable at midnight. What supreme issues for the whole world hung on that moment and on that event. Yet none marked it. In order to be-

come like to us in all things he "emptied himself," as the Apostle says, "taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men and in habit found as a man." In order to win our love and confidence, he is born as a little child. His infant slumbers and tears, his weakness and helplessness, all testify to the reality of that human nature which he had deigned to take. Christ appears in lowliness and humility, as one "despised, and the most abject of men." He is born in poverty. The roof that covers him is not his own. Even the straw on which he is bedded is alien property—and he is the God of the universe.

Yet through all this lowliness how brightly does not his divinity shine. The very humility and poverty that characterized his birth attest his divinity. For weakness, indigence, and obscure birth are not means men would choose who are desirous of accomplishing great things. They are suited only to God who, if he wills, can dispense with earthly means altogether.

But why did the Savior of the world elect to appear in poverty and lowliness rather than in pomp and power? His choice, in the first place, was consistent with that self-annihilation that was to procure infinite glory to the outraged majesty of God; in the second place, it taught the world a lesson of which it stood sorely in need. A desire for happiness is common to us all and in our quest for happiness we are beset at every turn by the claims of our own sensual appetites; hence, the necessity for teaching us the lesson that true and ultimate happiness lies neither in the possession of temporal goods nor in the gratification of our senses. Would this lesson, so hard to our sensual nature, ever have come home to us, if Christ had taught it only by word?

The passion of avarice is deeply rooted in human nature. It is an ignoble passion; for nothing so surely degrades man as clinging to money, to sensual indulgence, or outward display. It is a passion fraught with many dangers, for once man begins to gratify it, it places him in a position to satisfy every other passion with greater facility. Each added sensual enjoyment implies an added risk of succumbing to temptation, and falling into a disordered and self-indulgent habit of life. Possessed of riches man easily persuades himself that he can dispense with God. The prophet of old, therefore, cried out against the men of wealth: "Woe to you that are wealthy in Sion.....ye great men, heads of the people, that go in with state in the house of Israel."

This then is the meaning of Bethlehem. To wean our hearts from the love of wealth and power, the Son of God came into the world as a poor and insignificant child. All the circumstances that attended his birth are but a revelation of his poverty and humility. Every detail of the stable of Bethlehem helps us realize how truly poor and humble he was. When Christ was born human society was sick unto death. It was beset by two fatal maladies—pride which sets too high a value on self, and love of the world which sets too high a value on all that is temporal. Both these diseases were to be healed by the divine choice of poverty and humility. Present-day society is afflicted by the same disorders. Its only hope of cure lies in meditating deeply on the meaning of Bethlehem.



### A TIMELY PROTEST

The December issue of one of our leading secular monthlies has this to say on the subject of "dropping Christ out of Christmas:"



"It is a very timely protest that is made to us about the substitution of the 'X' for Christ in our use of the word Christmas. Of course it must not be forgotten that the formula began with the use of the † and the letters 'mas' after it. But in these modern days the cross has become the X. Gradually, our Christmas cards and banners have adopted the words 'Merry Xmas,' until it is rapidly becoming the exception to find the word 'Christmas' used. It will not do to lose the name of 'Christ' out of the name of His birthday. If we are to have Santa Claus canonized in the Sunday school at Christmas as he is, almost to the exclusion of Christ, and the motto is to proclaim Christmas with an 'X,' there is danger that the name of Christ will be entirely dropped out of our Christmas celebrations. As a matter of fact, this happened in one church last Christmas, where all the songs and exercises proclaimed Santa Claus, and a banner stretched across the pulpit wished the people 'A Merry Xmas.' Christ was not at any time praised in the entire service, and this in a church! Let us spell out the word Christmas, and insist upon buying those cards and using only those decorations that do so. The 'X' may well be left for its indication of the unknown quantity in mathematics. It does not belong in the word 'Christmas.'"

The opinion and sentiment expressed in the foregoing citation meets with our hearty concurrence. Yet, we fear that the editorial protest of even the most widely read of our national monthlies will be only "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." In an age when the secular press, generally speaking, is striving with might and main to de-Christianize its readers, it is not at all surprising that after dropping Christ out of their lives, they should drop him also out of Christmas. Yet, there can be no harm in reminding them that far back in the Dark Ages Christians kept a festival in memory of the birth of Christ which was called Christmas.



### AN OBJECTION ANSWERED

Why do you wish me to join the Third Order? I do nothing that it forbids and practice almost everything that it prescribes. Hence, I see no need of joining, and I know a number of excellent Christians that are not Tertiaries.

I admit all this and even more; and I do not say that it is necessary but only that it is very expedient for you to enter the Third Order. The excellent Christians of whom you speak, may be all that you say they are, but they would be still better Christians if they were members of the Third Order. For then they would become imbued with, or at least confirmed in, the spirit of penance, humility, and charity. No other association affords pious Christians so many means of sanctification. In addition to the ordinary means of salvation, Tertiaries find encouragement and support in the graces, examples, and counsels they receive as members of this society. Moreover, they share in all the prayers and merits of the entire Franciscan Order, consisting of Friars Minor, Capuchins, Conventuals, Poor Clares, and Tertiaries, regular and secular.

A Merry Christmas To All Our Readers





## MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE FRANCISCANS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(TEXAS)

XXV

*By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.*

The Spaniards, to their regret, discovered that it was unwise not to have seized the opportunity of pacifying the Apaches by establishing a Mission in their country, for the savages renewed their warfare against the whites. No life was secure outside one's cabin, even near a presidio, Fr. Arricivita writes. Seven leagues from the garrison of San Antonio, for instance, the Indians with blood-curdling yells swooped down on a little caravan accompanied by five soldiers and a missionary. One woman was killed, a boy captured, and the packmules and horses driven away. On another occasion, the Apaches attacked a mule train guarded by six soldiers and accompanied by two missionaries. One soldier was wounded, and the horses and mules with their precious freight stolen. Later, the savages became so bold as to drive with them a large number of horses from within half a league of the presidio, and that in broad daylight. With twenty soldiers the captain

followed in pursuit; but the Indians this time faced about, with the result that two soldiers were killed and fifteen others wounded. Had not the Indians of Mission San Antonio come to the aid of the troops, the latter would have been massacred. <sup>(1)</sup>

These depredations became so frequent that the governor of the territory, in 1730, resolved on a campaign against the marauders. The savages were defeated, and many prisoners taken. The Apaches, Fr. Arricivita admits, needed the lesson; for had they not been made to feel the power of the whites, there would have been no end to murders and robberies and other excesses. Nevertheless, experience had shown that the results expected from such expeditions failed to materialize; and that, on the contrary, they increased the furious hatred raging in the hearts of the savages against the Spaniards. At all events, the Indians could not be converted by that means. Another effect of the

(1) Arricivita, *Cronica Serafica*, pp. 344-345. Fr. Arricivita rarely gives dates; but compare Prof. W. E. Dunn, *Apache Relations in Texas, 1718-1750*, pp. 225-226, in *Texas Historical Quarterly*, Vol. XIV, 1911.

campaigns was the decay of the existing missions; for other Indians, who were not hostile, would avoid the Missions on account of the bad example of the soldiers at whose hands, besides, they had to suffer petty persecutions which the missionaries could not stop; and, as for the savages, they would not join the Missions on general principles. Hence, the friars deeply regretted campaigns against the Indians. At any rate, they pleaded that armed force should not be employed except in so far as was necessary to secure the requisite respect without supplying excuses for revenge to the chastised natives. The only way to win the fierce tribesmen, Fr. Superior Gabriel de Vérgara indicated in a letter to the viceroy, which reads as follows:

"Your Excellency:—I presume the governor of this province will make or may have made a report of his own concerning the campaign against the Apache nation and their allies. I therefore omit what pertains not to my ministry. What I have to represent to Your Excellency is the good disposition of the prisoners recently made, as well as of the one who has already been here since last year, and who acted as guide in the expedition. When asked, all say that he has never failed to tell the truth. About the country, water, people, and other circumstances they will report to Your Excellency what they have seen. All I have to say is that it is a pity that such a multitude of souls

should become dwellers of the infernal regions, whilst Your Excellency has such an abundance of evangelical ministers of various religious Orders who would most eagerly offer themselves for a similar undertaking. I hold for certain that the missions would be the most flourishing in New Spain. At the same time, the great damage which the provinces from New Mexico to this territory suffer from robberies and murders that so frequently occur would be avoided."<sup>(2)</sup> The letter seems to have had no effect at the time.

Fr. Vérgara, furthermore, offered his own services in order to bring about peace with the Indians, and to induce them to join the Missions. He and his brethren firmly believed that the missionaries would have been successful before if the promises made to the natives had been kept. On some such arrangement with the Apaches, the Fathers rested all their hopes of overcoming the rabid and revengeful spirit of these savages who daily committed new depredations. At all events, force had proved a failure. By violent means, the Indians might be exterminated, which was the result of the English plan on the Atlantic Coast, but they could not be converted in that way. Hence, the the Fathers deprecated the use of force.

Moreover, Fr. Arricivita remarks that after every expedition new disputes arose between the military and the missionaries as to the

(2) Arricivita, *Cronica Serafica*, p. 345. From Prof. Dunn, p. 236, we see that the date of this letter, which he gives in substance, was January 31, 1733.

disposal of the prisoners, for the notions of justice in the military were so narrow that not even law-book in hand could officers and soldiers be made to see that there was a law which said: "No governor, captain, alcalde, or any other person of whatever station or rank, either in time of peace or war, even though the war were just and ordered by Us (the viceroy), or by whomsoever in authority, shall dare, capture wild Indians for the purpose of holding them as slaves. Likewise, we command that no person in war or outside of it, shall apprehend, possess, sell, or exchange any Indian as slave, nor shall he hold him as such on the ground that the war was just, nor shall he purchase such Indian, ransom, or exchange him in any other cause. The punishment for this is, if any one be found who captured, or held as slave any Indian, that he shall incur the loss of all his property, which shall be applied to our treasury."<sup>(3)</sup>

No protest, however, sufficed to keep the soldiers from trying to take prisoners, nor the colonists from selling them, because they obstinately insisted that those captured were their slaves. The missionaries, on the other hand, regarded such prisoners as pledges or hostages for securing peace from their tribesmen. By kind treatment of such captives, they argued, there would be reasonable hope of winning their people for Christianity. That good effect, the only one which really interested the

friars, had little interest for the troops and colonists, as Fr. Arricivita remarks. So in the beginning of 1745, the commander and soldiers of San Antonio again started on a campaign against the Apaches and proceeded as far as the Rio Salado, eighty leagues from the presidio. The savages were defeated and many prominent warriors with their families were captured. Fr. Benito Fernández de Santa Anna had accompanied the expedition as chaplain, doubtless to mitigate the hardships of the captives if any were taken. A report which he sent to the viceroy on the subject, and which follows here, speaks for itself:

"There remains under my protection a very pretty little girl, the daughter of the headchief of the Ipandes (Lipans). She is about seven old years. I have already baptized her, and I shall not give her up until the father joins the Mission and submits to the royal rule. The hostages of the last campaign, among whom are some prominent Natages, will assist materially so that no further attacks need be feared in this region. I therefore implore Your Excellency to have the prisoners kept together. The consequences might be bad if the Indians were removed to other places under the pretext that they are captives and should receive a better education. In any case, I am firmly resolved to pass on to convert said Ipandes and Natages. Your Excellency may direct that from the royal treasury I be allowed what is necessary for

(3) Arricivita, p. 346.



their conversion. I pray also that strict orders be issued that the governor of this province and the officials deliver me the Apaches captured in this and former campaigns in order that they may aid me to attract the others."<sup>(4)</sup>

Fr. Fernández, it is clear, was very optimistic as to the result of

his missionary efforts. However, he was at the time the Presidente or Superior of the Missions on the San Antonio, an elderly man and an experienced missionary. How he succeeded will be seen in the next issue of the *Herald*, through which I wish to my readers all the blessings of the Holy Season.

(4) Arricivita, *Cronica*, p. 347. Prof. Dunn, ut supra p. 258, gives the date as May 16, 1745.

N. B. On page 436, November issue of *Franciscan Herald*, col. 2, bottom, read Fr. Francisco Hidalgo, for González.

### Gloria in Excelsis

Then let us sing the anthem  
The angels once did sing;  
Until the music of love and praise  
O'er whole world will sing:  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Sound the thrilling song;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Roll the hymn along.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Let the heavens ring;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Welcome, new-born King.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Over sea and land,  
In excelsis Deo!  
Chant the anthem grand.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Let us all rejoice;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Lift each heart and voice.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Swell the hymn on high;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Sound it to the sky.  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Sing it, sinful earth,  
In excelsis Deo!  
For the Savior's birth.

—Father Abram J. Ryan.

## AN INDIAN HEROINE

By Fr. Tiburtius, O.F.M

IT has frequently been noted by missionaries the world over that once a pagan has been thoroughly convinced of the truth of our holy religion, he embraces it with an eagerness and practices it with a fidelity that is both surprising and edifying. The same observation has been made time and again by our Fathers in the Indian missions of Arizona. The following incident is but one of many of our experiences of the kind within the last few years.

The first time I met Laurenza, an Indian woman, was on the occasion of her visit to the mission in the company of a young man, whom she wished to marry. She was then a maiden of twenty summers. As she had been baptized, there remained nothing for me to do but to prepare her for the reception of the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Eucharist, and Matrimony, all of which she received with marked devotion.

Being now well instructed in her holy Faith, she strove with all her powers of soul and body faithfully to fulfill its precepts. Thus, Sunday after Sunday,—no matter how bad the weather,—Laurenza, accompanied by her husband, could be seen in the mission church devoutly assisting at holy Mass and listening with rapt attention to the sermon and the catechetical instruction. This regularity was all the more remarkable considering that her aged parents, who were still

confirmed pagans, lived together with her in the same house.

It was in November 1914, that God was pleased to try Laurenza's fidelity by permitting her child to be born dead. The grief of the poor young mother, who had fondly looked forward to this day as one of the happiest of her life, can more easily be imagined than described. Still, not a complaint crossed her lips. God had given and God had taken. She dared not ask him why, but bore up bravely under this heavy cross. From now on, the cross was not to leave her. After the birth of her child, Laurenza's robust health began visibly to fail, and she grew weaker from day to day. Yet in spite of broken health, she never missed holy Mass on Sundays; and it was at the feet of her Eucharistic Savior that the poor Indian woman sought and found strength and consolation in her sorrow and sufferings.

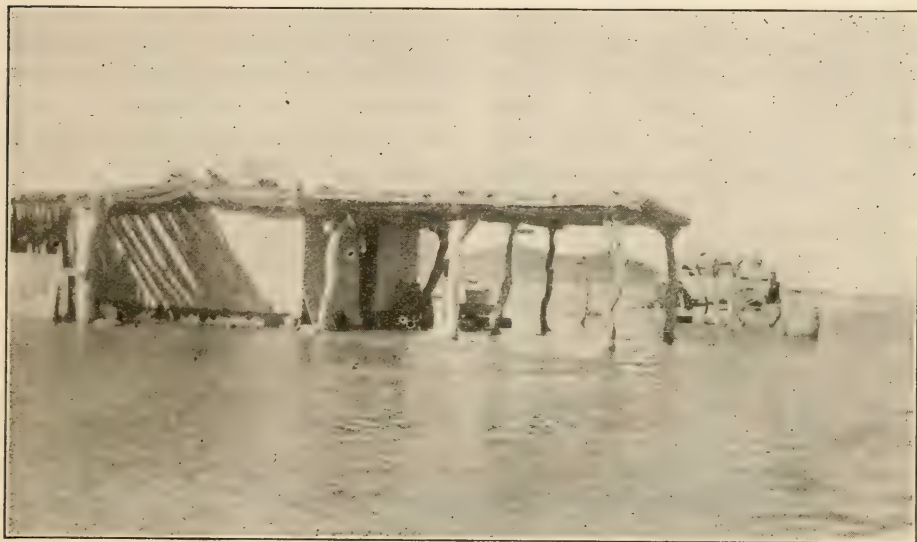
The readers of *Franciscan Herald* will recall that it was on Christmas Eve, in 1914, that the mission of Chiuchiu and the surrounding country was suddenly flooded by the breaking of a huge dam in the neighboring mountains. Laurenza and her husband with many other Indians were present at the midnight Mass, when, just before the Consecration, the alarm was given to flee for our lives to the hills near by. Practical as she always was and solicitous for the future, Laurenza first

hastened to her little home, where she sought to save a few blankets and some necessary food and clothing, and then made her way for a mile through the surging icy water—which in places was from three to four feet deep—in the darkness of night, until at last she arrived exhausted at the hills overlooking the mission, where the greater number of the villagers had gathered.

But hardly had she reached the

one's life in the middle of the night, and to spend the beautiful feast of Christmas in the bleak hills far from the mission chapel with its little crib of Bethlehem so dear to the heart of every Catholic Indian. God had permitted the devastating flood to take place, and surely he knew what was best for her and hers!

The following spring, however, saw the effects of that terrible Christmas Eve—Laurenza had fall-



Flood at Chiuchiu, Arizona, Dec. 25, 1914

place of safety, when, quite forgetful of her own plight, she began to busy herself relieving the needs of others. Thus, although shivering with the biting cold, she dried the soaked clothes of the old women and children, wrapped them in the blankets, and placed them near the fire lest they should suffer by exposure. And throughout the ordeal she remained so cheerful, so resigned to the holy will of God, as if it were nothing unusual to flee for

en a victim to the Indian's most dreaded enemy, consumption. In her weakened condition, that night of terror and exposure had been more than she could withstand. At first, she endeavored to conceal her weakened state and went about her regular duties, being especially careful never to miss divine services on Sunday. Finally, her iron will refused to sustain her emaciated body, and she was forced to take to bed. As she could no longer come



to me, I went to bring her the consolations of our holy religion. I found her lying on the floor, with only a few blankets as her bedding.

Although broken in body, her faithful soul remained undaunted. She had but two desires: to fulfill the will of God in all things, and to receive her Jesus frequently in Holy Communion. But lying as she was at death's door, she had still to fight the battles of her Savior. For her pagan parents, despite her remonstrances, insisted on summoning the medicine man to perform his mummeries over her in an effort to expel the evil spirit of her sickness. But Laurenza placed no faith in his silly incantations, and while he

conjured, she prayed in her heart that God might not permit her to fall back into paganism but to keep her strong in her holy Faith. Once she said to me, "Father, I don't want the medicine man because I'm a Catholic. I only want to receive Jesus in Holy Communion."

Thus the brave little Christian woman passed her last days, wasting slowly away, but never complaining. At last, in August 1915, her tried and pure soul winged its flight from the burning sands of the Arizona desert to the home of the Blessed above, there to receive the reward for her fidelity to God and for her self-sacrificing charity toward her fellow men.

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### "Mother of God"

I knew, O God! that thou wert great and good,  
 Holy and just, and yet most loving too;  
 But never did I know thy tenderness  
 Till these sweet words had pierced me through and through.

It seemed so far to lift my heart to thee,  
 I could but fear and tremble as I prayed;  
 Until thy grace made these sweet words disclose  
 The infinite act of love which thou hadst made.

Mother of God! Then Thou art one with us—  
 Our Brother, Lover, Savior, all in one;  
 And the great distance 'twixt our souls and thee  
 Was bridged by Mary's words, "Thus be it done."

Henceforth, when I would make my act of love,  
 When my full heart would lift itself to thee,  
 Should holy awe and fear weigh down my soul,  
 "Mother of God" upon my lips shall be.

—*The Catholic World.*

## DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS

*By Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary*

SILENTLY the tears fell on the dainty piece of embroidery that Mrs. Gibson was finishing, as the sweet childish treble of Dorothy singing came to her ears:

"O little town of Bethalem, how still we see the lie,

Above thy deep, thy dreamless sleep the silent stars go by."

Memories of former happy days went trooping by—days when she was a golden haired, carefree child like her own little Dorothy, sheltered by this same roof and surrounded by every comfort that a doting father could bestow on a motherless daughter.

Winifred Gordon had grown into a beautiful, pious young girl and the pride of her fond father, a wealthy and highly respected banker.

Quite naturally, the girl had many suitors and among them was a very brilliant young man possessed of a considerable fortune. His father and Mr. Gordon had been college chums in their youth, and the latter entertained warm esteem for the son of his old friend, regarding with undisguised favor his ardent attention to his daughter.

However, a marriage alliance with one not of the true faith Winifred would not contemplate for a moment. Besides, her heart had been bestowed upon Joseph Gibson, a Catholic young man of sterling honor and integrity, who, although unable to boast of a very large

bank account, at least held a responsible position in a profitable business concern, with a most promising outlook.

That a daughter of his should so far descend the social scale as to marry any one less than a millionaire was a hard blow to the ambitious soul of Henry Gordon, and his bitter disappointment was shared by the young man's father who was just as desirous of a match between his boy and the charming Winifred.

Mr. Gordon was a man of the type to whom a name and social prestige meant more than anything else in life, and his daughter's decision so enraged him that he would not consent to witness the marriage ceremony that made her the wife of Joseph Gibson.

Moreover, when the young bride bade her father adieu upon leaving for her new home, he coldly forbade her ever to cross the threshold while he lived. It was with an aching heart that the girl passed out from the well-loved place that had been the scene of so much unalloyed happiness. The newly wed couple journeyed west where a good business opportunity was offered the young man.

Although Winifred sent back many tender messages pleading for her father's forgiveness, he entirely ignored her overtures. A melancholy state of mind seized the relentless father, and not long after

Winifred's departure, he sold the old home and sailed for the Orient. Restless and unhappy he roamed from one place to another, and the servant that accompanied him, was always in doubt as to what new move his master would decide on next.

\* \* \*

After several years had elapsed, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson returned to the city that had been their former home. On learning that her father had been abroad for several years and that her old home was in the hands of strangers, Winifred was moved by a strong desire to purchase it, and her husband gladly acceded to her wishes.

And when she saw her little daughter running through the spacious rooms and about the beautiful grounds, it almost seemed that it was her youthful self come back to live over the happy days of childhood in the old surroundings.

It caused her many hours of sadness as she reflected on her father's attitude toward her, and contrasted his harshness with the love he had lavished on her in the days when they had been so happy together.

"How I should love to see dear old father seated there in his easy chair before the fire like in the olden times," Winifred would say to her husband, "and O, if he could only get a glimpse of our little Dorothy, I know his heart would soften."

Fervently and constantly she prayed that her father might return some day to receive the loving welcome that would surely be his, and

as the Christmas time approached he was ever more in her thoughts.

Dorothy was all animation as the holidays approached, and flitted about like a happy sprite singing snatches of the carols they were learning at school or telling her mother of the plans she had made to bestow gifts on some poor children that she knew.

One day as the little girl was on her way home from school, she noticed walking before her an elderly man muffled up in a heavy overcoat. His cane slipped from his grasp and fell to the sidewalk, and the ever thoughtful Dorothy sprang quickly forward and picked it up before the man could stoop to recover it.

He hardly thanked the child as she held it out and looked up at him with her smiling blue eyes; but she was not dismayed by his gloomy air, and his surly acknowledgment of her kind action.

"If you don't mind," she ventured, "I'll walk along with you for a ways, 'cause I live up there," indicating the direction with a plump finger, "besides," she added, "your cane might fall again."

The old man maintained a morose silence as his small companion prattled on telling him about her papa and mamma and her dolls and of all her plans for Christmas.

At the intersection of a street she bade her taciturn companion a cheery good-bye. For a few minutes the man stood gazing after the retreating figure that danced and skipped gaily up the sidewalk until she was lost to view. Why did she seem so familiar—so like another



blue-eyed, golden-haired little creature of a far away past?

There was a softened look on his face as he turned to retrace his steps, but this expression speedily gave way to one of bitterness and cynicism. At the hotel that evening his servant found him unusually gruff and exasperating, and wondered within himself what new "grouch" had seized his master since he had gone out that afternoon.

On the following day, when the old man stepped out for his daily walk in the sunshine, a man accosted him and asked if he wouldn't like to buy a Christmas tree, pointing to a wagon load at the curbing.

"I guess not!" snarled the old man. "Christmas indeed," he muttered as he turned up his coat collar and walked off.

At the next corner, a shabby, tired looking woman held up a wreath of holly. "Just two days till Christmas," she smiled sadly. "Don't you want some holly wreaths?"

The glance of contempt that he bestowed on the poor creature made her heart sink. She knew at once by his appearance that he was a man of wealth, and with tears in her eyes she wondered why such people were not more charitably inclined especially at Christmas time.

And the subject of her meditation continued on his way, filled with bitter musings, while the gaily decked shop windows served only to augment his ill humor. If he could just shut his eyes and

blot out the signs of Christmas all about him. What was it all but a lot of bosh and foolishness. He had done away with all that maudlin sentimentality long ago. Christmas! He loathed the very word.

\* \* \*

Dorothy had been detained for a rehearsal, so it was a little later than usual that she caught sight of "her old man," as she styled her new acquaintance, with whom she now daily walked home from school.

"I was afraid maybe I wouldn't get to see you," Dorothy was panting after running for a few blocks, "and I didn't want to miss you—'cause—'cause you seem kind of lonesome." Although the old man would not own it to himself, there was a feeling akin to pleasure at the sound of the childish voice.

Then she went on to explain how she had stayed after school to rehearse some hymns that the children were to sing on Christmas morning.

"Don't you want to hear how one of them goes?" And without waiting for an answer she began:

Silent night, sacred night,  
Shepherds first see the light,  
Hear the alleluias ring,  
Which the heavenly choirs sing:  
Christ the Savior is born,  
Christ the Savior is born.

What long vanished visions were conjured up as the sweet, childish voice fell softly on the air. Covertly the man drew his coat sleeve across his eyes. Somehow it seemed as though he was transported back to the long ago—that he stood watching with pleasure

the beaming face of a little blue-eyed maid as she caught sight of a tree with vari-colored lights and laden with a bewildering array of gifts. Then again he was seated before the fire and on a stool at his feet the same radiant little creature sang in childish tones the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, while his hand caressed her golden curls.

"Oh, don't you just love Christmas?" He gave a start as the voice at his side—so like that other of whom he was dreaming—broke in on his reverie. "It's so lovely to get presents and to give some to others. Oh, I've got the nicest lot of things to give some poor children that I know. Mother says that's the best way to spend Christmas—to help other people and make them happy."

Why did the wistful eyes of the shabby woman with the holly wreaths rise up before him?

"And then the church will be decorated so pretty, and best of all I'll receive the little Jesus."

"Receive the little Jesus!" When was it that he last gave that Divine Guest a reception? "The church"—what a long, long time since he had seen the interior of such a place.

"Won't you come and see where I live?" A firm little hand was pulling at his coat sleeve now. "It's just a little ways from this corner, do come." Unresisting he allowed the small warm hand to find its way into his large cold one, and he followed as she led. Somehow the world looked warmer and brighter now.

"There's my house—isn't it big

and lovely?" He started in amazement. His old home! Well, since strangers must occupy it what a happy coincidence that it should shelter this lovable little sprite so like the other golden-haired one. Something blurred everything before his eyes.

Then the man was conscious that Dorothy was tugging at his hand. "Won't you come and see how pretty it is inside—and maybe you'd stay to supper?" She poised her head archly, and her smile was irresistible.

But had he not registered a vow when he sold the place that he would never step within sight of it again as long as he lived—so hateful, so repugnant it had become?

Well, it was this little child's home now—he was heartily glad of that—suppose he'd go and take a glimpse—just a last look at the old place—just for the sake of that other golden-haired one.

Up the old familiar walk he went with two nimble feet tripping beside him. Just as they reached the steps the door opened and a beautiful, sweet-faced woman stood before them.

"Oh mother, I've brought home my nice old man—" Dorothy paused, for Mrs. Gibson gave a cry of joy and darted forward. "Father, have you come back at last!"

"Winifred, my little Winifred!" broke from the old man's trembling lips as he held out his arms.

\* \* \*

Such a Christmas as they had at the Gibson home can hardly be imagined and four happier hearts

could not be found in all the land on that blissful day.

On Christmas eve, the radiant Dorothy wild with delight because she now claimed a grandpa among her numberless treasured possessions, accompanied Mr. Gordon down town, skipping and dancing in joyous abandon all the way.

He was bent on hunting up the Christmas tree vender who had accosted him the day before. He was found at last, and ordered to bring the largest and finest tree he owned to Dorothy's house. The fellow gasped as he took the proffered coin and was told to keep the change for Christmas presents.

Next the woman with the holly wreaths was visited with the result that her entire stock was bought outright.

"Buy a big turkey for dinner and all the 'fixins' that go with it," chuckled Mr. Gordon, as the woman protested at the amount he gave her. For indeed, it was a sum sufficient to provide her with several

turkeys besides the usual "fixins," and she watched the two till they passed from sight, calling down blessings on them as she wiped away tears of joy.

Once more the old home wore its accustomed aspect of hospitality and good cheer with holly wreaths suspended at every window; and Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and the happy-faced grandfather looked on while Dorothy with shining eyes dispensed gifts from the scintillating tree to the poor little children gathered about her.

And later when her father sat in his easy chair before the cheery grate with one hand laid caressingly on the golden curls of Dorothy ensconced at his feet, Mrs. Gibson smiled happily, for she realized that before her was the picture she had longed to see. Then from her inmost heart went out a prayer of thanksgiving to the Infant Prince of Peace who had given them all so bountifully of his peace and love that blessed Christmas day.

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### BEAUTIFUL LIVES

There is a story of a holy monk who took his class of young men into an apple orchard one day in early summer when the apples were very small. Drawing down a branch, he scratched with a pin on one of the apples the name "Jesus." He then marked the tree and branch so that he could easily find the apple. In the autumn, when the fruit was ripe, he again led his class to the orchard. They soon found the tree and branch, and then the apple on which the teacher had written, and there was the name "Jesus" covering the whole apple. It had grown as the apple grew.

If, when we grow into men and women, we would have the name—that is, the likeness—of the gentle Savior on our lives, we must have it written there in youth.—*Catholic News.*





## FRANCISCAN NEWS

**Rome, Italy.**—M. Philip Meda, the newly appointed member of the Italian ministry of finance, is not only a practical Catholic and, in word and deed, a champion of Catholic truth, but also an active Tertiary of St. Francis. He received the cord and scapular in Milan, in 1889, and belongs to the fraternity established in the Church of St. Antony of Padua in Milan.—

Admirers of St. Francis of Assisi both of the clergy and of the laity in the Eternal City, are founding an association to further the diffusion of Franciscan ideals. To make the life and work of St. Francis more known and appreciated, they intend to establish a library of Franciscan lore.—

The charitable and zealous Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, with headquarters in Rome, at present have charge of leper hospitals in Mandalay and Rangoon, India; in Hitoyoshi, Japan; in Hendela, Ceylon; in Madagascar, especially in Ambohidratrimo, where the hospital of these good Sisters has already lodged more than eight hundred lepers. This hospital was secularized in 1906. The Sisters, although they were forced to leave this place, established a new residence in the neighborhood, where they keep loving guard over the house of pain, always hoping for a favorable occasion to extend once more their care and protection to the neglected and forsaken lepers. In the leper hospital at Mandalay, which was founded in 1897, the Sisters gener-

ally have more than three hundred victims of this terrible disease in their care. During the year 1914, 8,191 lepers were restored to health in the adjoining dispensary. In the hospital at Ragoon, which was erected in 1898, about 60 lepers were sheltered and ultimately cured, while the one at Biwaski, erected in the same year, at present numbers 48 stricken. At Hitoyoshi there is strictly speaking no hospital for lepers, but the kind Sisters render services to all such as wander about or reside in the forests deprived of every other human assistance. At Hendela, their leper hospital founded in 1913, at present harbors 440 diseased. True daughters of St. Francis, these noble women abandon all that the world can offer, to embrace, like their holy Father, the poor lepers and to care for their spiritual and temporal welfare.—

A youthful Franciscan has conceived the idea of founding a periodical for the purpose of acquainting all classes with Franciscan activity throughout the entire world, from the founding of the Order to the present day. Men of learning and distinction have seconded the project and are only waiting for better times to lend it their unstinted support.

**Turin, Italy.**—Rev. Fr. José de Bra, O.M. Cap., recently rendered one of his musical compositions at the conservatory of music in Turin in order to obtain a master's diploma. His rendition was a marked success and he received hearty ap-

plause and congratulations both from Prof. Bolzoni, the director of the conservatory, and from the various musicians who attended the recitation.

**France.**—The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary in France have charge of more than eighteen military ambulances. The convents in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Saint-Brieux, etc., have been converted into hospitals. Members of the congregation are continually being summoned from Italy, in order to bring them assistance. Only recently, four Sisters departed to serve the sick and wounded at Belfort. Last summer during the siege, the Sisters of the novitiate at Saint-Brieux went into the fields and helped the farmers harvest their wheat.—

A number of the officers engaged in the present war belong to the Third Order of St. Francis. They are going to found among the soldiers at the front a society of the perpetual Way of the Cross. The members will oblige themselves to go by turns the way of the cross and to use the crucifix which they received on the day of their profession in default of more favorable opportunity.

**Joliet, Ill., St. John's Church.**—The feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, patroness of the Third Order, was appropriately celebrated in St. John's church, November 19. A special Mass for the Tertiaries was said at 7.45 A.M., by their Rev. Director, Fr. Eugene, who also preached a very instructive sermon on St. Elizabeth. A solemn High Mass was sung in honor of the Saint, at 10.15 A. M., by Rev. Fr. Adolph, assisted by Rev. FF. Eugene and Theodule. In the afternoon, seven applicants were invested with the Third Order scapular and cord. After the ceremony of reception, the Papal Blessing was imparted to all the Tertiaries present. Fr.

Eugene is at present taking up the census of his Tertiaries.

**New Orleans, La.**—On Sunday, October 29, forty-five Tertiary novices made their profession at the monastery of the Poor Clares. Rev. Fr. Francis Haase, O.F.M., Custos of the Sacred Heart Province, presided at the imposing ceremonies, assisted by Rev. Leander M. Roth, Director of the upper Tertiary centers in this city. Rev. J. J. O'Brien, S. J., and Rev. J. Clark, S. J., were present in the sanctuary. A noteworthy feature of the event was the fact that the Tertiary novices appeared in the full habit and cord of the Third Order. The Rev. Director, likewise, wore the full Tertiary habit, as he is wont to do at all regular meetings of the fraternity.

During his stay in New Orleans, Fr. Francis also held the canonical visitation of the Poor Clares' Monastery, clothed two postulants in the habit of the Second Order, and received the religious profession of an extern novice.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.**—A well attended meeting of the English branch of the Third Order was held on the second Sunday of November. After the regular meeting, 129 Tertiary novices made their profession. Rev. Fr. Juniper Doolin, O.F.M., missionary apostolic of China, arrived at St. Joseph's the day before. At the Tertiary meeting, he made an earnest appeal to the members in behalf of the missions in China. Accordingly, at the suggestion of the Rev. Director, a collection was taken up for this noble cause. Although the visit of the Rev. Missionary was wholly unexpected, our good Tertiaries responded generously to his appeal, so that the collection netted \$176.90.

On the following Sunday, November 19, he addressed a large assembly of German-speaking Tertiaries, and the collection netted



\$299.40. Besides these collections, private donations of English-speaking Tertiaries amounting to \$156.25 were received at the monastery during the week. These various sums were duly turned over to the Rev. Missionary from China for the noble cause he represents."

From November 13 to 17, Rev. Fr. Timothy, O.F.M., conducted a retreat for our German-speaking Tertiaries. In spite of the extremely bad weather that prevailed the entire week, our zealous children of St. Francis gathered in goodly numbers for the exercises so that the Rev. Father was well satisfied.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—The biennial retreat for the German-speaking Tertiaries of St. Peter's Church was preached by Rev. Fr. Fortunatus, O.F.M., from October 22 to 29. Every day the zealous Tertiaries flocked to St. Peter's and listened with rapt attention to the eloquent sermons of the Rev. Father.

Thursday, November 9, a social was given for the English-speaking Tertiaries who reside north of Twelfth Street. In this way they had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the newly appointed officers and promoters and also of meeting one another socially. The children of St. Peter's sewing school under the able management of the Misses C. Pauly, A. Lydon, and M. Grumbine, rendered a short program, after which the Rev. Fr. Peter Crumbly, O.F.M., of Joliet, addressed the Tertiaries. The words of this popular speaker were listened to with great attention. On Thursday, November 23, a similar social was given for the Tertiaries who live south of Twelfth Street.

**Cleveland, O., St. Alexis Hospital.**—On November 9, Ven. Mother M. Leonarda, O.S.F., foundress and superior of St. Alexis' Hospital was called to her eternal reward. In her death the religious community

of the Franciscan Sisters of Lafayette, Ind., as also the citizens of Cleveland and vicinity suffered a heavy loss. During the thirty-two years of her untiring labors for the relief of the poor and suffering of Cleveland, Mother Leonarda had won the love, respect, and admiration of many friends. The solemn funeral services were held Monday morning, November 13, at the Franciscan Church of St. Joseph, this city. Rt. Rev. John P. Farrelly, Bishop of Cleveland, officiated at the pontifical Requiem and paid a great tribute of praise and gratitude to the memory of the deceased religious. In our next issue, we intend to bring a more detailed account of the good Sister's life and labors.—R.I.P.

**Fortville, Ind.**—On Sunday, October 29, the new church in charge of the Franciscan Fathers at Fortville, was solemnly dedicated. The ceremonies were performed by Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, Auxiliary-Bishop of Indianapolis, Ind. After the blessing of the church, solemn High Mass followed, at which Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., officiated. Rev. FF. Honorius and Odo assisted as deacon and sub-deacon. The Rt. Rev. Bishop delivered an inspiring sermon. Among others things he remarked that two tests of genuine Catholicity are a lively devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and loyalty to the priest. It was a happy day for the Rev. Pastor, Fr. Ludger, O.F.M., as also for the members of the parish, who now have a worthy house of God. All who saw the new structure pronounce it a beautiful and artistic piece of romanesque architecture.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—Regular meetings of the English and German branches of the Third Order were held on October 22 and November 5, respectively. Twenty-one postulants received the cord and scapular, while forty-eight novices made their pro-



fession.

Rev. Fr. Josaphat, O.F.M., Director of the two branches, is working most zealously for the spread and consolidation of the Third Order in St. Louis. On October 25, the first special meeting of the English branch was held in the spacious and inviting Tertiary Hall. After the eloquent address of the Rev. Director, in which he exhorted all Tertiaries to assist him in his efforts for the welfare of the Third Order, new officers were elected and installed. Thereupon it was decided that, since the Tertiaries belong to various parishes in the city, each parish should have its sub-prefect, who in turn should appoint his consultants. In this way, it will be possible for the Rev. Director and head-officers to keep in closer touch with the individual members of the parishes.

Then, each sub-prefect and six Tertiaries chosen from the respective parish are to go to the home of a deceased member and there recite suitable prayers for the repose of his soul. The sub-prefect is likewise to report the names of deceased members to the Rev. Director or to the head-secretary, so that the prescribed general prayers may be recited. Finally, the motion was carried to hold the special meetings on the Wednesday following the regular meeting. The following order of the day was agreed on: Opening Prayer—Roll Call—Reading of the Minutes of the Last Meeting—Unfinished Business—New Business—Reports and Addresses by Various Officers—Motion to Adjourn—Closing Prayer.

On Wednesday, November 8, the members of the German branch assembled in the Tertiary Hall for a special meeting, which was in purpose and effect the same as the one held by the English branch two weeks before. It was, indeed, consoling and edifying to see how enthusiastically the Tertiaries, one

and all, responded to the earnest appeals of the Rev. Director, and how gladly they pledged him their interest and assistance in his efforts toward a new organization of the English and German-speaking Tertiaries of St. Louis.

**Omaha, Neb.**—On Sunday, October 22, the new St. Joseph's church was solemnly blessed. Since the recently appointed bishop of Omaha, Most Rev. Harty, has not yet taken up his residence in the city, the ceremonies were performed by Rt. Rev. Mgrs. Colaneri, Administrator of the diocese. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor was conducted by the men and young men of the parish in solemn procession to the school and from there to the church. When the ceremonies of the blessing were over, the faithful who were assembled in great numbers thronged into the church. Then followed pontifical High Mass, at which the Rt. Rev. Monsignor officiated. Rev. Fr. Pacificus, O.F.M., pastor of the parish, assisted as arch-priest, while Rev. FF. Theobald and Mark, O.F.M., served as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. James W. Stenson was master of ceremonies. The new church is a beautiful structure and is considered one of the finest churches in the diocese.

**Komatke, Ariz., St. John's Mission.**—Toward the middle of November, the number of Indian children attending our school totaled 225 boarders and 20 day-scholars. At the Pima Indian Fair recently held at Sacaton, our children's exhibits of compositions, drawing, painting, and needle-work merited many first and second prizes. Their work will be exhibited also at the Arizona State Fair, which will be held in Phoenix in the near future.

**San Xavier, Ariz.**—On October 17, Mother M. Katherine Drexel in company of Mother M. Philip, favored the Papago missions with a visit. Her generous donations have made

it possible for us to rear several schools and chapels among the Papago Indians. The venerable Mother traversed a good part of our vast mission field, covering in all over two hundred miles and visiting en route fifteen Indian villages. She was favorably impressed with the work done for these Indians, and among other things she promised to do all in her power toward erecting a new school at Anegam. This is a populous village in the Papago country situated seventy miles from Tucson. She also assured us of her assistance in erecting a hall for the Papagos at San Xavier. The missionary Fathers are deeply grateful to her for her kind attention to their missions, and find consolation in the thought that she is interested in their work and that she will continue to lend them a helping hand.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—From September 18 to 24, the English-speaking members of the Third Order had their annual retreat. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Fr. Cyprian, O. M. Cap., Director of the Tertiaries at Detroit, Mich. This Tertiary retreat is now an annual event in our parish and is becoming more popular with each year. This year the attendance was very satisfactory, numbering about two hundred each evening. The exercises began at

7.45 o'clock. After the recitation of the rosary, a sermon was preached; thereupon Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. A remarkable feature of the retreat was the attendance of so many teachers from the city schools. In the sermon on "The Two Standards," the Reverend speaker showed that the rule of the Third Order, if faithfully observed, must elevate and sanctify the life of the individual, and thus eventually improve the conditions of society at large. New features of this year's retreat were the solemn High Mass and the general Tertiary Communion on Sunday morning, September 24. It is worthy of note that, although many of the Tertiaries belong to different parishes of the city and had far to come, about two hundred were present. At the closing exercises in the afternoon, twelve new members were received. All who had taken part in the retreat received souvenir pictures.

From September 25 to October 1, Rev. Fr. Cyprian, likewise preached the retreat for the German branch of the Third Order. The attendance at the various exercises averaged about six hundred persons. Fifteen new members were received. The exercises were similar to those held for the English-speaking Tertiaries.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TEUTOPOLIS, ILLINOIS

Though several students have returned home and others have registered since the formal opening of school in September, the total number remains about the same; namely, 138.

The first quarter of the scholastic year closed November 15 with the following students ranking first in

their respective classes: Joseph Rascher of Second Academic (95.89); Edwin Reyling of Third Academic (99.43); Jerome Reisch of Fourth Academic (99.12); Wm. Wernsing of First Collegiate (97.60); Paul Eberle of Second Collegiate (95.00); Chas. Koerber of Third Collegiate (95.75).

The year's round of entertainments was opened, November 3, by Mr. C. E. W. Griffith. He read



Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Hamlet", and several small poems of other authors. Besides being an elocutionist, Mr. Griffith is a very interesting and instructive conversationalist, and withal a genial character. It is a pleasure to meet him, and we hope to have the pleasure again.

Even St. Joseph's must feel a touch of the great war in Europe. Felix Bienek of Third Collegiate received the sad intelligence on November 7, that his brother Alex, aged 27, had fallen in battle on the eastern front, July 29. A Requiem for the deceased was sung in the college chapel November 12. A Requiem for Robert Koebele, who died in St. Antony's Hospital, Effingham, November 5, was celebrated November 15. Robert was a brother of Leo Koebele (Third Academic) and of Fr. John Baptist, O.F.M., of St. Francis College, Quincy.

Very Rev. Fr. Provincial reached Teutopolis on his visitation tour Saturday, November 18, and remained until the following Wednesday. He officiated at the solemn High Mass in honor of St. Elizabeth on Sunday, and gladdened the hearts of the boys by granting them an extra holiday, November 20.

As a celebration in commemoration of the third centennial of Shakespeare's death could not be held last April owing to the jubilee of Rev. Fr. Rector, it will take place on Thanksgiving day. The two senior classes are preparing a twofold program, the one literary, the other dramatic. The former will consist of the following five tributes to

Shakespeare the Man.....	Frank Piontkowski
Shakespeare the Poet.....	Paul Eberle
Shakespeare the Dramatist.....	Henry Pinger
Shakespeare the Humorist.....	Harry Fox
Shakespeare the Genius.....	Frank Kiefer

The dramatic program will consist of the staging of six scenes from Shakespeare's plays.

King John, Act IV, Scene I.	
Arthur.....	Paul Eberle
Hubert.....	Charles Koerber
Hénry IV, (Part First), Act II, Scene IV.	
Prince Henry.....	Henry Bene
Falstaff.....	Harry Fox
Julius Caesar, Act IV, Ghost Scene.	
Brutus.....	Henry Pinger
Lucius.....	Antony Kriech
Richard III, Act I, Scene IV.	
Clarence.....	Robert Zwiesler
Brakenbury.....	Henry Wellner
First Murderer.....	Clement Thiel
Second Murderer.....	Antony Kriech
Merchant of Venice, Act I, Scene III, Act III Scene I.	
Shylock.....	Charles Koerber
Antonio.....	Edward Voss
Bassanio.....	Alphonse Limacher
Tubal.....	Ambrose Bricks
A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I, Scene II.	
and Act II, Scene I.	
Quince.....	John Maloney
Bottom.....	Frank Kiefer

### ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE QUINCY, ILLINOIS

On the feast of All Saints, the solemn profession of fifteen novices of the college Third Order fraternity took place. Fr. Juvenal conducted the services. The officers of the fraternity are the same as last year: John B. Franz, under whose presidency the Order flourished in the past, is again at the helm, while Louis F. Ell has again assumed the duties of secretary-treasurer, and Jerome Morley, Ralph May, and John Fallon are our active promoters.

The first issue of our college magazine, *The Solanian*, for the scholastic year 1916-1917, has just come off the press and easily upholds the high standard set for it in former years. Prof. Charles P. MacHugh, through whose efforts the magazine first came into being, is still guiding its destinies as manager, assisted by the following members of the staff: John B. Franz, editor-in-chief, John S. Brockmeier, business manager, H. Aydt, societies, J. Orlet, alumni, and Louis F. Ell, solaniana.

On Friday, November 10, the college football team journeyed to



Macomb, Ill., where they met the strong Western Illinois State Normal eleven of that place in their first game of the season. Although our boys were outweighed and rather inexperienced, they played a good game, holding their opponents to a 39-3 score. Dirksen, our speedy left half-back, was the great star from our viewpoint. In the third quarter he fell back to the forty yard line and drop-kicked a pretty field goal.

The sympathy of the entire student body is extended to Rev. Fr. John B. Koebele, O.F.M., on the death of his brother Robert, who departed this life on November 5, at Effingham, Ill. — R.I.P.

The Alpha Kappa Phi fraternity held its annual initiation in their club rooms on Sunday, November 5. Five new members, all of the junior philosophy class, were made partakers of the mysteries and practices of the mysterious fraternity. The initiation was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, among whom were several members of the college Faculty. After the rites of the order had been explained to the newly initiated, all the members were treated to a banquet and smoker in the refectory.

The Sacred Heart League under the new directorship of our genial Sub-Rector, Rev. Fr. Edward, O.F.M., has begun a very prosperous year, with Henry A. Aydt as president, and John B. Franz as secretary-treasurer.

At a meeting of last year's Varsity Basket-Ball squad, Chas F. Luke, our star center for the past two years, was elected captain for the coming season. As only one member of last year's squad is missing, we expect to see an unusually strong team put on the floor, and may even hope to excel the splendid record hung up last year by St. Francis' premier quintet.

In spite of the daily strenuous

work of the class room, the members of the Literary and Debating Society still find time for extra mental exertion, as was attested by two excellent programs rendered by the Junior Philosophy Class, on October 21, and by the Freshman Collegiate, on November 6. On October 29, the *Germania* was reorganized with Rev. Fr. Ernest, O.F.M., as moderator, Stanley O. Yunker as president, B. Luebbering as vice-president, and Aloys Schneider as secretary. The first regular meeting was held on Sunday evening, November 12, at which the officers spoke, as did also Messrs. Orlet and Frank. The musical program for the evening was well given by Prof. Wiese and Harvey Weyand.

## OBITUARY

**Cleveland, O., St. Alexis Hospital:**

Ven. Mother M. Leonarda, O.S.F.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church:**

St. Francis Fraternity (North):

Mary McCort, Sr. Phillippa,

Honora Geary, Sr. Mary,

Bridget Doyle, Sr. Catherine,

Helen Mathews, a novice.

St. Louis Fraternity (South):

William Conley, Bro. Aloysius,

Elizabeth McDonnell, Sr. Agnes,

Bridget O'Brien, Sr. Anne.

German Fraternity:

Francis Haller, Bro. Antony.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church**

Anna Beierwaltes, Sr. Colette,

Anna Engmann, Sr. Frances.

**Quincy, Ill., St. Francis Church:**

Mary Resch, Sr. Rose,

Florence Bernbrock, Sr. Agnes.

**Mt. Sterling, Ill., St. Joseph's Church:**

Maria Anne Rothaus, Sr. Benedicta.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Antony's Church:**

Bernard Armbruster,

Margaret Shanon,

Mary Nash,

Mary Brogan.

## FRANCISCAN CALENDAR

DECEMBER, 1916.

DEDICATED TO THE  
INFANT JESUS

DAYS		FEASTS AND PATRONS.
1	Fri.	Commemoration of All Deceased Members of the Three Orders of St. Francis. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
2	Sat.	St. Bibiana, Virgin: Martyr.
3	Sun.	<b>1st Sunday of Advent.</b> —St. Francis Xavier, Confessor.
5	Mon.	St. Peter Chrysologus, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.—St. Barbara, Virgin, Martyr.
5	Tues.	Bl. Humilis, Confessor of the 1st Order.—St. Sabba, Abbot.
6	Wed.	St. Nicholas, Bishop, Confessor.
7	Thur.	St. Ambrose, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor of the Church.—Vigil of the Immaculate Conception. <i>Day of fast and abstinence for Tertiaries.</i>
8	Fri.	<b>Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary, Patroness of the Franciscan Order.</b> <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
9	Sat.	St. Sylvester, Abbot.—Bl. Jane of Signa Virgin of the 3rd Order.
10	Sun.	<b>2nd Sunday of Advent.</b> —Translation of the Holy House of Loretto.—St. Melchiades, Pope, Martyr.
11	Mon.	St. Damasus, Pope, Confessor.
12	Tues.	Finding of the Body of St. Francis. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
13	Wed.	St. Lucy, Virgin, Martyr.
14	Thur.	St. Gregory, the Wonderworker, Bishop, Confessor.
15	Fri.	Octave of the Immaculate Conception. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
16	Sat.	St. Eusebius, Bishop, Martyr. <i>The novena before Christmas begins to day. A Plenary Indulgence can be gained on the first and last day of the novena, viz., Dec. 16 and 24.</i>
17	Sun.	<b>3rd Sunday of Advent.</b> —Bl. Margaret, Virgin of the 2nd Order.
18	Mon.	Expectation of the Bl. Virgin Mary.
19	Tues.	Bl. Conrad of Offida, Confessor of the 1st Order.
20	Wed.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —St. Josaphat, Bishop, Martyr. <i>Plenary Indulgence.</i>
21	Thur.	St. Thomas, Apostle.
22	Fri.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Bl. Hugolinus, Confessor of the 3rd Order.
23	Sat.	<i>Ember Day.</i> —Bl. Nicholas Factor, Confessor of the 1st Order.
24	Sun.	<b>4th Sunday of Advent.</b> —Vigil of Christmas.
25	Mon.	<b>Christmas. The Nativity of our Lord.</b> —St. Anastasia, Widow, Martyr. <i>General Absolution. Plenary Indulgence.</i>
26	Tues.	St. Stephan, Protomartyr.
27	Wed.	St. John the Evangelist.
28	Thur.	Holy Innocents.
29	Fri.	St. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop, Martyr.
30	Sat.	Day within the octave of Christmas.
31	Sun.	<b>Sunday within the Octave of Christmas.</b> —St. Sylvester, Pope, Confessor.

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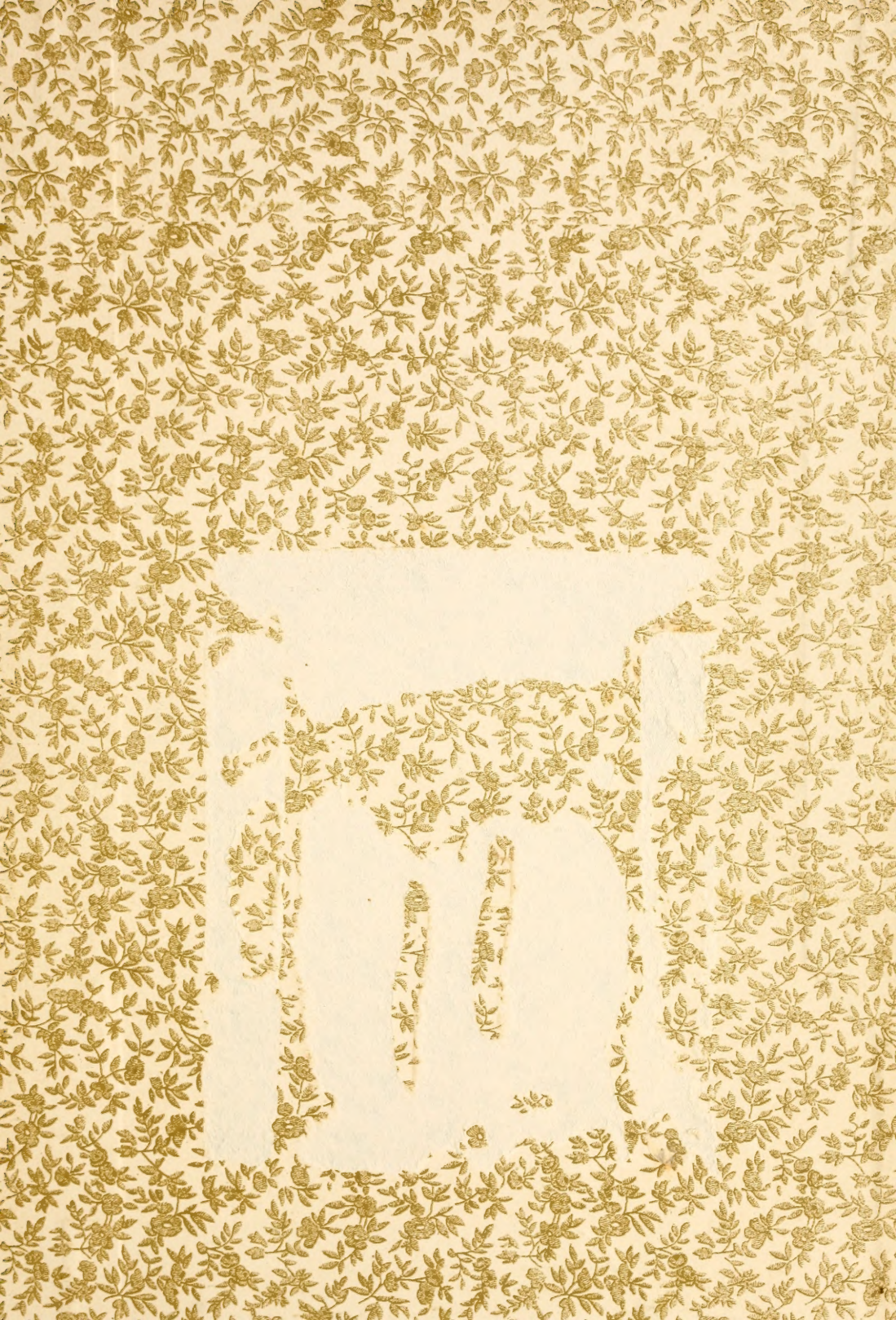


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